





Light
of
Divinity





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Preface

This book of blessings began at Shri Guruji's behest. Those whom he would ask to narrate or write down their satsangs would offer them to him. He would then pass it on for his website and his book. In 2006, one did not know the reason for the exercise; now it is apparent. Despite a year of labour, the book could not be laid at his lotus feet; he had not meant it to be so.

These are not just cherished and unique memories. These are experiences in and of faith, they are the first movements of love towards the divine. They embody the ever-living spirit. They are sacrosanct. May they bring his blessings into your lives wherever you read them.





To Beloved Guruji
Dear Father, Sole Creator
Please accept our humble offering





Awwal Allah Noor Upaaya
Kudrat Ke Sab Bande
Ek Noor Te Sab Jag Upjaye
Kaun Bhale Kaun Mande





Shri Guru Simran

OUR MOTHERLAND has been blessed with the presence of mahapurushs who have since millennia been the helmsmen of its destiny. It is to them, in their sheer power to invoke, nurture and protect *dharma* that the country owes its survival. It is to them that we owe the sustenance of our faith and the nurturing of our unique, all-embracing ethos.

These immortal sons of God have been the teachers of this country since a past unknown to historians and only allegorically represented in myths. India with its great brood of men and women has sat patiently before the seat of the mahapurushs and listened. And what it listened to has been given unstintingly to all lands, to all men.

For India is beloved of the saints. Its streams, its hills, its placid plains, its icy peaks speak of a yearning for the Divine that is its life blood, its line of fate. And the Divine has often answered the call and descended to the humble abode of man.

Within our era, Guruji was the embodiment of the Divine. He was the mahapurush of our age. He came to uplift humanity out of the morass of materialism, he came to guide it to its righteous duty, he came to lessen the sorrow of man, to show him his true image, to teach him the forgotten art of love and of sharing. He came to revive *dharma* and to replant it in more conducive surroundings.

He said that he was an evolution of Divine light. He was not a body, a personality; for him, these were, so to say, the bodily dresses of existence. He was the blooming flower and the devotees were the humming bees, coming for Divine nectar. They were drawn and they

fell in love with him. And he taught them love, renunciation and wisdom—the very virtues on which India stands.

There are no words to describe or evoke a mahapurush like Guruji. For words cannot capture the Infinite. Like signposts, they can only indicate the way and help the traveller along. They are merely, with the blessings of Guruji, catalysts; they are not him. And therefore they should be taken as tools and discarded once they have been made use of.

He was known to all of us by a common noun that is perhaps the most common in a land of faith—Guruji. Yet, this vatic word contained a vast horde of meaning and energy. If a disciple ever made so bold as to ask him what his name was, he would always say that mahapurushs have no name.

And with this statement, he told us who he was—an ambassador of God, the king of all the worlds, nay, him himself. For the Guru is God. The Guru knows no one else but God; the Guru has no separate identity from that of God.

It is now said that he attained mahasamadhi on 31 May 2007. And we believe it because we had begun to know him as a body and a personality. We had become attached to him.

But in the blink of an eye, his body was gone. He drew the curtains on the role he chose to play. For he was an avatar, a descent of divinity into flesh. He was Shiva, Nanak, and love incarnate. His maya was powerful and, at its beguiling behest, we saw him as a body and as a person. Yet, it was never so. He was and is *Ekonkar*.

And he remains. He remains as Our Holy Father and we remain forever his children—errant it seems till we learn to listen to him as India always has: patiently, fully.

It is said, and it is true, that by merely listening to the Guru one becomes enlightened. Listen well then with these few pages, these *satsangs*, to what Guruji has to say. It is his gift to his beloved children. And it is his word to you.



A finger that points to the moon

IMAGINE a towering mountain and a blemish-less mirror fused into one. Imagine, if you can, that this mountain was made of incandescent light. And imagine that you were put before this mountain. Your breath frozen in your throat, you looked at it...

...this is what your first *darshan* of Guruji would be like. When he wills this meeting to happen, he will penetrate into the core of your being. You will be denuded of all pretension; your soul will be exposed to his gaze. And when you see yourself in him, when you glimpse your own lion-like divinity, you will truly be his disciple.

Do not imagine that this meeting will not happen. Do not imagine that the Guru was made up of the body and has disappeared into the void.

There are more darshans to come, a hundred thousand meetings to happen, and a majestic promise to be fulfilled between Guruji and his beloved disciples—the promise of love: that the Guru and the disciple be united in the clasp of eternity.

We can keep our part of the promise by beginning to know ourselves.

For the Satguru, our Guruji, is a mirror put up before our eyes so that we can recognize ourselves. The Guru, as the word itself shows, removes the darkness (*gu*) of ignorance with the light (*ru*) of wisdom. In this nation's sacred tradition, the Guru is put on a pedestal even higher than that of God's. He is seen as the *sine qua non* of the

spiritual journey. He is the guide without whom the tentative first-time climber and the stalwart spiritual mountaineer are both lost. He is not only the path, not only the gate through which the seeker goes, but also the goal, the top of the mountain. He is the Pole Star in the journey from darkness to light, from ignorance to self-illumination. And all the scriptures of the world are but feeble commentaries on his nature. They are the fingers that point to the moon.

But, when you have Guruji's darshan, the moon is right before you—incandescent. If you choose to avert your gaze—not once, but again and again—the light of truth is too strong for you. The Guru's call is to the divine in you. His word or *shabad*, his *hukm* or fiat, is like the pebble that hits the lake: the entire lake shivers with the form of its energy. And, know that this energy is contagious; it is inescapable.

Meeting the Guru or having his darshan is not like going for a social visit: it is like going to war knowing you are going to lose; it is like watching a fire burn the house of your ego down; it is preparation to meet the Highest. For the Satguru robs man of his defences. You cannot win over a Satguru with words (alas!), you cannot put up an appearance before him. He knows the truth of your being. Accept that; hide nothing; don't play games with him.

When you come to him, it is not who you are that matters; it is not how confounded you are or how dark your deeds were or what promises of saintliness you are now making. What matters is whether you have said yes! That yes is the first, most firm footstep on the spiritual journey. That yes brings innumerable gifts, that yes clasps you to the Guru's being with a force that even death cannot sunder. That yes brings the Guru's entire clemency, his grace, to you. And that yes is perhaps the disciple's only task. The rest of the journey is a reaffirmation, footstep by footstep, of the first step. That yes is the miracle; the rest are the miraculous details.

An ancient prayer invokes the Guru as Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva (*Gurur Brahma, Gurur Vishnu, Gurur devo Maheshwarah, Gurur sakshat Parbrahm, Tasmey Shri Gurve Namah*)—the holy trinity of Gods—for the Guru's being is limitless. He is not just the Creator (Brahma), the Preserver (Vishnu) the Resurrector (Maheshwarah) or God Absolute (Parbrahm); He is all creation himself. He is the thousand-eyed, thousand-limbed, thousand-mouthed God. He is the seed, the spore, the sap and the tree of life. No one knows him. The

wise are silent about his nature. But, before the mirror of the Guru, the disciple sees and knows. That seeing is the true darshan; all the rest are preliminaries that help lead him there. That knowing is truly touching the Guru's feet for in that moment of illumination the Guru is revealed.

With footsteps of shraddha

The disciple's journey towards the Guru is very strange. The disciple is blind, he is ignorant and cannot see the path. He cannot move ahead on his own. It is the Guru who leads him on. Thus the Guru is not only the goal of the disciple; he is also the guide, the one to whom we are attached with the rope of faith on our mountain climb.

Trust, thus, is the first prerequisite. If you cannot trust the Guru, you cannot be lead. Hence, even though the Guru is the fountainhead of spirituality, it has been advocated that the would-be disciple check out the Guru before wholeheartedly accepting him. The Buddha advised as much: "Just as gold is examined through burning, cutting and rubbing; so you should thoroughly test my teachings and accept them. But never out of reverence for me."

Swami Vivekananda had such an attitude at first towards Shri Ramakrishna Paramahansa. Once the young disciple wanted to test his Master's statement that he was unaffected by money. So he put a coin below Ramakrishna's pillow. The Guru could not sleep that night. Vivekananda's test had merely proven the spiritual armour of his Guru.

Rid of doubt, the disciple can then humbly approach the Guru. His relationship with his spiritual guide rests on a firm footing. He can entrust himself to his Guru in life as in death. Only after the strong foundation of trust, or shraddha, has been laid is the spiritual superstructure built. Man has to realize anew that he is a spiritual being made in his image. The Guru prods the disciple to realize his divinity. A small story narrates how.

A cub had been separated from his tribe of lions. He began to live with sheep. In time, his behaviour became exactly like theirs: he no longer roared, he bleated. A tiger saw him one day and was overcome by surprise. He caught hold of the still-young cub and gave him a

hard shake. “What is the matter with you?” the tiger roared. “Why do you behave like a sheep?”

The terrified cub insisted that the tiger was mistaken; he was just a sheep. The tiger took the cub to a lake. The clear water reflected the cub’s face; immediately, he realized his true nature.

The Guru’s none-too-easy task is somewhat similar: he demolishes the apparatus on which our mistaken identity rests. We are his children, not creatures of mortal flesh and feverish blood. We are divine personages clothed in hide, not desire-led animals. We are souls encased in bodies; not bodies with souls.

Such a turnaround occurs only when the disciple truly touches the Guru’s feet, that is, when his ego flakes away from his self. Only then does he receive the spiritual charge that wakes him up. The Guru is a spiritual powerhouse, transmitting the current of spirituality into his disciples. At his graceful touch, the disciple awakens.

Much preparatory work has to be done, however. We are laden with the psychological ferment and karmic baggage of lifetimes. The powerful eddies generated by our karmas acting on minds not equipped with right attitudes can break our legs even as the journey begins. So the Guru puts us in situations where we learn life-lessons. Armed with the axe of right attitude, we hew our path through the many obstacles of life.

The Guru’s grace is never more evident when life comes up with a challenge or a test. At such times, to quicken the spiritual evolution of his child, the Guru can take the disciple’s karma upon himself, alleviating its misery-causing effects. Sensing that we are about to set our foot on a karmic crevasse, he lifts us up and carries us on his own shoulders. What encomiums can be heaped on such a Guru? He can only be silently loved, fully followed.

Yet, there are times when the disciple resents his Guru. The Guru leaves no psychological stone unturned to perfect his spiritual son, but the disciple’s commitment wilts as the Guru operates on his mental make-up. Howsoever much the disciple may flinch from his Guru’s ego-hurting blows, the Guru—bent on the disciple’s perfection—carries his task through.

At such weak moments, the disciple can’t summon the will required to thwart his habits. But he need only realize that the Guru is taking pains on his behalf. The Guru’s sole interest—unlike the self-interest concealed in every human relationship—is the disciple.

His only interest is to take the disciple Godward. Whether he moves mountains of karmas out of the disciple's way to do this, whether he heals him of disease or of mental plagues that is his wish. These are only means to the end of leading the disciple to God.

The Guru selflessly spends a huge amount of energy and time in fashioning a disciple. The journey up the spiritual mountain is no picnic. Spirituality, as the Satguru transmits it, is not a comfort-giving philosophy. It is no cosmetic cream that can make our social faces and psychological masks look more beautiful for the moment. It is not a set of rituals and rites that we can fulfil to gratify ourselves or to flatter God. The spiritual terrain is a life-consuming affair. It is not a path that once tread can be walked out of. Once you are with a Guru, once you accept his stewardship, you must go where he leads you.

The Guru is our only chance to reclaim our divinity. He is the ladder that leads to God. He is the one who grants us self-realization. Everything in his hands is a device—from how he escapes the crowd, to how he positions his relationship with us. But at all times he is our Guru. No matter whether he is joking or lending an ear to the happenings of the day. He is our Guru, first, foremost and last. And only through pleasing him, or through attempting to please him, shall the disciple succeed in getting to his cherished goal. Remember also that the Guru is not to be literally emulated. There is a story of Adi Shankara and a disciple who used to imitate each and every action of the great master. On a pilgrimage, the master stopped to take some alcohol from the hands of a peasant. The disciple, close on his heels, did so likewise (and probably with great enthusiasm). Some distance ahead, the great Vedantist stopped again. Molten iron was coming out of an iron foundry. Unconcernedly, Shri Shankara asked for the liquid, cupped his hands and took a long sip. The disciple was disarmed. He could not follow his master now!

The Guru's words have to be followed in letter and spirit no doubt. Yet, the disciple should not imagine himself to be the Guru under any condition. It is much better to be continually engaged in lovingly remembering the Guru. That way the Guru and the disciple are always linked in spirit.

Spirituality in the hands of the Guru is a weapon to disarm our ego. Unless we are ready to be thus mercilessly exposed, do not seek a Guru or say you follow him. If you come to a Guru, rest assured

that you will not receive continual ego massages. In fact, once you have fallen for a Guru, even slight indications of his favour may disappear! The greatness of the Guru lies in that he takes us as we are—warts and all. He loves us in spite of our blemishes. He sets no preconditions for our entering his path. Entirely self-sufficient, absorbed in cosmic bliss, He wants nothing, craves nothing. In his vision, all are alike. He sees no distinction, he favours none. Like the sky, he encompasses all without touching them. He is the Eternal Witness. His unblinking eye, steadfast on eternity, is intimate with each and every flowing thought in the stream of his disciples' minds.

The Guru is the highest; he is incomparable. His grandeur is above even that of the lords of heaven. The sun, the moon, the stars are but encrustations of finite cosmic dust on his robe. The holy trinity, the countless gods and goddesses, the yogic powers are at his feet, ready to do his bidding.

The Guru is God. The Guru is Shiva himself. In the Shiva Purana, Lord Shiva denies Lord Brahma's plea to create beings bound by mortality. He instead vows to descend on Earth to remove such beings from the incessant round of births and deaths. He came as Guruji.

In the dust of his feet—ah! what bliss!

May Guruji have mercy on you and I.

May the rain of his mercy fall on our foolish heads.

May we, through the very charge of his being, be laid at his feet.



open lotus flower and he has for his canopy the five-headed serpent (*sheshanaga*).

Inside the complex, a gleaming brass visage of the Great Lord shows him in the same posture. Significantly, Shiva, the supreme yogi, is not meditating. He is on his tiger mat and has just uncrossed one of his legs, ready to look into the problems of his devotees. The sacred words *Om Namah Shivay* are emblazoned inside the main hall. They offer an immortal promise: that Lord Shiva's and indeed Guruji's help (for they are one and the same) is at hand to anyone who but trusts him.

The making of the structure

That these grounds are indeed Lord Shankara's is borne out by the numerous incidents that have been witnessed by those involved in its construction and those who frequent the temple.

When the mandir was being built, the work faced many challenges, and each time these challenges were overcome miraculously, showing Guruji's involvement in every detail.

At first the ground had to be cleared of the scrubs, trees and boulders before any construction could be started. But around every bush and under every boulder were snakes and more snakes. The labourers hired for the job got frightened and ran away. Undeterred, Raghubir, Guruji's devotee who was overseeing the making of the mandir, hired more labourers. But again, unable to tackle the huge number of snakes, they fled. Finally, Raghubir spoke to Guruji and told him of the problem. Guruji just told him to hire more labourers, assuring him that this problem would not occur again. And, indeed, the snakes disappeared from the site and the clearing proceeded in peace.

The basic construction was undertaken during the rainy season, and yet, every time the concrete was to be poured, the rains would obligingly halt. This happened so many times that everyone involved in the construction realised that these happenings were not sheer chance. As Guruji used to say, "Everything by choice, nothing by coincidence."

The architectural design, as created by Guruji's devotee, Ajay Bharadwaj, had to have the shivalinga superstructure (the shivalinga is the divine symbol of Lord Shiva) above the dome of the temple.

This would have been easy if the shivalinga had a solid base. But the dome could not have taken the weight of a solid shivalinga; and, moreover, a hollow base would draw all eyes upwards into the shivalinga, reminding us that we are within Guruji's sharan.

There was only one mason in Delhi who had the ability to do this. But he was in very difficult circumstances. How Raghubir managed to find this particular person and how this person was able to build this shivalinga is another satsang in itself.

Enough to say here that the sheer beauty of the architectural and engineering feats on display are testaments of Guruji's grace. The Bade Mandir is His seat of spirituality, the favoured land of Shiva and Nanak. Here, Omkar and Aum are one, reflecting of each other timelessly. The temple welcomes the spirit of man forever. And He smiles at all who come; He blesses again and again and yet again. And the light of divinity shines ever-brighter.

Even the soil is miraculous

As the mandir and its surroundings were developed, it was clear that the place was (and is) indeed favoured by Lord Shiva. Even to the casual observer, the growth of the plants and trees was exceptional. A lady planted at the temple a few of the flowering plants she had bought for her farmhouse. To her amazement, these plants bloomed into flowers of at least twice the size in the mandir as compared with those planted at her farmhouse.

Once, permission was sought from Guruji to have the lawn grass re-carpeted. He gave his go-ahead, but there was not much time left. A temple function was fast approaching. The temple gardener went ahead with the task. Once the grass was laid down, it was clear that the decision was not correct on two counts: more time should have been given for appreciable growth of the new carpet of grass; and the variety that had been selected was one that tends to cut the feet initially and becomes soft only after the first cutting, which was out of question due to paucity of time.

However, to everyone's amazement, the grass grew exceptionally fast. The first cutting was taken up well before the function and the growth was so good that another trimming was managed just before the function. The quality of the carpeted lawn on the day of

the function was admirable and the gurus of grass growing were stumped!

Guruji is always there

There are other inexplicable goings-on in the mandir that hint at a supernatural force going about its benign work. Regular visitors to the temple have witnessed the idol of Lord Shiva on the temple grounds changing expressions. And in year 2006, during Holi, there was a spot of colour on Shivji's brass idol that adorns the hall.

It is also certain the omniscient Guru has the temple within his protective gaze at all times. A school teacher recounts a memorable experience.

She had gone to the mandir very early on the occasion of Guru Purnima so that she could attend school later. She reached the mandir at 6.15 am. Only the gardener saw her come to pay her obeisance to her Guru on this auspicious day. And—as was later confirmed—he told no one of the visit. But someone else had also seen her.

On the teacher's very next visit to Empire Estate, Guruji called her and said: "*Auntie, you had visited the mandir on Guru Purnima at 6.15 am. I was watching you in my meditation.*"

Renaissance of faith

Ages hence men shall look upon this sacred spot as the birthplace of dharma. Within our own lifetimes, the Bade Mandir shall rise foremost in the estimation of men. It shall herald a new dawn of spiritual consciousness and inaugurate through the men, women and children it blesses, an era of goodwill among mankind and peace among neighbours. For behold, the shivalinga has risen again. Its ascension proclaims the coming of deliverance. Those oppressed by the iron hand of fate shall be released from the miserable bondages of disease and ignorance. Those bound and subjugated by rampant evil shall find new strength and courage—and win. The ocean of suffering shall be humbled by the small boat of faith and courage that braves its way through, its oars being the Satguru's word and his

grace.

‘Aum namah shivay’, the wayfarers shall cry, ‘Shivji sada sahay’, and they shall find safe harbour. In times of crises and moments of searing agony, these words emblazoned in the temple, branded in their hearts and minds through Guruji’s labour, shall be their battle-cry, their friend, their protector, their love, their sole guiding light.

Adharma shall be caught at its climax. And they shall be saved. The mandir shall be the salvation of those who struggle through the material and psychological debris of a civilization at war with itself. Guruji’s grace, manifesting through the temple, will heal them. In times to come, the mandir will testify to his being. The winds of the world shall carry his word. His will be done. And the temple will remain as his, Lord Shiva’s mark of mercy on earth.

May Lord Shiva allow all to come to his sacred grounds. May he grant all the wishes of those who come. And may the Satguru forever keep us in his *sharan*.



Satsangs, the company of truth

A SATSANG speaks from the heart of truth. It is the truth rendered in words and it has the wonderful potency to lift its hearers or readers above their mind-stream. The satsang is a devotional tool, one that has a long and revered standing in the religious tradition of this country. A satsang occurs when a group of people talk or, in this case, write about their experiences in faith. Through natural sympathetic listening or reading it draws its audience into the circle of faith. As an electron carries an electric charge, a satsang carries a charge of faith.

These satsangs are for those standing on the edge of scepticism and faith. Each satsang, as we have learnt from Guruji, blesses both the reader and the writer. Each one offers a turning-point in the life of an individual as distressed as you are. Each also offers a continuation, a reaffirmation, a moment of faith. For in Guruji's presence, we are in the presence of him whose light is more radiant than the instantaneous luminescence of all the suns in the universe.

And each puts the sword to doubt which walks—so many times—arm in arm with faith. Doubt and faith both inhabit our world of contradictions and contrariness. Satsangs put the doubt to sword. Each of these true-life stories shows how the spirit of man rises up to claim its innate faith. We call that faith Guruji. Others have called him by different names, all as dear, as loving as him.

The satsangs offer you, you who are wondering whether to take the leap of faith, a springboard: listen to them and dive headlong. The Divine holds you in his arms.

All these stories, of innumerable devotees scattered all over the country, are miracles. But what is a miracle? It is the movement of faith in hearts. It is first and foremost a miracle of love—and only then an evidence of the supernatural in our natural affairs. So, the characters of these stories—Guruji's innumerable devotees—are writing of experiences that found them overwhelmed, overawed, that made them vulnerable and defenceless, that stretched their faith, that tested their spirit, that showed the chinks in their armour, that made them strong, courageous, enduring and hopeful. They are reporting experiences of being carried away by a divine current. They are talking about the light they saw in the dark night.

These satsangs are our true companions for they carry the Guru's word. And adherence to his word is paramount. For the word is the Guru. *The satsangs carry the energy of Guruji; they not only recount how his divine will saved and nurtured his devotees, they embody that energy and allow you to savour it and to be benefited by it.*

Each of these satsangs speaks of Guruji's love for his children and the many pains he took to take care of them. It is time for his children now to bear his word in mind, to honour it in speech and deed, and not to besmirch his memory.

The satsangs are the many leaves of the great tree of truth, each singing its song, each rustling with faith. Enshrined in the satsangs is the devotees' love for Guruji and his for them. May it touch your heart as surely as it has touched theirs.



When the Divine Father blessed us with sons

IT WAS in the last week of June 1998 that I had the good fortune of having Guruji's darshan. My maternal uncle had been telling us about Guruji and the miraculous cure of his heart problem. My uncle had been advised to go for an urgent bypass surgery by his cardiologist. Preparing himself mentally for surgery, he had gone to Guruji for his blessings. Guruji had ordered him to sit near him and press his feet. Guruji then inquired about his health. Uncle told him and then sought Guruji's permission to leave and his blessings for the imminent surgery. Guruji told him that he need not go for the surgery, saying, "*I have already done your bypass.*" It was hard to believe even for a devout disciple like him, but he was happy that Guruji had blessed him.

Next morning, uncle went for his pre-admission tests. The tests revealed that his heart was functioning perfectly. His cardiologist, however, attributed the good reports to the tests having been done just after the patient had slept well. He directed uncle to get the tests redone at a different laboratory. Again, the results were the same. The doctor was stunned. Uncle related the night's happenings at Guruji's to the doctor. The doctor was left speechless and could not but wonder at Guruji's divine intervention.

Even though I knew of Guruji's grace, I could not receive his darshan because I was posted at Srinagar and came to Delhi only on short visits for official work. Fortunately, the next time I visited Delhi, uncle conveyed the good news that Guruji was in Delhi and we could go to meet him. We went to the Empire Estate sthan of Guruji the same evening. It was quite late by the time we reached there. The last round of langar was on and Guruji had gone to his room for a while. We were asked to sit for the langar and were with the sangat when Guruji walked out of his room. The first darshan of Guruji, walking gracefully though unassumingly into the hall, dressed in a black *kurta* is still fresh in my mind. He recognised my uncle, observed us (first-timers there) and came to us. He asked uncle to introduce us, and then gave us *chhutti* (leave) after telling us to come to The Ranch (a farmhouse on the Gurgaon-Mehrauli road) for his birthday.

First day and testing times

As luck would have it, the next day when I went to join my Delhi office, I was told to go back to Srinagar on temporary duty as the new in-charge had faltered on service and a customer had complained to the regional office. I returned to Srinagar, unhappy at the prospect of not being able to get Guruji's darshan on his birthday, but confident of meeting with success in my official duty as I had had received darshan and Guruji's blessing. I knew everything would go as Guruji wanted it to. I went through the official duties at Srinagar and Awantipur under tough conditions, remembering Guruji in every adverse moment. The customer was more demanding than ever before and used to push us around, attempting to substantiate his complaint. I could have failed at occasions like this in the past but this time it was different. There was an anchor I was holding on to and remembering him during every rough hour.

Finally, after a month, the customer called me to his office and in front of me made a call to our regional office, telling them of the excellent service being received. He told them to ignore the complaint. An appreciation letter was handed over to me. I knew whose doing this was.

I returned to Delhi, looking forward to Guruji's darshan. My family had gone for Guruji's birthday celebrations and had been regularly

going to Empire Estate. They told me of the many thousands of devotees who had come to Guruji's birthday and of the experiences the sangat had shared with them. I thought, "But would he bless us with a child?" We had been childless for seven years. Medical treatment, prayers, and *upaays* (remedies) had failed. My uncle had suggested we seek Guruji's blessings. He had also related the experience of a contractor friend of his.

"You will get children; run away"

The contractor had been childless for 16 years, when he got Guruji's blessings. Guruji had told him, "*Puttar vee ditte, dheer vee dittee. Hor issi saal (I give you sons and a daughter too; that too this very year).*" This was unbelievable, but true to Guruji's word, the contractor's wife gave birth to triplets (two sons and a daughter) on 31 December of that year. "Everything is possible with Guruji's blessings...but whether and when will he bless us?" I wondered. We continued visiting Guruji regularly but he never talked to us. The sangat told us to have faith in Guruji. "He will talk to you at an appropriate time. Do not go to him on your own to mention your problem," they advised us.

One day, when we were sitting amidst the sangat after the langar, Guruji gestured to me to come to him. Was he indeed calling me? Yes, it was me, the sangat assured me. I walked up to Guruji, thousands of thoughts in my mind but with no courage to speak. "*Aithe kyon aaya vein (Why have you come here)?*" he asked me. I mustered just enough courage to mutter, "Guruji, I have no children." Guruji said detachedly, "*You will get children. Run away from here.*" Without thinking, I muttered, "Guruji, I have not come to run away." Guruji looked at me and said, "*Ok; then keep coming every eighth day.*" This was something that surprised me no end. I wondered how Guruji knew it was convenient for me to come only every eighth day. At that time, I was working in shifts with a eight-day rotation cycle (two morning shifts, two afternoon shifts, two night shifts and then two off days), with only the evening of the first off-day being convenient for attending the satsang.

We started going for Guruji's darshan every eighth day. The members of the sangat, who had been blessed by Guruji, used to narrate their experiences. This gave us hope that our desires would also be fulfilled, thanks to Guruji—but when, we used to

ask ourselves. Also, things were improving. My wife's job became permanent in November 1998. She took Guruji's blessings before her job interview and was the only one selected from among 42 candidates. Our finances were also getting better.

My wife and I were continuing to get treatment for infertility, without much success. The doctor had suggested a few attempts at Intra-Uterine Insemination (IUI), although she was not hopeful it would work for us. She had stated that this would be followed by attempts at In-Vitro Fertilisation (IVF), an expensive procedure. At the same time, I received a message from my company that I had been shortlisted for an entrance exam to an Executive MBA Programme. The duration of the programme, beginning June 2000, was to be one year. I was in two minds. My wife was vehemently and vocally against appearing for the exam. I asked her to leave the decision to Guruji. She stated, "What if he says yes? The treatment will stop for one year." Still, on our next visit, I gathered courage to go up to Guruji and ask him whether I should go for the exam. Guruji responded, saying: "*Such chances come only once in a lifetime. You should go for it.*" I told my wife of Guruji's decision; she was unhappy.

I appeared for the examination. Before the list of selected candidates was circulated, several rumour lists were doing the rounds. My name was not there in any of the rumour lists. I told my wife about it; she was relieved.

Meanwhile, the doctor decided to make a last IUI attempt on 2 June 2000. She stated that she was not hopeful and would want us to go for IVF after this attempt. I informed my office that I would be coming late on that day. After the sample collection and initial check-up, I had to give a repeat sample. I called up my office and conveyed that I would get late further and may not come in at all. I was instructed to make it to the office howsoever late I may get. I gave a repeat sample and after arranging for my wife's return home, left for my office. There, I was told of my selection for the Executive MBA programme. Acceptance for joining the course was to be given within three days. The next day, we went for Guruji's darshan. I broke the news of my selection to the MBA programme to Guruji. (My illusion: as if anybody can ever break news to the Omniscient!). He smiled and said, "*Phir te kalyan ho gaya.*" (You have been blessed then). I thought, "I have told Guruji about my selection and he is

saying I have been blessed with happiness. This is but obvious.” What Guruji meant was not apparent to us. We were to discover that in a few days.

I joined the Institute at Gurgaon for the programme. After the first module, I went back home. We went for darshan that evening. While returning, my wife asked me to buy a pregnancy test kit. And the meaning of Guruji’s statement became obvious to us the next morning, when my wife tested positive for pregnancy. The last attempt at IUI, under tough circumstances, had turned out successful, thanks to Guruji. Both of us were overwhelmed with joy and gratitude. We were in tears and were repeatedly kissing Guruji’s photographs for a long, long while. We went to Guruji that evening. I touched his feet and was about to speak (once again trying to break the news to the Omniscient) when he motioned me to keep quiet. “I know,” he said.

My wife went through her pregnancy quite comfortably in spite of my absence. She was able to get a house in her college campus during that phase, which helped her to do away with much of the travelling. She gave birth to a boy on 31 January 2001. After completion of the baby’s first 40 days, we took the infant to Guruji for his blessings. That day at the time of giving us leave, Guruji asked my wife “*Poonam Auntie, hor munda laina hai (Do you want another son?)*” She was taken by surprise and did not answer.

Guruji repeated this question to my wife on every visit we made. She never answered but kept wondering during our drives back home how she could go through the medical procedure once again and that too with such a small child to care of. She said Guruji must be joking.

After completion of my MBA in June 2001, I got transfer orders for Rajbandh (a place close to Durgapur in West Bengal). It was not possible for me to move at that time, considering the young child and other responsibilities at Delhi. I pleaded with my company seniors, but no one was prepared to help. Disheartened by the apathy of my seniors, I was considering moving to the new posting without my family, after making arrangements in Delhi for their stay. We went for Guruji’s darshan on the evening. That day the last of the seniors I had been requesting had said no to me. That day too, Guruji asked the same question to my wife: “*Poonam auntie, hor munda laina hai?*” She promptly spoke, “How will I get another son

if my husband goes on a posting?” Guruji smiled and said, “*This is really a technical problem. Let me cancel his transfer.*” We touched his feet and went back home. Two days later, one of my senior officers called up and said: “You have been talking of your inability to move. Why don’t you write your request out and fax it to me? I will see what can be done about it.” I knew who had put the thought in his mind. I continued in Delhi for another two years after that, rejoining the office on Guruji’s birthday, 7 July 2001.

Guruji continued to put the same question to my wife. One evening in April 2002, she answered, “As you please.” The pregnancy test done the next day was positive. This time, it had happened without any medical procedure. During the course of this pregnancy, my wife once mentioned to me that she wanted a daughter this time and would ask Guruji for the same. On our next visit, as she was about to make the request to Guruji while touching his feet, he spoke first: “*First time, a son and next time also a son.*” She had her answer and, of course, another son was born to us on 1 December 2002. Guruji christened the second son Ishuk.

After the birth of our second child, Guruji once asked my wife once whether she was planning to pursue a PhD. She replied that it was too difficult to manage her studies with two children. Guruji repeated the suggestion to her, adding: “*Do you know PhD means ‘Paagal hone ka dar (fear of turning insane)’.*”

Again, the reason behind this suggestion became obvious to us much later when I got transferred to Mumbai. The only way my wife could join me was by taking leave for doing a PhD. On getting my transfer orders, I went to seek Guruji’s blessings and told him of my transfer. He told me to go ahead. I spent one year in Mumbai without my family. During this phase, we visited Guruji a few times. During one of these visits, Guruji told me: “*You take your family along or else I will give you one more son.*” We took the hint and my wife applied for her PhD registration, which happened against all odds in a record short time, thanks to Guruji. As a result, my family could join me in Mumbai.

It would not be out of place to mention here that one of my father’s friends, an accomplished astrologer, had told me when we did not have any children that I would get my first child only at the age of 41. He had also predicted that I would have a son—that too only after two daughters. This astrologer has hardly ever been wrong.

When I asked him after Guruji blessed us with children, the first one when I was 37 and the second when I was 39, how his prediction had gone wrong, he replied that astrology can only tell how your destiny has been decided by God. But a mahapurush like Guruji, who is God personified, he continued, has the power to rewrite destiny. So, there is no doubt that the one who has the power to rewrite our destinies is God himself.

Accidents averted on road and tarmac

In September 1999, I had gone to Shimla with my wife, driving my car. I have never been a good driver thanks to my habit of daydreaming. While we were returning from Shimla, we had a stopover at Chandigarh. The next morning, we started later than planned and that was bearing heavily on my mind, prompting me to drive faster than usual.

We ran into a traffic jam between Ambala and Karnal. Our car was behind an earthmover and there were several cars behind us. I was anxious to go ahead but unable to do so as only one side of the road was operative and the broad-bodied earthmover was blocking the view of the traffic coming from the other side. My wife was sitting beside me, her eyes closed, listening to *shabads* on her Walkman.

The earthmover was travelling at a very slow pace. My patience gave way and I sped the car to the right side of the earthmover, intending to overtake it. Just as the car came parallel to the earthmover and I sighted the traffic coming from the other side, I saw another earthmover racing towards us. It was only a few metres away, with just a few inches between the two earthmovers.

The idea of the car being torn apart by the approaching earthmover (which brakes very slowly) and the noise of the crews of both earthmovers shouting at me sent a chill down my spine. My wife opened her eyes and looked at me and both of us could not do anything but remember Guruji. Suddenly, I saw a gap in the divider on our right and swerved the car through on to the non-operational side of the road. Who else but Guruji could have saved us like that?

During February 2000, while I was on duty at the airport, passing on from the night shift through to the morning shift, I went for supervising the refuelling of a Boeing 707. I found that the ground technician was working on the engine with its flap open and our

refuelling staff was waiting for him to come and get the refuelling started. I went to the technician, who said there was a lot of work to be done and he was single-handedly attending to the aircraft. Even the securing arm of the engine flap was not working and he had had to make it rest on the step-ladder while working on the engine. I heard him out and requested that he get the refuelling started and then attend to his work. He asked me to go to the re-fueller and that he would follow soon.

Just as I turned to go, he shifted his stance on the step-ladder (not in my sight) and the flap of the engine dropped from the rest it was on and started falling down. I caught a glimpse of the flap approaching me with great speed, and remembered Guruji. The flap struck my forehead and blood oozed out.

I was conscious and was driven to the airport doctor. He looked at the wound and said, “God has saved you. A centimetre up or a centimetre down and the injury could have been fatal.” This time too, I knew the God who had saved me.

Saved in flooded Mumbai

On the day of the Mumbai floods, 26 July 2005, I was in office. Some of the employees left early knowing that train services were disrupted. I went through my office work and came out at the usual time. By then, the employees who had left early to catch the trains had started returning to the office as the service had come to a halt.

I had commuted that day by my car and was in two minds: should I stay put or try to reach home? One of my colleagues came to me and said that his son was stuck in school, which was on our way to home. That decided it for me. I remembered Guruji and headed for home, with a stopover planned at the school of my colleague's son. As we tried to leave office, one of the gates was already submerged and a car had broken down in front of it. We went out through the other gate. The roads were under water and it was difficult to get through. Braving the water and the jams, we reached near the school of my colleague's son in about two hours.

As the buses were not plying, the school had made arrangements for the overnight stay of the students at the school, we learnt. My colleague said that since his son was comfortable with his classmates and our ability to reach home was doubtful, he had decided to let

the child be only at the school for the night. We decided to continue trying to reach home. As we moved on, we found that the water had come to such a height that it was not possible to drive through or return to the office. I decided to park the car at the high point where I had parked it when my colleague had gone to his son's school and called home to say I would not be coming home.

We slept in the car and the next day I drove the car back home slowly as the water kept receding. On reaching home in the evening, I found that all the cars parked in the residential complex had been submerged and required major repairs amounting to tens of thousands of rupees per car. The same had happened to the cars parked at the office.

The media spoke of people who had slept in their cars on the road getting killed because the water level rose, trapping the occupants, who were unable to pull down the window panes or open the doors. But no harm had come to me and neither had my car been damaged. All because of the One whom I had remembered just before leaving office. Only Guruji's kripa could have saved me that night and it did.

His grace continues after mahasamadhi¹

In February 2007, on a visit to Delhi, I went to have Guruji's darshan. As I was about to bow before him before taking his leave, Guruji said, "*Tu Delhi wapas aa gaya hain* [Have you come back to Delhi?]" I replied "*Nahin Guruji, halli te Bombay hee haan* [No, I am still in Bombay]." Guruji pointed to another person and said that he was talking about that man. But this was indication enough for me (now having some sense of how disciples' wishes were granted) that I would get my long-awaited transfer to Delhi. I got my transfer orders to Delhi in the end of March 2007. I joined the Delhi office after a month and moved my family to Delhi on 26 May 2007. We were fortunate enough to have his darshan a day later.

On 31 May 2007, when I came to know of Guruji's decision to leave his body, I was shattered. Returning from Bade Mandir, I kept

¹But for the concluding paragraph, this section of the satsang was written after Guruji's mahasamadhi.

on thinking of the innumerable occasions when Guruji had blessed us with all that was not our due and that we were not even worthy of. What will happen now? Who will take care of us? These questions crossed my mind, and I did not have an answer. However, the One who had always answered all our demands, doubts and prayers had the answers to these questions. I was to learn this in a few days.

I had been participating in an inter-corporate business simulation competition with my team in 2005 and 2006. For 2007, the regional preliminary round was slated for 1-2 June in Delhi.

But, after Guruji's mahasamadhi, I felt I could not continue. I called up my teammates and told them that I was a much weaker person now and that they should not rely on me. One of them consoled me, saying that the *Guru does not ever desert a disciple—even after leaving his own body*. I, however, did not believe him because I was grief stricken.

Our team somehow managed to get through the initial four rounds of the regional preliminaries. In the final round, we took risky decisions so that we could have a shot at the regional finals. The results came, and we were told that we had not qualified. I pulled out Guruji's photograph from my pocket and said, "This is what is expected to happen now. *Aap [Guruji] ke rahte hue, baat kuchh aur thi* [When you were around, it was different]." As I was looking at Guruji's smiling face in the photograph, my teammate who was checking the results, said, "They have not fed our decisions correctly into the computer." We went to the organizers and told them of the mistake. After corrections were made, we were found to have qualified for the regional finals. After that, our team did not look back and stood second in the national finals on 6 June 2007 and subsequently second in the Asia-Pacific Region finals in September 2007. Guruji had thus told us in no uncertain terms that *he and his grace are still with the sangat*.

On the personal front, I was worried about getting admission for our sons in a good school. We were trying to gain access for our sons through different contacts but to no avail. Ultimately, I remembered Guruji and asked him: "When you have given us these two sons, why don't you get them admission in a good school?" The question was answered faster than it was asked. The children got admission in a top-class school in Delhi, without any donation or political influence.

When we had arrived in Delhi, we did not have a place from where my wife and I could attend our jobs and also look after our children, aged 4 and 6 years. The only way out was for my wife to get a flat within her college, but none of the residents was close to retirement and there were several lecturers senior to her (the flats are allotted per the seniority of the applicants). This time too the miracle we needed occurred. A resident vacated a flat as his son found it inconvenient to travel to a far-off school. Strangely, none of the lecturers senior to my wife applied for the flat. Who else but Guruji can make miracles happen as and when they suit the desires and demands of any member of the sangat?

I have summarized my experiences with Guruji, my God. I close this with my heartfelt gratitude and reverence to Him. *Om Shri Guru Devaye Namah*. May Guruji continue to shower us and all his disciples with good fortune and good sense and may we always remain worthy of being his disciples. Jai Guruji!

– Satsang of Aakash Sethi, Senior Manager (Training & Development), Indian Oil Corporation



A girl grows up under Guruji

*Gurur Brahma Gurur Vishnu
Gurur Devo Maheshwarah
Gurur sakshat Parbrahm,
Tasmay Shri Gurve Namah*

*The Guru is Brahma, Vishnu and the Lord of the Lords
The Guru is the living God,
I prostrate myself before the Guru*

MY FAITH in God's kindness and his love for mankind had always been shaky till I met him in flesh and blood in the form of Guruji. Explaining Guruji's grace in words is a herculean task. Just as our prayers are answered by God, similarly Guruji's satsangs bless the speaker and the listener and lead to bliss.

I have heard that God gives us rewards and punishments according to our karma, but I have seen Guruji burning our ill deeds in the heat of his divine fire to give us a better and more comfortable life than we would have had if we had not come to his holy feet.

The first time I had Guruji's darshan, I was in Class XI. Though I had been born in Punjab, we lived in Noida, and my acquaintance with Punjabi was non-existent. Therefore, I could not understand anything, be it shabads or Guruji's words. Even then, my answer to any query on my first experience invariably reflects how great I felt after that visit. This was followed by many fascinating experience, which helped ground my belief in Guruji.

My Master's voice speaks through me

On an annual day school function, I was tasked with delivering the opening speech. I had been doing such things regularly, but this time the chief guest was a senior official. My concluding lines had the gathering putting their hands together. I was deluged with compliments as soon as I came off the stage. Every teacher and student, with surprise on their faces, told me that it seemed as if I had transformed while delivering the speech. An even bigger compliment came when the chief guest's address was found to be revolving around my speech. In fact, he reiterated my concluding words as his own conclusion. Everyone found it surprising, but I knew it was Guruji who had done it all. In fact, the moment I began my speech, I could sense an energy in me that enabled me to deliver the speech with great punch.

Moreover, Guruji was with me in school a number of times, for often I could smell his rosy fragrance.

Helping me through Class XII

When I moved to Class XII, academic pressure mounted. One day while giving *prasad*, Guruji asked me about the subjects I had opted for. I told him I was a commerce student, and he started asking me questions about economics. He queried me on credit control. Though I knew the answer, I went blank in front of Guruji and could not answer. Guruji concluded the conversation by advising me to be serious about studies.

Though at that moment I was unable to fathom what had happened, during subsequent months I realized what Guruji had done. Guruji's words of caution had me taking special care of economics. This ensured that I was fairly well prepared to face what happened later. For the second half of the session, we had to study that subject on our own since our economics teacher left the school. But Guruji's forewarning had helped me avoid last-minute blues, and I scored 97 per cent in economics.

As my board exams were approaching, my visits to Guruji became less frequent (partly due to Guruji's instructions that I study). It was on 13 January (Lohri day in North India) that I accompanied my parents and brother to Guruji's place to seek his blessings for

my board exams. This visit was expected to be the last before the completion of the exams. Guruji distributed prasad that day and was giving toffees when it was my turn. Though Guruji's instructions in general are that the prasad is to be finished at Guruji's place only, the toffees are an exception. So I had a part of the prasad and kept a part for consumption at a later date.

I went to bow to Guruji for taking his leave. When I was about to get up, he took out a photograph and gave it to me. (Though I couldn't see any photograph packet near him.) I was delighted, as Guruji's photo is a prized possession. What Guruji had done that night started unfolding on our way back. As I was holding the photograph, I realized it was exuding his fragrance. His fragrance came off the photograph throughout my board exams. I used to carry the photograph with me to the exams. After the last exam, the moment I returned home, the fragrance disappeared, as though Guruji had blessed the photograph especially to take care of exams.

When we reached back home that night I counted the number of toffees left.

I found that I had 12 toffees, which made it a couple of toffees for each of the six papers. With toffees as prasad and Guruji's photograph and fragrance with me through all the papers, I ended up scoring very good marks and gaining admission in one of the top colleges of Delhi University.

Love: An ice-cream and the best birthday ever

Guruji along with a few devotees decided to go to a hotel in Gurgaon and asked me to join in. Very shortly we were at the Bristol Hotel, and I was the one hogging Guruji's special attention, as I was the youngest of the lot. Guruji walked briskly round the terrace of the hotel, settled down, and ordered cold drinks for the sangat. We had a great time, since the cold drinks were accompanied by snacks and followed by ice-cream. On our way back, while everyone was getting into their respective vehicles, Guruji especially enquired about my whereabouts and saw to it that I was comfortably placed with someone for a drop back at his place. When we reached Guruji's place, Guruji asked me how the experience was. It had been absolutely wonderful. Guruji also asked me whether or not I had ice-cream. I had not, since I had a sore throat and I told him so.

He said I should have had the ice-cream since it would have cured my throat. But I found later that those simple words of Guruji had cured my throat anyhow. Since then I have never had severe throat trouble—which troubled me at least once a year.

Guruji's admirable care and affection was again evident on a very special day. We were enjoying shabads and waiting for Guruji to start distributing prasad. On Guruji's instructions, prasad was brought and kept right next to him. Guruji began distributing prasad from the side where I was sitting. In fact, I was the first to have it on that day. As I went ahead and took it, Guruji sprung a well-kept surprise.

He conveyed to me in Punjabi that I should enjoy myself as this was my birthday. No one in the sangat knew about my birthday and no one in my family had told Guruji about it. That was my best birthday ever.

Guruji doing the impossible

After my graduation from Delhi University, for a short spell I wasn't studying. Then Guruji instructed me to join an MBA course (through correspondence) from Symbiosis, a premier management institute. I filled in the form and was through with the formalities just in time to get admission in that session. For the examination, I had filled in a South Delhi centre as my first preference, since it was closer to our residence. But somehow, when I got my admit card, I found that the examination centre allocated was across Delhi. My father tried to get the centre changed, but we received communication from the Pune headquarters of the college that a centre once allocated could not be changed.

Due to exams on successive days, it was impractical to travel a one-way distance of about 45 km daily. So I had to plan a stay at my grandparents' place, 10-15 km from the centre. The problem was that living with my grandparents at Noida made it impossible for me to have Guruji's darshan. I somehow managed the first exam, but even before the second exam, I was so upset that I began thinking of skipping the remaining exams. I cried as I wished and waited for Guruji's grace to pull me out of this situation. But what happened next was beyond my imagination.

As all students were quietly writing the exam, a faculty member of the centre turned up and enquired if anyone wanted to switch to an

alternative centre out of a list that included the one I had tried for. I pounced on the opportunity. After the exam, the faculty member told me that their centre was facing a space crunch due to which this decision had been taken and he confirmed the change of my centre. I thus had the opportunity of visiting Guruji during my exams. Who except Guruji could have forced such a dramatic turn of events? Understanding Guruji's powers is much beyond our comprehension. They confound logic.

Once when the sangat had assembled at Guruji's, an earthquake occurred. Everyone remained seated, with Guruji in his seat, but as it persisted for more than eight-ten seconds, there was some unrest. Sensing this, an initially unmoved Guruji, who had his legs folded on his chair, put his feet down. The reverberations ceased.

Yet another time Guruji had gone to the Bade Mandir with some devotees including me. At the entrance gate, construction was on and there was a patch of wet cement. A wooden plank had been placed to facilitate the sangat's movement. We used it to cross over, but Guruji decided to walk through the patch. To our amazement, there were no marks left on the wet cement. When we examined the spot just after, even a finger touch was leaving a mark!

Marriage in 15 days

Once in Guruji's sharan, all our troubles and worries are taken care of by Guruji. Since our knowledge is limited to experiences we carry forward and the situation we face in the present, our understanding of our needs is limited. On the contrary, Guruji knows of our future needs and in fact makes provision for their fulfilment. Guruji had decided when I was to get married and in fact had communicated the same to my mother about six years in advance. But the wedding took place at an unimaginable pace.

In the beginning of April, Guruji suddenly asked my dad if any marriage proposals were under consideration. Dad told Guruji that though our relative had mentioned a proposal, we had not heeded it since we were not seriously thinking about my marriage. Guruji asked Dad to go ahead and consider it with more seriousness. Dad thus reverted to the family.

The groom-to-be was posted in Sweden and was expected in India on 16 April for a month's annual vacation. It was decided that both

the families would meet on 17 April. On 17 April, when we met for the very first time, in a couple of hours, the mood turned festive.

All the arrangements were done then and there and we had our ring ceremony immediately—on our very first meeting. Within a couple of days, the marriage date was also decided: the 30th of the same month. The arrangements were made on a war footing, and I got married on 30 April.

Though Guruji was physically not present at the marriage, Guruji's grace was evident in every bit of whatever happened that night. Everyone present there could not stop appreciating the decoration, ambience, food; each and every aspect distinctly reflected Guruji's grace.

Meeting Guruji at Eiffel Tower

My husband was booked to return to Sweden, by the middle of May, as he had to join office. But arranging for my passport and visa in 15 days was impossible. An application was made as soon as possible, but the Swedish Embassy told us that that all visa applications had to go to Sweden for approval and only then could they grant a visa. So Sushil, my husband, had to leave alone as postponing his programme was not possible. In Sweden, he also visited the Embassy to get the case expedited. A month passed by. It was in the first week of June that we felt I might get the visa in a week. We got an air ticket booked (for 16th night) and the countdown started. It went to the wire. On June 16, our visit to the Embassy looked like going in vain. They said the visa was not available. I was disappointed, since it meant a delay of at least a week. I communicated this to Dad, but decided to give it another shot. Miraculously, the officer handed over the visa to us in the next couple of hours. Delighted, I called up Dad to break the news. He was surprisingly not surprised.

Dad later told me Guruji had already told him about my visa sanction 15-20 minutes before my call. I realized that without Guruji's intervention, getting the visa on that day was impossible. Guruji is an endless source of love and possesses ultimate powers. He is not bound by physical barriers; he can seamlessly see the past, present and future and transverse any distance at his disciple's call.

In Sweden, my husband and I planned a visit to Paris over a weekend. When we were at the Eiffel Tower (first floor), I was

overjoyed as I felt Guruji's strong fragrance. During my very next phone call with Dad, I was told Guruji was asking about me the other day. Dad told me the date and time of this conversation with Guruji. Some calculation revealed that when Guruji had asked Dad of my whereabouts, I had smelled his fragrance at the first floor of the Eiffel Tower!

An account of my experiences with Guruji is akin to a dumb woman trying to explain the taste of a sweet. No words can articulate who he is and what he means to me. I would just request Guruji to hold our hand always, as he has done through these golden years of our association with him. It is said that *paras* (philosophers' stone) converts iron to gold on mere contact, but Guruji can convert a useless stone into a diamond. Only total faith and devotion are required.

—Satsang of Aarti, daughter of R P Singla



A PR man gets his voice back

THE WINTER of December 1999 brought chilling news for me. Slowly and steadily, my voice was fading away, and I had to make a real effort to speak even a few words. After I met ENT specialists, I felt that the Delhi winter, foggy and miserable as it is, was going to be a long one.

The specialists recommended immediate surgery after detailed investigations. I went under the knife at Sir Ganga Ram Hospital in New Delhi. After surgery, the growth piece on my vocal cord was sent for a biopsy. The report confirmed my family's worst fears: the growth was malignant, that is, cancerous.

Just two months after I had suspected that my voice was deteriorating, I was facing hell—and wondering what had led to it. After all, I do not smoke or drink alcohol and neither do I chew tobacco or have *paan* (betel leaves). But, God is quick to save.

Within a week of my surgery, during my three-week voice-rest period, I was under Guruji's sharan. Both my wife and I came to Guruji with our predicament. But we had to pass a test. Five days after I had been operated on, I felt a compelling urge to go to Guruji. Doctors had warned me that water should not touch my throat at any cost. And that day it was raining hard when we started from home. My family advised me to rest and go some other day. However, I was determined to go to Guruji. My inner self told me that today is the day and I must!

As we entered Empire Estate the walk up to Guruji's sthan was very soothing. Guruji, in his colourful robe, was sitting on his majestic *gaddi* (seat, a symbol of spiritual authority). We were introduced and asked to sit on the rich red carpet that covered the hall. The sacred songs of the Gurbani were being played over the audio system; the atmosphere was charged. After a while, *chai prasad* (tea prasad) was served.

Right after, Guruji called us up. He told my distraught wife: "*Ja tere husband nu 50 percent theek kar ditta (Your husband has been cured by half; go get the tests done again).*" It was not easy to believe that a cancerous growth had been treated. But we followed Guruji's advice. We sourced the four remaining biopsy slides from Sir Ganga Ram Hospital and sent two slides each to AIIMS, New Delhi, and Tata Institute, Mumbai, for a re-test. After about a week, we got the reports and came to Empire Estate. As soon as we entered, Guruji smiled and said: "*Kyon doctors confuse ho gai (The doctors are confused, aren't they?)*" Indeed, they were. Both reports declared me fit: The first miracle had come to pass.

Thereafter doctors advised me not to ignore the histopathology findings and get the full treatment done. I was determined that if at all I had to get any further treatment, it would only be on Guruji's directions. Fulfilling my wishes, that is what happened: Guruji blessed me and made me eat langar full of chillies—which was a strict no-no per the doctors, who had asked me to stick to boiled food. Guruji went a step further: he made me speak and pronounced that I was all right.

I was continuing with radiotherapy on Guruji's advice. But, I didn't feel any side-effects at all. I had no nausea, and my haemoglobin level throughout remained above normal. The only medicine, if I may call it so, was the water I drank from a copper tumbler blessed by Guruji. I was to fill the tumbler with water every night before going to sleep and the next morning to drink half of it first thing and to put the rest in my bath bucket. That's it. By following this simple ritual, I was fully cured. Such has been my miraculous transition to a new fit life! And I have two daughters and my wife to share it with—thanks to Guruji.

—Satsang of Achal Paul, Director, Buzz Communications

Like a mother, he holds us close to his bosom

SO MUCH has happened since my family and I had Guruji's first darshan. Before then my life was in a mess, my father was in a coma and had been hospitalized for a month and a half. Being a doctor, I was well aware of all the complications that could arise and hence could not bring myself to leave his bedside.

Then came a day when my frustration rose and I could take it no more: everything seemed to be going wrong, finances were at an all-time low, and every passing minute trying to keep my father alive was an ordeal. My sister and brothers were also trying their best. Nothing seemed to work. I was feeling dejected. Fighting back tears, I wondered why God didn't come to my family and rescue us. I had always believed in him, loved him and trusted him with all my heart. So, why wasn't he responding?

I needed to meet someone with whom I could share all my sorrows without having to utter a word; someone who would watch over me; someone who would give me strength to face reality and bail me out whenever I was in trouble. I needed him.

One night I came home but could not sleep. Around 3 am, my brother Shiv rushed into the room and gave us some prasad. Shiv

told us he had been to Guruji's and narrated some of the miracles he had heard over there. I slept well that night.

Next day, my husband and I decided to go for Guruji's darshan. Little did we know that nobody could reach him till he so ordains. I had imagined that I would be meeting a long-bearded Babaji sitting under a tree. But I was taken by surprise. Here was a person who had such an intense aura, who had the innocence of a child when he smiled, whose eyes seemed to penetrate through your very being, touching you.

I was overwhelmed after meeting him. His fragrance was intense, as if a lot of rose essence had been sprayed around. He made us sit right next to him and somehow made us feel secure. For some strange reason, I felt the tension drain out of me. He also assured me all would be well.

The very next day I took my twin boys (who were about four years old then) to seek Guruji's blessings. On the way I asked them to do *pranam* to Guruji. My elder son Daksh politely declined saying that he only touched Shivji's feet. As I walked up to Guruji to pay my respects, Daksh just stood there while Dhruv bowed. I felt very bad, as Daksh had not touched his feet till then. Suddenly, I found that Daksh had walked back to Guruji and was touching his feet. Later, I teasingly asked the little fellow why he had done so. He innocently replied that he had touched Shivji's feet. Thus, unnoticed by everybody, Guruji had given his darshan to Daksh!

Gradually things started getting better and help for my father's treatment came from all quarters with Guruji's blessings. My husband too found his dream job.

“Nothing will happen to your child”

Then in year 2000, Daksh developed loss of appetite accompanied with fever, weight loss and enlarged lymph nodes. The doctor treated him with antibiotics, but nothing worked. It was a Monday when we took him to Sir Ganga Ram Hospital to get him examined by a senior specialist. I feared the worst. Daksh's symptoms were pointing towards a cancer process. I clutched at Guruji's picture while walking into the doctor's cabin. I was praying for my son's good health and repeatedly asking Guruji for his blessing. I knew that it was in his power to correct the ailment in a split second. The cabin filled with

his fragrance. I had heard that if you remember Guruji truly, he always comes to your rescue. The rosy scent signified his presence.

The doctor examined Daksh and was very upset and looked disappointingly at me. He had found both the spleen and liver enlarged, clearly pointing towards malignancy.

The doctor made me feel the enlarged organs and asked for an ultrasound of the abdomen immediately to assess the extent of involvement. I was near to tears, fervently praying to Guruji to take care of this problem. I had heard of so many miracles and was convinced that he could cure my son. Throughout the 40-minute drive to the radiologist, Guruji's fragrance reached out to us reassuringly.

While the ultrasound was being conducted, my son and I could feel his presence as his fragrance lingered around us. With Guruji's blessings, the ultrasound was normal. The entire diagnosis changed, even the liver and spleen were found to be normal in size. Guruji had listened to our prayers and given a new lease of life to our child.

In the evening we reached Guruji's place, hoping to talk to him about the day's events. We were pleasantly surprised as we entered the hall, for he called out with a mischievous smile on his lips: "So? *What was the diagnosis?*" I was overwhelmed: he already knew what had happened during the day and yet had given us an opportunity to satisfy our curiosity.

I told him that the doctors were suspecting cancer. He kept quiet. I was near to tears when he said, "*Don't worry; nothing will happen to your child.*" I enquired if I needed to conduct the various tests that were due. He answered that as I was a doctor I would not understand and I could go ahead as I wished to. Somewhere my logical mind would not let things rest with him, and so I got a gamut of investigations conducted on my son. Believe it or not, each one came out normal.

Finally, a biopsy was conducted on the lymph nodes which, by now, had started joining (or matting). The lymph node that was removed showed changes to the naked eye. I was confused. How could this be? Guruji had said that all would be fine, but then why this? All kinds of thoughts came to my mind. I was desperate.

That evening I was asked to come to his sangat once a week only. I wondered why he had done this. Next week, the biopsy results came and they were normal. The surgeon could not believe it; he said it

was a miracle. We, of course, knew who had performed it. Guruji had blessed my son, so this had to be.

A few weeks later, Guruji one day just said: “*Jaa tere munde nu theek kar ditta (I have cured your son).*” From that day, the fever disappeared, my son’s appetite improved, the lymph node was reduced and the matting disappeared. Thanks to Guruji, Daksh became all right. No medication whatsoever was given to him, as no conclusive diagnosis about his condition could ever be made.

With Guruji every moment is a miracle and worth living for. He holds your hand and guides you gently. He carries your burden on himself without letting you know. He clears the path ahead and makes it soft and pleasant. He shields you from all evil, all wrong and holds you close to his bosom like a mother would, to protect her child. And when you go wrong he gently prods you back to the right path. He listens to you, every breath that you take, and gives you the faith to believe in the goodness of God—and that is him. Unassumingly, he watches over you and all other lives that even fleetingly touch you, blessing each one all the way. He has no airs, no ego, he makes no demands. He is forever giving. He is unfathomable. Amongst the thousands that throng for his darshan, not a single one goes unblessed. Each one of us feels that he is with him only. He shows the correct way of conducting one’s duties in this world. He suffers silently when we go astray and also when he takes the burden of our pain on himself. Believe me: There is no one like him, never has been and never ever will be.

My mother was hospitalized some years ago, and the doctors felt that her haemoglobin was very low and she would need a transfusion. We rushed to Guruji and shared our worries with him. He smiled and blessed her. The very next day, she was back home with all her tests normal.

The healer in white clothes

My maternal aunt (*mausi*), who has never been to Guruji, one day slipped into a deep coma and was admitted to the ICU. The doctors suspected brain haemorrhage, as she had very high blood pressure. Guruji was not in Delhi at that time and I prayed before Guruji’s photograph for his blessings and cure, while her CT scan

was taking place. Guruji's fragrance filled the CT scan room and the CT scan report came normal. I left my *mausi*, still in a deep coma, at night.

But I was pleasantly surprised to see her sitting on her bed the next morning, very much conscious. She told me that the night before, a very fair person in white clothes had woken her up and had asked her to get up. I immediately knew that Guruji had blessed her. She is absolutely normal today, and we still do not know why she had slipped into a coma, as all her tests were normal.

Guruji returned from Jalandhar about three months later and as soon as I bent down to touch his feet he remarked, "*Mausi ko bhi theek kara lia (You've got your mausi cured by me as well).*" I was surprised. He was not even here and nobody knew about my *mausi's* illness. But then he knows everything. I should have realized this! It is amazing how Guruji keeps an eye on you wherever you go, whether in this country or abroad. Time and distance do not exist. He is beyond time and beyond the realms of space.

Some years ago, I took ill and was admitted to a hospital, with fever, backache and breathlessness. I was put on injectables, inhalers and oxygen, but I continued to suffer. It was a Friday when the consultant decided to do a CT scan of my chest.

The radiologist saw the scan. He remarked that it was not a normal scan and whatever it was had spread to most of my lungs. I would need further evaluation. I was alone in the hospital that day and the only person I could turn to and knew who would look after me was Guruji. I prayed to him the whole day.

In the evening, I went to Guruji, and out of the blue he turned to me and asked me how I was. I told him I was admitted to a hospital and had difficulty in breathing and that every night since Monday I had been so sick that the ICU doctors had been called out. I also told him that the CT scan of my lungs was bad and prayed that he cure me. He smiled benevolently and said that he had cured me and I was fine. I couldn't hold back my tears, in a fraction of a second, he had removed all my problems. That night I felt so relieved that I slept without any medication. (I had not slept for the last four-five nights.) The doctors came to check and found me sleeping without any oxygen support. They went back surprised. How in this world would they know that the highest power in the world was at work! The next morning I requested a discharge and came home. I am

feeling fine since that day three years ago and have not undergone any tests.

Some time ago, my husband, also a doctor, had been experiencing some early-morning discomfort for almost a week. An ECG detected changes and we thought of admitting him, but my husband refused and came back home. He said he would rather go to Guruji and take his permission for getting admitted.

I took him to another cardiologist early next morning and even he suggested further evaluation at the earliest as changes in the ECG were clear and substantial. We panicked and decided to go to see Guruji right away, knowing very well that it would not be possible to meet him at this hour. We were amazed to find ourselves in front of him. He looked at us and said, *“So, you have come to get Arun cured.”*

I was overwhelmed and told him all that had happened. With a wave of his hand and a reassuring look he said that it was nothing and that Arun would be fine. He asked Arun to go back to the office and resume work instead of going to the hospital. Guruji also prescribed two pegs of whisky and a wheat grass extract daily!

A few weeks later Guruji told Arun that he had cured his heart else doctors would have had to operate upon it. With Guruji's blessings, Arun is fine today. We are so thankful to Guruji for blessing us and giving us this happy family. We pray that he watches over us forever.

His blessings extended to my sister as well. She fell sick and the pathologist indicated a diagnosis of some kind of lymphoma. But, Guruji blessed her and said she had nothing and would be fine. The next morning, there was a call from the lab. They said there was some confusion regarding the samples; my sister was fine. But it was not just my family that was blessed. My neighbour, Mr Sethi, was diagnosed with acute pancreatitis and had been admitted to the ICU. The doctors had very little hope of his recovery. Guruji blessed him, and today the man is back at work. In a matter of days, Mr Sethi's critical condition turned normal thanks to Guruji. The doctors say that Sethi is very lucky, but we know that he is very blessed.

Once, Guruji visited a hospital ICU where a young man, Mansingh, was suffering from brain fever (cerebral malaria). He was on the respirator and undergoing dialysis as well. The doctors had lost hope of his recovery.

Mansingh's brother came to Guruji with his photograph and Guruji recognized him, though nobody had told Guruji anything

about Mansingh. Guruji blessed Mansingh. Within the next two weeks, he was discharged and is now healthy and back at home. The family, which have got back a member of their own from a dangerous disease, keep thanking Guruji ceaselessly.

With you since beyond time

My twin sons would constantly squabble about who was elder. One day Guruji cleared their doubts by pointing out that one was elder to the other by six minutes. I was amazed to hear this as due to a complication during their birth, the doctors could not note down the time of birth of the second twin. I wondered how he knew this. He suddenly turned and answered that he was the one who had blessed me with these sons and so he knew!

And that was before I had gone to him, before I knew him as Guruji, before I had felt his presence in my life. Obviously, he had known me since way beyond and had been keeping timeless watch! Unsurprisingly then, every single day at Guruji's is filled with miracles. I thank Guruji for being there for us now and always.

— *Satsang of Dr Anita*



The dispeller of darkness

MOST OF us wish to walk on the spiritual path. We somehow imagine or conjure up wrong notions about what spirituality is. We think that spirituality means living in seclusion in a Himalayan cave or roaming through the length and breadth of a land. We are blissfully ignorant that no spiritual knowledge can be attained unless and until we surrender our ego at the lotus feet of a guru, who alone can lift us from the quagmire of our materialistic environment onto the spiritual path.

The word guru means dispeller of darkness. We are submerged in a tunnel of ignorance and darkness and only a guru can pull us out. The guru is God. A word from him is a word from God. He need not teach anything. Even his presence is elevating, inspiring, and stirring. Just his company provides self-illumination. Living in his company is spiritual education.

Our holy scriptures are flooded with examples of the guru-chela relationship. Our Gods whom we worship today had at some time or the other sought the assistance of a guru when they adopted a mortal form. Lord Krishna sat at the feet of his Guru Sandeepani. Lord Rama had Guru Vasishtha who gave him *upadesa* (spiritual counsel). Lord

Jesus sought John for his baptismal on the banks of river Jordan. Even *devas* (celestial beings) have Brahaspati as their guru.

We are very fortunate that in our quest for a guru, we have been blessed with Guruji, who is divinity personified and is omnipotent, omnipresent, and omniscient.

A shower of blessings

In 1991, I suddenly developed a knee problem. The pain used to be excruciating and unbearable. I tried all allopathic, homeopathic, and grandma's lines of treatment but to no avail. Despite heavy doses of painkillers, the agony at night would keep me from sleeping. I told Guruji of my problem and the compassionate one decided to heal me. He asked for a spoon from the kitchen and placed it on my knees while chanting a mantra. The pain vanished and I have never had the slightest twinge even though I climb a flight of stairs to my third-floor flat and go for a two-hour walk every day.

While on a posting to Kolkata, I got typhoid which left me with a low-grade fever for a month and a half. I underwent all the medical tests and took a plethora of medicines, but the low-grade fever continued. On hearing of my ailment, Guruji asked for betel (*paan*) leaves and placed them on me. Incredibly, that very moment the fever vanished.

On learning of our impending move to Delhi, I was determined to open a beauty salon, as I had trained to be a beautician and a hair stylist, and had earlier worked in a beauty parlour. But Guruji turned down the proposal, saying the parlour would cause me asthma.

To my horror, I discovered that in due course of time, I did become asthmatic. One day, my condition became precarious and I was battling for life, as I had immense difficulty breathing and felt my life was ebbing out. I was rushed to the hospital. All the time I was holding Guruji's photo close to my heart and praying to him to save me. Immediately, I was put on oxygen and administered steroid injections. The doctor in the hospital later told me that even a delay of two minutes could have proved fatal.

When I went to meet Guruji, before I could say anything, he spoke: "*I have pulled you out of a morass.*" That was the gospel truth.

Subsequently, I would complain to Guruji that the inhalers and medications were very strong and requested him to help me get rid of the disease. He was annoyed and reprimanded me for reminding him. He knew exactly what the problem was.

A month passed and I realized that I had no asthma, which meant no usage of the inhaler. When going on a journey, I still buy an inhaler to be on the safe side. Invariably after the holidays, I return the inhaler, unused, to the chemist. The asthma has been eradicated.

Once we were at a gathering of devotees with Guruji. He suddenly placed both his hands on a gentleman's head and we saw rose petals shower down. Guruji did the same on a lady's head and a shower of petals again fell. The lady pulled out her *duppatta* (a scarf used to cover the head) to collect the petals. It was a beautiful miracle.

On my birthday, Guruji called me forward and in the presence of the sangat asked me to extend my hands. Suddenly, a sari fell on my palms. Guruji ordained that I should keep it in a clean place without wearing it. The sari had the rose fragrance so typical of him and even though 10 years have passed, the fragrance remains. Moreover, Guruji predicted a few years ago that my daughter would get married to a wonderful man. Without my getting sleepless nights over her marriage, it happened. Today, she is happily married and has two beautiful sons, thanks to Guruji's blessings.

Guruji showers his blessings in the form of prasad. I have on numerous occasions seen him create a prasad of pure ghee (clarified butter). Once, in a similar fashion, he gave kada prasad to a devotee. And many times we have beheld laddoos (sweets) emerging from nowhere, but full of his fragrance.

My earnest advice to everyone is: do not dig shallow wells here and there for getting water. The pits will dry up soon. Dig a very deep pit in one place. Centralise all your efforts here. You will get good water that will supply you throughout your life. Try to imbibe spiritual teachings thoroughly from one preceptor alone. Drink deep of the wisdom of one man. Sit at his feet for some years. There is no use of wandering from one man to another, out of curiosity, losing faith in a short time. Follow the instructions of one guru only. If you go to several people and follow the instructions of many persons, you will be bewildered. You will be in a dilemma. Remember, from one doctor you get a prescription. From two doctors, you get a consultation. From three doctors, you get a recipe for your cremation!

One guru will tell you to do Hanuman's *japa*. Another will tell you to do the *japa* of Shri Rama. A third will tell you to do *puja* every day. You will be puzzled. Stick to one guru and follow his instructions. Listen to all, but follow one. Respect all, but adore one. Gather knowledge from all, but adopt the teachings of one master. Then you will gain rapid spiritual progress.

—Satsang of Anita Verma



For my most dear and sweet Guruji

I THANK my stars for the day Guruji came into my life. My life has been transformed and it seems all my worries have finally bid me good bye. That is because Guruji is divine; he is the almighty.

I had come to Guruji in November of 2005 after a friend had told me about him. I had come laden with problems: monetary issues, family disturbances, and niggling anxieties and tensions. Nothing seemed to be in place. I had no mental peace.

I began going to Guruji. One day he talked to me: it made my day. Two months after I had first had Guruji's darshan, my father had to be immediately hospitalised. He had pneumonia and he had to be put on a ventilator. The doctors told us he only had a 10 per cent chance of survival. I went to Guruji's mandir and silently prayed to him. In a vision I saw that Guruji had gone with me to the hospital, taken my father off the ventilator and cured and blessed him.

Soon, with Guruji's permission I told him about my father's ailment. The next day, when we went to the hospital, I was amazed to find my father all right; his life-support system had been removed. Guruji had saved my father and given him a new life.

I began experiencing Guruji's miracles very often after this incident. I found out soon enough that he is omnipresent and takes care of your problems. My husband is a case in point. His financial deals were stuck, and we were facing an economic crunch. Yet, the deals got sorted out on their own and our money worries were soon over.

The health of my daughter too was a source of worry for me. She had a recurrent and troublesome urinary tract infection. Guruji blessed her with a copper tumbler; she drank water from it and soon was well.

I too had such extreme pain in my knees that I had difficulty in climbing the stairs. By his divine grace, this pain too vanished.

My sister-in-law too partook of his grace. She was living in the UK with her husband. But due to some problem with her in-laws, she had been in a conflict with her husband and had left his house and come to India. She had made up her mind to divorce him. Guruji's blessings staved off that disastrous turn of events and marital harmony was restored.

In fact, Guruji called out my sister-in-law's name the very first time she met him—an instance of how the divinity in him reaches out to us with miraculous love. In a similar manner, Guruji also answers our deep-seated queries and can read our thoughts.

After Guruji came into our lives, everything got streamlined. It is due to our good karmas that Guruji has come into our life. We always feel his shield around us. He defends us from unforeseen calamities. There are so many matters that get sorted out thanks to him. The external disturbances caused by external agents are eliminated on their own.

More so, the persona, outlook and attitude I have has undergone a complete change. I am fully at peace after Guruji entered my life. We thank Guruji with all our heart and soul for being there all for us, for being so benevolent and for his presence. We thank him again and again as a life without him cannot be possible; our small lives are insignificant without him. He is beyond comparison.

Guruji is the human manifestation of God. He came into this world only for our kalyan, our highest benefit.

—Satsang of Mrs Annu Munjal



God sitting amongst us

THERE WAS a time when temples, places of pilgrimage, idol worship, rituals and astrology, a belief in omens—all had a meaning. They have become meaningless to me ever since I met Guruji.

How blessed we were to be with our Guruji. Guruji is not a magician or a priest or a *swami*. He is God just sitting here amongst us, making our lives easier and happier by the day. My experiences prove my faith and extremely strong belief in him.

As a devotee, I connected with Guruji the first day I met him. I got married with Guruji's blessings in November 2000. Soon after my wedding, Guruji started telling me that he would bless me with a son.

My husband and I would never take too much interest in that repetitive line of Guruji—“*Ek munda la ley (Take one son)*.” And he kept saying this from November 2000 to July 2003.

On July 7, the very auspicious day of Guruji's birthday, there was a huge sangat at the Bade Mandir, where we all sat and cherished his divine company till 3.30 am. That's when he called me and told me that he had blessed us with a son. We took leave and left the temple—again not paying attention to what Guruji had said.

One week later on 13 July 2003 it was Guru Purnima and I went to Guruji with my mother-in-law. Guruji has no secrets with anyone; he talks aloud to each and everyone. But that day just as I touched his feet to take leave, he beckoned me closer to him and

whispered in my ear that I was pregnant and that I should not reveal it to anyone. Yet I did. I came back home and gave the news to my husband. He ignored it and said that I believed in Guruji too much. However, I waited till I could find out medically if I was pregnant or not. Sure enough on August 1, my pregnancy test was positive. Guruji's blessings had come true.

Now here is where the catch is: As humans we lose patience and fall in our own estimation, because if we want something from Guruji it has to be now. But look at my case. Guruji had been telling me for three long years to get blessed with a child, but I had not even once questioned or let the thought cross my mind that if he has been saying it for so long, why doesn't it happen? We have the power to see till the wall whereas Guruji has the power to see way beyond. He knows when the time is right for anything and that is when he is going to make it happen.

No priest or saint or magician has the power to create life and that is exactly what Guruji did for me. And sure enough I gave birth to a baby boy; no doubt about that.

In fact, for my husband and I it would not have been possible to have a family without medical treatment, but Guruji made it happen without any difficulty.

Each devotee has to repeat only one word or the line of a shabad, with hundred per cent devotion for days, months and maybe sometimes years for a particular reason: to hammer on one spot again and again so that the door breaks open—and it does!

—Satsang of a devotee



Six years after marriage, I conceived

I HAD been married for quite some time, yet we had not been able to have a child. My husband was taking medical treatment, but the first clear improvement came soon after we met Guruji in January 1994. My husband's condition improved by 20 per cent.

Subsequently, Guruji blessed us with a child but also warned us that I would have a problem with my tubes. My tubes, uterus and hormones were checked and found to be normal.

The following year I conceived. Keeping in mind Guruji's prediction, I had my gynaecologist ask the ultrasound specialist to check me for any tubular pregnancy. He did not detect it in the uterus. But during subsequent check-ups he found the baby was not growing at the required rate and advised a DNC. Ten days after the DNC, I had a severe stomach ache. I was rushed to the gynaecologist who discovered that I had tubular pregnancy and that the tube had ruptured. I lost a tube and the other one got partially blocked.

But with Guruji's blessings, I conceived in 2000—six years after my marriage—and was blessed with a beautiful girl. My labour pains began at 5 am and by noon I was in full labour, but the child had not turned. This was a Caesarean case. It was also discovered that the umbilical cord was wrapped around the infant's neck. We asked

Guruji how to proceed and were asked to wait. At about 9 at night, the baby turned and I had a normal delivery. Everything went off well, thanks to Guruji's blessings. It's a miracle only he could have pulled off, and I thank him from the bottom of my heart for it.

—*Satsang of a devotee*



Like the sun rising suddenly on a sodden landscape

IT IS not within my capacity or competence to put into words the supremacy of my guru, for how can I do justice in cold words to his colossal divinity. However, in a sincere tribute of love and reverence for my guru, I share my experience of supreme blessings with his approval.

The path we seek is not different from the summit of salvation, the purpose of our being. The journey from seeking to reaching this summit is a cinch for those who entrust their reins in the hands of their guru. For we are not pathfinders, but followers.

I was born into a Jat Sikh family. My family had to its credit happiness, tasteful living, good education and discipline. Throughout my childhood, I have always been influenced by my grandfather, a devout follower of his faith and of his master. Slowly, the import of finding a guru dawned on me.

I was married into a Jat Sikh family. My husband, the only son after three daughters in his family, was brought up with a lot of affection, which he seemed to have taken for granted. He learnt to have his way. To his negligence towards the family and lack of responsibility towards himself can perhaps be attributed his fondness for alcohol—his major problem.

It is a dream of every girl to be happily married, and I was no exception. But when a family is haunted with alcoholism, nothing is any longer in anyone's control and worldly fetters and problems become insurmountable. The burden of responsibility and my unhappiness soon disillusioned me.

During that time my grandfather visited me. My inner turmoil reached out to him without words, and he assumed I needed some help. My eyes filled up with tears and I told him that I wanted him to pray for me to find a *Puran Guru* (a complete and perfect master). However hard a mortal being may try, she cannot find an enlightened master. The master finds her when she is ready to tread his path.

Shortly, my mother took me to visit Guruji in Chandigarh. From the moment I stepped in to Guruji's, I could smell roses. And the sight of him flooded my eyes with tears. For the next few hours that I sat there, tears kept streaming down my eyes. Many times after first meeting Guruji I could not control the outburst of emotions, and I simply could not understand why. Every time I visited him, I experienced a peace that passed understanding. It was as if the flood of tears was singularly transforming me by some alchemical cleansing.

In the meantime, my husband began to drink more. He lost all sense of responsibility and was squandering money. I tried telling him about Guruji and also persuaded him to meet Guruji. He laughed at me, saying such gurus were a dime a dozen and teased me about my conservative attitude. He also did not approve of my visiting Guruji.

Around November 1999, my husband was posted to Lebanon on a UN mission. There his drinking problem worsened, and he was diagnosed as having liver cirrhosis. Our world fell apart. I took the first flight to be with him. The doctor clearly stated that his liver had packed up and that he would require a transplant within two years.

To find a donor in such a short period was a near impossibility. Even if a donor was found, a transplant would have been exorbitant and in many cases unsuccessful. Doctors cautioned my husband that even a single drop of alcohol taken henceforth would prove fatal. Meanwhile, my parents kept going to Guruji and praying for my husband's life.

After being in the hospital for a few weeks, we came back to Delhi. I requested him to meet Guruji. He did come, but all the while that

he was there he sat in a corner and complained of how tired he was and how I had forced him to come. The same night, I approached Guruji and was so full of emotion that I could hardly speak. My mother and I prayed in front of him to save my husband and Guruji replied: *"How can I help him? He's a non-believer."*

In the days that followed I would visit Guruji alone because my husband would never accompany me.

One night after returning from Guruji's place, while I was fast asleep, a sudden great force, like a swooshing wind, entered my room. I was so scared that I sat upright in my bed and started saying my prayers with my eyes closed. I experienced white light piercing the darkness and flooding the centre of my forehead. Guruji was within that white light. He said he would cure my husband now. In the 15-20 minutes that followed I smelt nauseating odours similar to those that emanate from operating rooms. After a while everything cleared up and I went back to sleep. Guruji told me he had blessed my husband.

Six years have passed since that day, and my husband continues to drink relentlessly. Keeping in mind what the doctors had said, my family and I are amazed at how Guruji is looking after him day and night. My husband in his own way believes and recognizes the gift of life given to him by Guruji.

The time-tested scriptures of the world all agree that before man is born, the day of his death is ascertained and that no one can grant him even a breath more. However, the power to burn man's karma lies with the supreme creator. Guruji is that cosmic director, the manifestation of that supreme power, who rewrote the play of my life.

My family and I have experienced numerous incidents where we have called out to Guruji and have suddenly seen things fall into place—as if touched by a magic wand.

I once had the privilege of escorting more than half a dozen friends to whom I had been singing the praises of my Guru to meet Guruji. With my limited vision I prevailed upon them to not ask for anything—though it was contrary to what I had done. When I touched the feet of my Guru, he looked at me and to my astonishment said that everyone came to him to ask for something. Like a divine mirror, Guruji apparently had caught the reflection

of my mind. And each of my friends was blessed and their desires fulfilled.

No one who comes near him ever goes back empty-handed. Upon touching his feet, a businessman might be blessed with prosperity, a sick man with health and a student with knowledge. Some are aware of the gift they receive; others ignorant of the hidden blessings. His love knows no bounds and immaterial of whether you are a believer or a non-believer, his grace touches everyone. He makes no demands, asks you to keep no promises, but slowly his divine presence weaves magic and transforms you from within.

Every day people ridden with sorrow come in his presence. And his grace illumines their faces like the sudden rising of the sun over a sodden landscape.

—*Satsang of a devotee*



Guruji saves my marriage

I CAN never thank Guruji enough. We came to him laden with a business problem and Guruji immediately gave us his sharan. Everything was okay, but my biggest trial was ahead of me.

I have been married for 35 years. I have a son and a daughter, both married, and our house has been blessed with a granddaughter. But, it is said, no one ever gets everything. . . . My husband's habits could take improvement: he likes to enjoy life but does not want to take on any family responsibilities. And when he drinks, which is what really frightens me, he becomes violent and abusive.

My children, thanks to Guruji, are a consolation. I would come to Guruji and ask him for a child for my daughter. But my loving Guruji wanted to get my house cleaned first—granting the boon of a child was no problem.

One night I had gone home after taking Guruji's leave. My husband wasn't in, but I wasn't worried. He played golf and came home late at least four days in a week. Though in his early sixties, he had always liked to drink and eat with his friends. I alternated between being angry and loving since I could never oppose him. For then he would start using his hands... I was very afraid of him.

Usually, when he entered the house at night, I would pretend to be asleep to avoid an ugly scene. That night I had just turned off the bedside lamp when I seemed to hear dear Guruji's voice. He said: "*Find out where your man is.*" I turned on the light and called my husband on his mobile. Due to Guruji's grace, the mobile was on

and I could hear him talking with a woman. I could hear everything. My husband was with his mistress. I was stunned.

Of course, I knew that he used to go to girls when he was young. When I voiced my suspicion, he would point out that he daren't take such a risk as AIDS was prevalent. Since my husband had always been conscious of his health and spoke with such confidence, I had believed him.

So this affair was a big shock for me. But I kept my wits about me and summoned my daughter-in-law and let her listen to the conversation for I knew I would need to confront my husband with proof. Else, he could just prevail over me with violence. My son was out of Delhi.

Guruji, I am sorry, but that day when he came back home, I hit him and turned him out. He was so drunk that he did not know what was happening. He was kept out of the house for 10 days—and came back saying many times that he was sorry. He is a man with a big ego: he never used to say sorry.

Two months after that incident, there was a sea change in my husband. He turned into a good man after making me suffer for 35 years. Today the same man loves me a lot; he loves the children and his grand-daughter. Nowadays if he drinks a lot, he cries. He confesses that he is not a good man and has given me a lot of pain.

With Guruji's grace, I have forgotten everything and there is deep love between me and my husband—as if we have just been newly married.

May Guruji bless all the women of the world who suffer so much. I would like to tell everyone to come to Guruji's feet and be happy. He is God. I love my Guruji very much.

—*Satsang of a devotee*



He lit a candle in the darkness of my night

CERTAIN OCCURRENCES are beyond the realm of human understanding, and we can only embrace such experiences with the conviction that divine intervention has prevailed.

I shall be eternally grateful to Guruji, who gave me a new lease of life. With the benefit of hindsight, I understand why, although at that time the reasons were unclear to me. Misery shrouded the core of my being, as my suffering was intense. Every cell and nerve of mine was filled with agony on the physical and psychological levels. Even though Guruji had entered my life as a beacon of light, I was unable to see beyond my own darkness and despair.

Born and raised in Manchester, UK, I suffered from congenital asthma and eczema as well as a hole in the heart. My childhood was traumatic for my parents and very tiring and trying for me. However, on account of strong health karma, my spirit had become indomitable as I had to endure much more than my contemporaries. I had learnt to rise above the trivialities at a tender age due to my tribulations. I had reservations about my life exceeding 10 years. Good fortune prevailed.

My parents, on the other hand, lived with uncertainty, as the heart specialist had painted a grim picture for me. I was a healthy and happy teenager enjoying all the joys that life offered.

At 22, I tied the knot and migrated to Delhi. However, as fate had it, a cloud of torment again descended upon my life, as my asthma choked me with every changing season. I was hospitalized each time and given steroid injections.

I felt dejected and rejected as despite my best efforts to evade and avoid asthma attacks I was still stuck with the worst kind. My most life-threatening one struck me in 1997 and that is when I resigned to it completely. I recall praying in my heart that this be the final one, as I could no longer endure the affliction. During that ill-fated time, I had developed a nasty skin condition that enveloped my entire body. A biopsy confirmed I had skin cancer. I kept my plight to myself, as I was determined not to shock my family. It was earth-shattering news and I had decidedly reached the end of the road, as my strength to go on had diminished.

However, in the darkness of my night, Guruji, by divine grace lit a candle. Each time I revisit the day I glimpsed him, I can distinctly recollect my feelings. As good fortune had it, Guruji sat alone in his room that day when my friend, who had insisted on my paying him a visit, accompanied me to him. His mere presence overwhelmed me. I had felt like a lost child all my life who had finally found the comfort and protection of her mother. I had been instantly taken under his wing. I had discovered true love like never before; it was pure and unconditional. I felt at home as he embraced me with his infinite love and asked me to attend his congregation every evening. Come rain or shine I would go to Guruji every evening and sit amongst hundreds of other devotees.

At that time I was undergoing immense physical pain, as my skin was oozing with pus and blood. In addition, I was psychologically distressed and this made me increasingly uncomfortable around people.

As time elapsed, Guruji bestowed upon me a blessing that began to heal me internally. I began to accept my condition and instead of resisting and fighting it with an overkill of bitterness and animosity, I made peace with it. I accepted the inevitability of my illness and since I grew to be at ease with it and with my circumstances I went

with the flow without expecting to be healed—I didn't believe that healing was a possibility.

Merely being with Guruji and imbibing his energy elevated my spirits and I expected no more. I was finally at peace. As I immersed myself more and more in his gracious presence I felt a spiritual awakening. I simply loved being with him as he rendered upon me love that I never knew before. His love was pure and unconditional and the kind that could not be substituted.

I gravitated towards him very naturally and effortlessly every single evening without fail.

On the blessed day, he summoned me to the front, where he sat, and quite openly announced in Punjabi—which I must confess was Greek to me—that he had tried and tested and squeezed me like a lemon and that now he would heal me. I must not fail to add how true his words were, as he had left no stone unturned in testing my endurance to see if I was worthy of his love.

I returned home that evening with hope and joy blossoming in my heart. All those months that my skin was inflamed, I would avoid my reflection, as I was daunted by it. The mirror was a painful sight.

The turning point arrived when Guruji endowed me with his eternal blessings and advised me to muster the courage to look in the mirror. Courage is what it took as the reflection had changed by only a fraction. However, within a few weeks, I saw a new me standing in the mirror, a stranger to myself. I was overawed by Guruji. Without a shadow of doubt, I was convinced of his sublime healing powers and my love for him grew ever stronger and my faith even more formidable.

Changing seasons came and went, but did not trigger off any asthma attacks. In fact, I breathed Delhi's polluted air as normally as anyone I knew without being choked by it! Guruji gave me a new lease of life and told me that I would not have survived if he had not healed me. His words corresponded with an astrologer's whom I had met much earlier that year.

It is a challenge for me to give expression to the transformation that took place, but the least I can say is that he healed me not only physically but also enriched me spiritually. After the longest time, I began to feel comfortable in my own skin, literally!

However, Guruji's tests are unending and, as nature has it, we become selfishly distant once we are granted our prayers. One

particular incident demonstrates how Guruji never ceases to love his disciples.

He had told me to light a candle before his photograph every day. One day, after lighting half a box of matches, the candle had still not lit—much to my dismay. In a fit of fury, I went to the bathroom, came out—and there was a lit candle! I was startled!

That very evening as a mark of respect, I especially visited Guruji even though it was not my visiting day. As I bowed to touch his feet, he whispered softly in his usual gracious voice, “*So, the candle lit, did it not?*” I knew then that it was I who had distanced myself from Guruji and he, on the contrary, always remained connected. In a word I would like to conclude by humbly experiencing my heartfelt gratitude to him and live every moment feeling indebted to his grace.

—Satsang of a devotee



A messenger of God

I WAS distressed and shattered when my college-going son fell into a depression—for no apparent reason. Although we took professional help, my thoughts turned to Guruji, about whom I had heard from my daughter. The family of a friend of my daughter's used to go to him. The friend's mother agreed to introduce us to Guruji. She assured me that my son would not lose college time: Guruji would take care of everything. I just wanted my son to be well; his losing a year was not a priority.

Guruji was extremely kind during my first meeting with him. Once he assured me that things would be okay, I relaxed. With Guruji's blessings, my son made slow but steady improvement. Against the doctor's advice, my son appeared for half his exams; the college allowed him to appear for the rest after a month. So, he obtained good marks. By the grace of God and Guruji, my son recovered within a month. He happily settled down in his hostel and did well in his studies. His depression seems like a bad dream.

After meeting Guruji, I feel our family has been blessed and we are secure under his protection. I shall always feel grateful to Guruji for his kind blessings. He is truly a messenger of God.

— *Satsang of a devotee*

The saving power of satsang

THE WORD satsang means true or good company. It is beneficial listening. In Guruji's durbar, everyone is a satsang carrier empowered by his will to deliver messages to those afflicted by grief. It is not surprising that those who listen to these satsangs find that they are being told about problems that they suffer from.

Mr. Arun Sehgal, who had never had Guruji's darshan, got admitted to a hospital and came to know that there was a blood clot in his brain. A devotee who knew Sehgal went to see him in the hospital and narrated some stories about Guruji.

After this satsang, the doctors found that the clot had moved to a dead portion of his brain. On learning of this miraculous occurrence, the devotee told Sehgal that he had been blessed and that there was no need to worry. The patient, however, was dismissive. He felt that the clot's movement to a benign area of his brain was a random occurrence, not a manifestation of Guruji's divine will.

The very next day a worried doctor came in and told Sehgal that there had been a serious development. The whole vein that led to the brain was potholed with clots and an angiography was required. The procedure, the doctor explained, was critical and further treatment would be even more so.

The patient and his attendant family became frantic, and, at this critical hour, remembered Guruji and prayed for his grace. After Sehgal's discharge, the family took to coming to Guruji. Finally, after

three-four visits, Guruji called Sehgal and asked him to have langar. Guruji then pronounced him okay.

And Guruji's words were proven true when Sehgal went back to the hospital and tests showed that he really had been cured.

—Satsang, as narrated, of Arun Sehgal



Guruji takes a family under his grace

THE MOST difficult thing on this planet is to put your experiences with Guruji in words. Nothing can compare with seeing him or meeting him. It's only then that you get a first, faint glimmer of who he is and the tremendous power he possesses. But getting darshan is not that easy because it can happen only with Guruji's consent. There are innumerable instance of well-planned and well-intentioned programmes to visit him getting derailed. On the other hand, he can unexpectedly call you from anywhere. I had both kinds of experiences.

Soon after I had become Guruji's devotee, I enjoyed sharing my experiences at his place with my close friends, and they were clearly enthused enough to want to come to meet Guruji. Notwithstanding their intent and my willingness to take them along, we could not make it happen for a full six months invariably due to some trivial reason, beyond their or my control. Finally when they visited Guruji, they were delighted and Guruji's grace marked their lives in every aspect.

Yet, it always is Guruji who calls us. I was standing in the parking lot outside Guruji's place, waiting for a friend to come. As a car slowed down on the approach, I directed it towards one of the vacant parking slots. But the gentleman driving the car was not my friend;

the occupants were newly-weds headed for a restaurant that was a few kilometers down the road. I explained that this space was meant for parking sangat cars. The couple proceeded towards their destination.

Within a few minutes they came back and enquired if they could have Guruji's darshan. I was stunned: they were foregoing their night-out in favour of going to a temple where they would be having the darshan of a guru they had heard about just minutes ago. They enjoyed Guruji's darshan and went back happy and satisfied. How Guruji pulls you!

Under Guruji's protection

When I started coming to Guruji, every visit had a special feel-good element. Guruji gives away many a thing; just one in that long list of his grants is his protection. The security you experience in Guruji's refuge is unparalleled. Many experiences of mine prove this fact.

We had barely been Guruji's devotees for less than a couple of months, when I came down with high fever. Neither strong medicines nor a wet cloth on my forehead helped. Then suddenly my mom thought of Guruji's photograph, which he had given to us. She asked me to put it in my shirt pocket. Within a few minutes, there was a dramatic dip in the temperature: it nearly reached the normal level.

Once I had a terrible stomach-ache in college. It was followed by heavy vomiting and much worse. My friends took me home, by which time my parents had already left for Guruji's sangat. Two of my friends decided to stay with me till their return. But with my condition deteriorating further, they called up Dad and took me to the nearest hospital. The doctor gave me two injections, prescribed some medicines and asked me to rest. But nothing worked. In the meantime, while taking permission from Guruji to leave immediately, Dad had mentioned my ailment. Guruji instructed Dad to ask me to have a glass of fresh lime. I did so and Guruji's glass of lime water did what medicines and injections could not. I was normal by the time my parents came back.

A few years later, I was again hit by a bad fever, which went up to 104 degrees Fahrenheit. The doctor was consulted but his medicines proved useless, and the tests were inconclusive. We changed doctors and medicines but nothing helped. Finally after seven such gruelling

days, Dad told Guruji about the situation. Guruji prescribed a remedy involving some green chillies that he had blessed. We followed Guruji's instruction, and the fever miraculously disappeared within a few hours. Nothing except Guruji's grace could have made this happen.

Escaping our car karma

Guruji knows your past and present and takes care of your future. We are very short-sighted and cannot foresee what is due to befall us. But once in Guruji's sharan, you need not bother about the same as, truly, all your worries are Guruji's once you leave the decisions of your life to him.

Once Guruji called Dad and told him that mine and Mom's stars were not favourable. He had probably seen some trouble coming towards us in the near future and was blessing us, making provision even then to save us from it.

The next day, at around noon, I was going in the car to a market around two km away from home. While crossing a junction, my car was hit on the left by a speeding bike. The impact was such that the car skidded and hit the road divider. The next thing I knew shards of glass were scattered all over me. I looked at the windscreen, but it was intact; the shards had come from the panes. I stepped out and went to the bike. Unusually, the crowd was sympathizing with me, the driver of a bigger vehicle.

I took down the contact numbers of the driver. A few of his friends came and took him away. I also decided to move on. I was not expecting the car to start. But surprisingly it purred in the first attempt, and I decided to go ahead to the market and make the purchases. I returned home and had a bath and only then realized that there was not a single scratch on me. The shards of exploding glass had not found their target due to Guruji's divine intervention.

When we went to Guruji that evening (in a cousin's car), he just told Dad: *"Singla, never mind, just the car has been damaged. Your son has not got a scratch, and that is more important."* Anyone who saw the car would have been forced to conclude the driver had sustained serious injuries. The damage to the car was massive. Except for Guruji, no one could have ensured 100 per cent safety for me.

Then one winter evening, I was driving the car towards Guruji's place, when the brakes failed. Thanks to Guruji, the incident

happened on a red light, when the car was hardly rolling, else it might have been fatal. But we were stuck midway. And, at 7.30 pm, it was already dark. We finally located a car mechanic, who was closing shop but agreed to help. Even after half an hour, he had no success in finding the leakage. My sister, Aarti, in desperation requested Guruji's help so that we were not delayed further in reaching him. Just then we heard the mechanic's shout of joy: he had found the leakage point. We were soon rolling towards Guruji.

When we had began coming to Guruji, I was still learning driving and had never driven on my own beyond the borders of Noida. So Dad used to drive both ways. But one day Dad planned a trip to Chandigarh, and we were left with no other option but to wait for his return to go to Guruji, a drive of about 20 km in Delhi traffic. I was hesitant, but with support from mom and my sister, I asked Dad if I could take the car to Guruji's place the next day. Unexpectedly, he agreed. The next day, as we were ready, I took the car out of the parking space with butterflies in my stomach. Suddenly, the three of us in the car—my Mom, Aarti and I—could smell Guruji's fragrance and sense it was located on the vacant rear seat right next to my sister.

Throughout my drive that day, we could smell the fragrance and we reached safely. On our way back, Guruji's fragrance was with us all along. It disappeared the moment I parked the car safely in our garage. This is the extent to which he cares about his disciples. His presence during my first drive-out was not just a very kind gesture of the support and care he extends, but also ensured our safety and provided me a great boost.

Engineering my admission

Two years after we had started seeing Guruji, I completed my Class XII board exam and planned to drop a year to prepare for the engineering entrance exam. As a fall-back plan, I joined BSc (honours) in Delhi University. On an impulse I sat for engineering entrance exams for the experience. The results were not good enough for me to get in to good colleges in and around Noida. The colleges did offer NRI seats that came with hefty one-time charges and annual fees that amounted to a few lakhs of rupees. So, I decided to drop a year and proceed with the original plan.

A few months passed. A special entrance exam was conducted for the state of Uttar Pradesh. Since some seats in various colleges were up for grabs, I appeared for exams related to these, but the story of NRI seats and hefty charges remained the same.

Then one night, Guruji summoned Dad and told him: “*Singla, your son is granted admission; go and enjoy.*” Dad, unable to make much of the laconic remark, thanked Guruji and left. Next afternoon, when I came back from college (Delhi University), Dad asked me if I wanted to join an engineering college in Greater Noida. I was surprised since it was already November 14 and all the admissions had closed on November 10. But I took no time in saying yes.

We went to the college office—walking distance from our home—submitted a copy of the required documents and I was asked to join the next day. Dad narrated the whole story on the way back: how one of his friends had called up that very morning and told Dad to come immediately to the college office. Dad had rushed there and was asked to fill in a form and submit it along with a back-dated cheque of Rs 24,000. There was no one-time fee, and the seat had the lowest annual fee possible.

Dad finally understood the meaning of Guruji’s remark. I had been practically called from home and granted admission!

Blessings extend to my friends as well

In college, Ashish, Yogesh and Mukesh became very good friends of mine. After some initial hiccups, they were lucky to get Guruji’s darshan, a place at his lotus feet and also their share of experiences.

Our university follows a semester system, wherein six subjects have to be cleared in six months. In case you fail to score the required minimum, you have to reappear for the same examination after a year. If a borderline student needed 10 grace marks to clear all the subjects, they are given. At the end of the second year, Yogesh was left on the border line, as he required 11 marks instead of the available 10. This translated into a loss of one year. Very upset, he had to sit out at home for about a month as he was not allowed to attend next-year’s classes. One day he desperately prayed to Guruji to help him out. He fell asleep. When he woke up, he was happy

but a bit confused by what he had just dreamt. But he didn't tell us anything.

The next day, newspaper headlines conveyed the university board's decision to grant a special grace of 15 marks, once in any of the four years of our engineering course. Yogesh's academic year was saved and a delighted Yogesh shared his amazing experience with us.

He said he had seen a dream in which his mother took him to Guruji, and told him how troubled Yogesh was. Guruji just said there was nothing to worry about and everything will be set right. This dream occurred a few hours before the board meeting of the university board!

Every six months, we wanted to have Guruji's darshan at least once before sitting for the exams. My visits were facilitated as my parents were regular visitors, but for my three friends, it required a special effort. Ashish seemed to have a specially rewarding relationship as far as these darshans were concerned. He was able to clear all his semester papers when he was able to have Guruji's darshan before the exams. But the exams in which he was unable to have Guruji's darshan inevitably led to failure in a single subject or more. He then had to reappear for these exams.

With Guruji's grace, after the completion of the engineering course, Mukesh got placed with Honeywell, a renowned MNC. He was taken as a trainee for one year. Later, Mukesh was desperately waiting for confirmation that he had been made an executive grade employee. The matter had been pending for two months. He came to Guruji on 14 April 2005, had Guruji's darshan and prasad, and went back. The next working day, on April 16, his position was confirmed. Guruji makes everything possible with a shower of his blessings.

My change of marks

The third-semester final exam results revealed that instead of the 30 marks required to pass, I had obtained just 19 marks. This was shocking news, as after the paper I had evaluated my performance and was sure I would pass. I told this to my parents, adding an apprehensive remark that if I had scored just 19 marks in this question paper, it would be hard for me to clear this exam ever.

Dad told Guruji about the problem, and he advised me to apply for re-checking which I did the next morning. The following day

there were rumours in the campus about changes in some students' marks. I went to the professor concerned and, as soon as I told her my name, she confirmed that my marks in that very subject stood changed: instead of 19, I had now obtained 53 marks. I was delighted and immediately withdrew the request for rechecking the paper, and thanked Guruji for his blessings. Later we got to know that in the whole state—with 120-odd colleges, each college having hundreds of students— marks of just five students were changed, and not all of them had increased. I was one of those to obtain an upward revision, all with Guruji's grace!

As just some of my experiences show, the powers that Guruji possesses and the selfless support he provides to all his children preserve them, protect them and let them flourish in all walks of life. Anything which you leave to Guruji is assuredly taken care of by him. The key is to have total surrender towards Guruji, who is an endless source of love and affection. May his benign blessings be with us always and may he keep us in his divine refuge, His charan sharan.

*Om Namah Shivay
Shivji Sada Sahay*

—Satsang of Arvind Singla, executive at Siemens, son of R P Singla



A man is saved on his deathbed

A FAMILY had been followers of the Radha Swamis for the past 45 years. One of them, Ashok Grover, was a devotee of Guruji. He received a call from his uncle that his father was on his deathbed and rushed home immediately.

The father was hiccupping badly; the doctors declared that nothing could be done. Ashok, remembering Guruji all the while, rushed his father to Apollo Hospital, Delhi, where he was admitted in the ICU. His blood sugar level was found to have touched 700; his intestines had stopped functioning, and his hiccups were dying down, as was he. Doctors declared that there was no hope; the patient should be taken back.

Just then Ashok sensed that he was not required in the hospital, that his father was all right and there was nothing to worry about. He also had to leave for urgent work. Ashok thus left his father in the hospital without an attendant.

He was occupied for two days and could not even call up the hospital. When he returned to the hospital, he found his father crying. He thought his father was depressed, as he had been left alone. But Ashok was surprised when his father only asked him whether he had gone to Guruji.

His father narrated how the moment his son had left him he had felt Guruji's presence through his fragrance. Guruji said: "*Hore wai Radhasowamia, ki hal ne tere...* (How are you, dear Radha Swami

follower?)” The father said that though he had prayed to Babaji (of the Radha Swamis), it was Guruji who had come to his rescue.

Guruji then asked him to get the tests done again. The investigations went on for two days. All this time, Ashok’s father felt Guruji’s presence. When the reports came, the doctors were not able to detect any disease and were incredulous of their investigations. They recommended an insulin dose, but Ashok’s father refused. He said he did not believe in their remedies and would henceforth entrust himself only to the biggest doctor, i.e., Guruji. After one week, Ashok’s father came to Guruji. The Satguru said the same words, “*Hore wai Radhasowamia, ki hal ne tere...*” and told him that he had been granted a new life.

After seeing how Guruji saved the family patriarch’s life, all the family members began coming to Guruji and now believe that they are in the safe hands of God himself.

Saving the devotee’s business

Guruji once commanded Ashok to close his business, sell the factory and do away with the machines. Ashok knew that this was his command and had to be obeyed.

It took him around 15 days to sell off everything. The old machines were sold at the buying price and the entire sale broke even. No one was able to foresee why Guruji had asked Ashok to act thus. Three weeks down the line, the business was declared out-dated, and many incurred heavy losses. But Ashok was saved — by God himself. Obeying Guruji always pays, because he will only ask us to do something, which is best for us.

Heeding a 10-year-old’s wishes

The 10-year-old daughter of Ashok, involved in preparations at Bade Mandir for Guruji’s birthday in 2005, desired intensely to have Guruji’s darshan.

Ashok requested a long-time devotee to bring his daughter to the temple. She came to Bade Mandir, but was insistent that she go to Guruji at Empire Estate as well. However, no one took her to Guruji. The girl kept crying the whole night and prayed to Guruji for his darshan. The next day, to everyone’s surprise, Guruji came

to Bade Mandir. When Ashok told Guruji that his daughter was remembering Guruji last night, Guruji merely smiled and told him that he had come just to see her since she remembered him. As a result of Guruji's blessings, the girl stood first in her exams and has remained a brilliant student ever since.

—Satsang, as narrated, of Ashok Grover



I was declared dead

AFTER I met Guruji, I made a divine journey from hell to heaven. My troubles began immediately after my marriage: my wife Geeta was suffering from severe asthma. She remained disturbed and upset; she could not get a decent night's sleep; and was distraught. As her mother had suffered from asthma, Geeta had seen what the disease could do.

If Geeta's suffering was not enough, the problem haunted my daughter Tania as well. The entire family was disturbed. I would make the rounds of the market only to buy medicines required by my wife and daughter. Both had a restricted diet. They became very weak and the colour of their body and face turned black.

Then Guruji met his *daas* (Literally, slave. The devotional temperament seeks to fulfil itself in principally four kinds of relationships with the Guru, seeing him as the incomparable beloved, as the sovereign master, as the sole friend, and the eternal father). Only Guruji knows what hell our life was. He is the only one who can do the impossible. Thus, Guruji only said '*kalyan karta*' (you are blessed) to Geeta and Tania and they became well. Someone asked me to how it is possible that a man tells a diseased person '*kalyan karta*' and that human being, who is suffering from a big problem, becomes physically fit. Indeed, it is not possible at all—for a man. But, Guruji is God. Only God can do all the things that are not possible at all. Guruji's blessings are all powerful. After my daughter and wife had recovered, I felt I was in heaven.

After some days, it was I who required his help. On 8 August 2004, I felt chest pains at night. I went to the doctor who gave me first aid and sent me home with advice to take bed rest. The next morning the pain started again half an hour after I had woken up. It was serious. The pain could be felt in the left arm—a telltale sign of a heart attack. The doctor gave me first aid and sent me to the Hero Heart Centre DMC, Ludhiana, for my ECG.

I asked a friend who was with me to take me to Guruji. My friend gave me a photo of Guruji the very next day, that is, on 6 August. My pain disappeared. On 7 August, doctors found that two of the cardiac arteries were blocked, and operated to put in two stents in them. In the evening, my heart stopped. I was declared dead.

Yet I regained consciousness after this final medical declaration. I did not know how much time it had taken me to come to. The doctors came to know of it when I answered their queries regarding my name and address. Seeing that I was very much in possession of myself, they hurried me to the operation theatre.

They confessed that I had terrified them a lot. I know that I live only due to Guruji. If anyone dies, only God can give them a new life again. So Guruji is God.

Soon doctors asked me what I was doing at the hospital and wondered if I was not interested in going back home. Of course, I was. Two sangat members and friends, Narindar and his wife, came to see me from Delhi. By that time, I was better and was discharged. After a fortnight, I went to Delhi to have Guruji's darshan to thank him for giving me a new life. At Guruji's I had langar. I flouted doctors' orders with impunity, since I was relishing eatables such as *tikki* and *golgappa* as prasad. Now I am fully fit and satisfied. If today I can write, it is only because of Guruji. I have met Guruji and now I think that I have achieved everything in the world. I am very happy and free of all tension.

On top of all this, Guruji has also given me his darshan. He showed me many things impossible for me to see. One day I was sitting near Guruji when I saw that Guruji had entered my body through the top of my head. I thought that after some time he would come out, but he did not. As this thought came into my head, I saw Guruji coming out and suddenly converting into Lord Shiva. The holy river Ganga began flowing from his head and entered my body. After that the sheshanaga came out from Shivji's body and entered

his *daas* through the top of the cranium. The sheshanaga then wrote 'Aum' and 'Aum Namah Shivay' on my entire body. The sheshanaga picked out my stent and threw it out. Now the sheshanaga takes care of my body and of my heart.

Guruji (Lord Shiva) told me the sheshanaga would remain in my body always. Guruji then took out a knife, cut out a third eye, entered my body through that eye and sat at the spot. Guruji then cut away my feet and affixed a new pair of feet with *Aum Namah Shivay* written on them and said they will only go there where everything will be well. Then he took out my eyes and inscribed the Aum there, saying that now the eyes will see only good things, not bad. The Aum was written with peacock feathers.

Guruji always lives with me. At any time we may have to leave our family members, our friends but Guruji always lives with us. He takes all our tensions and gives us happiness. He always lives with me. Guruji is everything to me in my life: he is father, mother, and friend. I cannot live without him. I put myself, my children, everything on the feet of Guruji. Whenever I want, Guruji gives me darshan as Lord Shiva and Mother Ganga always comes from his body into my head.

Once Guruji, in the form of Lord Shiva, threw a trishul (trident) towards me. It passed through my body and made a triangle around it. And Guruji said that this trishul would always stay with me. After some time, Guruji also took my heart out and gave me a new one. He said that there will be no problem in the future.

Then, on the night of 17 May 2006, I dreamt that two white-clothed messengers, yamdoots, of the God of Death were standing beside me. They were telling me my time was up. But Guruji appeared and told the yamdoots that I would not be going with them. The yamdoots insisted but Guruji told them that though my time was up, I would continue to live on earth. He told them to go away. And they did so—without me.

I woke up. It was around 1.45 am and I felt that my heart was as tight as a screw. I thanked Guruji. He had again saved my life. Indeed, he has given me a new life many times. I only request that Guruji keep me at his lotus feet till hundreds of lifetimes. And I pray that I should always be working as per his will. I hand myself over to him for ever.

I don't know much about the experiences I have had. However, whenever I look towards Guruji, I find showers of rose petals falling on his divine form from the sky. I have gone from hell to heaven only due to the grace of Lord Shiva or Guruji. I wish that the new life given to me by Guruji should run according to his wish and be swayed by nothing else.

—Satsang of Ashwani K. Sharma, advocate in Chandigarh



Guruji's words end 12 years of a child's suffering

IT WAS during year 1996 that Mr. Bakshi from Dugri (Guruji's native village in Punjab) took refuge in Guruji's sharan. Bakshi's daughter had a damaged ear drum since she had been a year old. Pus used to ooze out of her ears, and she would have fever and a sore throat. She had been enduring this for the last 12 years. Bakshi had gone to doctors, pundits and astrologers and even tried out babas and saints, but his daughter's condition remained the same.

Bakshi then decided to go to Guruji. Guruji was in Panchkula, and when Bakshi and his daughter reached there, he was engaged in paath (meditation). A devotee conveyed their problem to Guruji and came back with instructions that the distressed father and daughter should return for Guruji's darshan the next week. The Bakshis were demoralized. They had travelled four hours from Dugri to Panchkula, but they did not lose patience and decided to come the following week at 6 pm.

The following week, Guruji wanted to know why they had come. Bakshi told him about his daughter's condition and asked for Guruji's grace. Guruji responded with a smile and said: "*Kalyan ho gaya, ja aish kar (I have blessed you, be carefree).*" The importance of

these simple yet very powerful words was not apparent to Bakshi, as it was just his first visit. Guruji then asked Bakshi if he desired something else as well. The father, with his hands folded, requested Guruji that the only thing he wanted was relief for his daughter from the terrible pain she had been enduring since ages. He along with his daughter sat with the sangat, had prasad and langar. They were taken to the bus stand and put on the last bus for Dugri, as Guruji had instructed.

The next day, Mr. Bakshi saw a marked improvement in his daughter. In a few days, her trouble was a thing of the past. The Bakshis began frequenting Guruji's place every weekend. They found the only cost involved was the bus fare, which was much less than the doctor's fees.

Called from home to be blessed

The years passed by. Guruji came to Delhi, and Bakshi and his daughter started coming to Delhi, too. During one such visit, Guruji asked his devotee to bring his wife and son, who were still to have Guruji's darshan. Considering the travel-related difficulties and the requirements back home, Bakshi did not obey Guruji and came with only his daughter on the next trip. Guruji again asked about the other two members of the family. In spite of Guruji's prompting, Bakshi did not bring them to him. Guruji then gave him an ultimatum: bring the son and wife.

His wife and son managed to come to the sangat. Guruji asked his wife what she was suffering from and she told him that a severe backache had been with her since over a decade. Medical investigations had indicated a flaw in the backbone, nearly impossible to cure medically. But Guruji laughed it off, saying the pain was not due to any medical reasons, but had a psychological origin. Guruji told Bakshi's wife to get her daughter married and her backache would disappear.

Guruji also instructed them to visit the sangat every fortnight. Guruji's light-hearted mention of the backache led to the pain disappearing within a couple of visits.

Taking a devotee through death's door

Bakshi would come for the sangat in Delhi at least once a month. One day Guruji called him and introduced him to two people sitting close to him. There was talk about Bakshi's father, who was some 85 years of age, yet hale and hearty; his eyesight was perfect and nary had a toothache bothered him. Bakshi felt emboldened to tell Guruji about an infection his father had on his right leg, affecting the area from the knee to the ankle. Doctors had not been able to control the infection or lessen the pain. Guruji asked Bakshi to relax and assured him that he would take care of the situation. The great master added that though doctors are not a great help, they also have to earn their living.

As Bakshi was leaving, Guruji gave him a garland placed at his feet by one of his devotees. Bakshi was to dip the garland in water and his father was to bathe with the water thus sanctified. The garland had to be disposed of in the nearest water body. Guruji's instructions were followed to a T. As expected, the leg pain went away immediately.

There was another far more significant effect. Bakshi's father became entranced with Guruji. When offered lunch or dinner, he would tell household members that he had already had Guruji's langar. This told the family that the patriarch was mentally in Guruji's sharan even though he was physically present with them. Soon, Bakshi's father expired. He departed from earth calmly and gently in the middle of a conversation with his grandchildren. It is apparent with hindsight that Guruji had taken charge of the father's life in its latter stages and helped him go through the door of death to his own everlasting abode.

A tractor benefits from grace

For a farmer, a tractor is almost like family. So when Bakshi had to make the all-important decision of buying a tractor, he came and asked Guruji which tractor he should buy. Guruji told his devotee that he may buy any one, but not a second-hand machine. Bakshi bought a Swaraj tractor with new accessories. In fact, the trolley which they finally purchased was made of heavy metal and was the first of its kind in their village. Since the tractor can plough fields thrice the size of Bakshi's lands, it is never stretched.

According to Bakshi, the tractor too is under Guruji's protection. An incident bears this out. Bakshi's son dreamt that some people were trying to stop the tractor as he was driving it. One person sitting on the tractor advised him to stop immediately, as the people might try to snatch the tractor away. The son immediately stopped the tractor. But suddenly Guruji appeared and asked him to proceed. On Guruji's reassurance, he ventured ahead, to find that the crowd parted to allow his tractor to go through it. Bakshi's son told his family members about the dream. They understood it to mean that Guruji had protected the tractor from a mishap.

Bakshi becomes a big farmer

In year 2004-2005, Guruji allowed a few of his devotees to go and visit his village, Dugri. Around 30-35 persons arrived in Dugri and Bakshi served them *lassi* (the staple Punjabi drink). That night his wife dreamt of Guruji, and he asked her if there was any shortage of ghee. When she said no, Guruji asked her why she had served just *lassi* to the *sangat* and kept the butter. She was embarrassed and woke up. Next morning, she told her family about the dream and they decided not to repeat the mistake (though it was an unintentional one, as the orders were for *lassi* to be served). On any given opportunity now, they are more than glad to serve the *sangat* *lassi* and butter. Why exactly the Bakshis were asked to serve the *lassi* and butter is not clear. Yet, since it is true that one gets what one gives out, then it needs to be noted that Bakshi has now become a big farmer.

Guruji had once prompted him to consolidate his scattered land holdings. Bakshi had then told Guruji that he had been trying to do so for a few years and had asked Guruji if he would be able to consolidate them. Guruji had told him it was high time he made a dedicated effort and he would get the reward. More than happy to have Guruji's blessings with him, Bakshi kept pushing hard, and today he is the owner of a 200-acre farm in Dugri. All plots falling between his properties are in his name.

But Guruji was not yet done with Bakshi. His devotee suffered from an acidity problem and Guruji gave his blessings to him through a copper tumbler. As Bakshi drank water from it, his acidity soon disappeared.

When Bakshi returned home with that copper tumbler, his son casually remarked that Guruji had given something to each member of the family: his sister and father had been given the copper tumbler, and his mother had been given Guruji's photograph and the tumbler. He was the only one left out. On their very next sangat visit, Guruji called him and gave him a photograph. He was delightfully surprised at the prompt acknowledgement of his remark.

As the experiences of the Bakshi family show, Guruji's unconditional support protects and helps always.

– Satsang, as narrated, of Shri Bakshi, farmer in Dugri,
Guruji's village



A chartered accountant counts his blessings

I CAME into contact with Guruji in January 2000, when my 22-year-old son was pursuing a course in chartered accountancy and was with a big firm. He had been suffering from a severe backache for the last two years. He had been bedridden for ten months and used to find it difficult to move about and sit. I must have consulted all the top orthopaedic doctors and even *hakims* in Delhi, Jalandhar, Indore, Palwal, and Sohna. I consulted most astrologers, who would assure me that his future was bright and there was no problem. Then during December 1999 my elder brother S.K. Chowdhury, a senior police officer, had Guruji's darshan at the house of Dr K.K. Paul, another senior police officer.

Soon, we visited Guruji at the Empire Estate temple in the first week of January 2000. For the first time after ten months, my son Sharad sat on the floor, near Guruji's feet, for two and a half hours without any support and without pain. As we were getting up, Guruji asked us to come again the next day. We did so. He enquired about my son's problem and was told of his backache. He said that he had already blessed my son and asked us to bring a copper tumbler. Guruji blessed it. Within a month of drinking water from it, my son was cured. He became a chartered accountant and worked with a

multinational company. He was sent to the US for one and a half years with Guruji's blessings.

Guruji heals my daughter, too

My daughter had been admitted to an MBA course with Guruji's blessings. Her course was to start on 1 September 2002. However, on 1 August she fell sick and was diagnosed as having typhoid. My cousin sister's son, Dr. Girish Bajaj, treated her for this ailment. Every day at eight o'clock Dr. Bajaj would come to our house on way to his hospital to check her up. But the fever showed no signs of abating.

Then on 27 August, Guruji asked me why my wife was not coming to the sangat. I told him she was attending to my ill daughter. Guruji asked me why I had not told him this earlier and then picked up a garland of roses lying at his feet. He gave it to me with instructions that I go and put this garland in a bucket of water. My daughter was to bathe with the same water.

The next morning my daughter bathed in the water blessed through Guruji's garland. After the bath, her temperature came down to 97.5 degrees—it had been 101 degrees the night before. At 8 am when my nephew came, he was astonished to see the drastic fall in the temperature. In just four to five days, my daughter was well and began going for her MBA course. Dr. Bajaj was so influenced by what had happened that he told us to take him for Guruji's darshan, and he became a devotee of Guruji.

Visa—no problem

Now my nephew was keen on going to the US for his MD. The American Embassy was rather hostile then about giving visas to Indian doctors and medical students. I requested Guruji to bless my nephew so that he could go to the US and fulfil his dream. Guruji snubbed me, saying that I kept asking for favours every day.

I told Guruji that there were only three persons who could grant one's wishes: first, God whom nobody has seen; second, your parents, and my parents had passed away; and third, your Guru, who can fulfil your dreams with his blessings.

I added that he was the only one available to me. Guruji replied with "*Kalyan ho gaya (You have been blessed)*," and asked me to send

my nephew to the US Embassy for a visa, saying he will get it. To our surprise, when my nephew went to the embassy he was not burdened with queries by the visa counsellor. While other doctors were interviewed for 45—50 minutes and then denied a visa, my nephew got the visa without trouble. Today, my nephew is happily married and settled in the US with Guruji's blessings.

We are not denied our party

A very senior income-tax officer, a friend, used to go to Guruji with me. Once on a Friday evening, Guruji told both of us to come again the next day. On that Saturday we had planned to attend a stag drinks-and-dinner party. In the afternoon, I was cribbing that our party had been spoiled because we had to go and visit Guruji. On that Saturday, after ten o' clock when the langar was over, Guruji told us to stay back along with a few more people.

Half an hour later, Guruji told us to come with him to the house of one of his devotees, a senior customs officer, to celebrate his promotion. When we reached the devotee's house, we were offered drinks. My friend and I were hesitant to take these in Guruji's presence. Guruji looked into my eye and told me that I was cribbing in the day about him spoiling my party. He added that the drinks were here and we should enjoy ourselves and drink as much as we wanted. With tears in my eyes, I fell on Guruji's feet and could not utter a word. I could only say: "*Guruji, aap antaryaami ho* (you are omnipresent)."

My driver gets darshan

My driver is of a religious bent of mind and once I wanted him to come inside the sangat hall and have Guruji's darshan. He was hesitant, not wishing to be in the company of well-to-do people. After the satsang, I went to the airport to see off somebody. At 2 am, as my car was coming out of the international airport's main road, I saw Guruji with a few devotees. I told my driver Suresh to stop the car and we both went and touched his feet. Guruji smiled at me and told me that since I had wanted him to give darshan to my driver, he had come to the airport. I was left with no words to thank him.

Lord Shiva's incarnation

My younger brother's wife had some irregular growth on her throat and we were afraid it could be cancer. We requested Guruji to bless and treat her. He told us not to worry and get her surgery done at AIIMS. One of my cousins, a surgeon, asked us to contact Dr. Suresh Sharma at AIIMS. Dr. Sharma is a devotee of Guruji and a recipient of his blessings. When we went to Guruji that evening, to our surprise he told us that Dr. Sharma will do her surgery and she will be fine. True to his words, my sister-in-law was operated on by Dr. Sharma and is in very good health now.

I firmly believe that Guruji is an incarnation of Lord Shiva. He knows everything about us and at the appropriate time he showers his blessings on us without our asking for them. Whosoever comes to his feet is blessed immediately irrespective of his caste, creed or religion. Lord Shiva has specially sent Guruji on earth to bless humankind and save us from the torture and agonies of life.

Guruji gives a mantra for chanting all the time: *Aum Namah Shivay, Shivji Sada Sahay. I would like to add: Aum Namah Shivay, Guruji Sada Sahay. Aum Shanti and Jai Gurudev!*

— Satsang of B.B. Chaudhry, Chartered Accountant



Guruji saves us from money worries

WE CAME to Guruji on 4 January 2003. My wife Usha had been suffering from chronic sinusitis since 1998. It had converted into clots. She also had a host of medical problems and was unable to breathe properly. Of one of the health problems, she was cured immediately. She had an ulcer in her food pipe, but it was as good as gone just as she ate the chilly chutney of Guruji's langar. Guruji even told us that he had cured her in one stroke.

Unknown to us, my wife also had a uterine tumour. One day Guruji called her, told her she was not well, instructed her to stay at home and rest. Guruji sent her for an operation and blessed her. It was a major surgery, but she was cured with Guruji's blessings. Today, she is hale and hearty; her sinusitis has also been cured.

Around this time, we were facing financial problems. We were about to make a bad financial decision, which would have led to huge losses. Guruji summoned my wife, mentioned the exact sum we had in our bank and prevented us from making that investment.

Guruji knows everything, including what we discuss at home. On several occasions, he has hinted at his omniscience. We continually get surprised, but know he is Shivji's avatar. He has helped us in our daily problems—whether big or small—and guided us

throughout. Once my daughter, Bhavana was sick. She had typhoid, and the doctors were unable to treat her. She had been running a high temperature for a week, but with Guruji's blessings she was absolutely fine. Guruji advised her to have papaya and sugar cane juice, which the doctors never recommend. Later, with Guruji's blessings, she also got admission in the MDS course despite many obstacles. We are blessed to have Guruji in our life. GOD means Guruji On Duty.

— Satsang of Mr. Bhatia



He gave me a new lease of life

I HAD planned to go on the Kailash-Mansarovar yatra sponsored by the Government of India. When I sought Guruji's permission, He wanted to know why I wanted to go on this yatra, when Lord Shiva was himself present before me. Naturally, I did not go ahead with the yatra.

That year, there were severe landslides on the yatra route and two batches (of about 20 pilgrims each) perished. There were hardly any survivors. Obviously, Guruji foresaw what was to happen on my yatra and saved my life by not allowing me to go. It was later that he told me: "*See, I have saved your life.*"

He saved it once again

I had severe heart problems and was advised to undergo angiography. This was done at AIIMS, as desired by Guruji. After the angiography, I was taken straight to the ICU, as I had an earlier, silent heart attack. Two of my arteries were blocked almost completely and the third by around 90 per cent. That afternoon, I had a massive heart attack and, in fact, could survive only because I happened to be in the ICU. Had I been at my residence, there wouldn't have been enough time to rush me to a hospital. At about 10 pm, we were informed that an immediate bypass surgery was a must, but it was very risky in my case, because of the extent of blockages and my having continued to take blood-thinning medicines, which are normally discontinued a

week before such an operation. My family members sought Guruji's blessings, who reassured them with the words: "*Let the doctors do what they please; inside, whatever is to be done, I will do.*"

And that is precisely what he did. An emergency operation was performed that very night; there was considerable internal haemorrhage and other complications but with Guruji's blessings, everything turned out okay. It is all behind me now and I am back to normal. There is no doubt that I have got a new lease of life.

The third instance was on 31 December 2006. As usual, there were celebrations at the Bade Mandir. As the sangat started taking leave of Guruji in the early hours, he allowed my family to go, but asked me to stay back. After about an hour, he told me that he had given me a new life and now I could go home. At that moment I could not understand the gravity of his words, but when I reached home I found out that due to the thick fog my family had met with an accident on their way back home—precisely when Guruji had told me that he had given me a new life. At a speed breaker, the car in front had braked suddenly and, in spite of my son's best efforts, his car had dashed against it. The bumper broke, the grill was badly damaged and my wife's head hit against the windscreen, which broke. But there was no injury to any passenger. On our next visit, Guruji told us that he had given a new life to the entire family. We certainly owe our being alive today to Guruji.

Evidently, Guruji can foresee everybody's future and does whatever is necessary to safeguard our interests without our asking him. In fact, most of the time, we don't even come to know what he is doing for us. He does so much for everybody in his sangat all the time. All we know is that he is and will take absolute care of us and see us through all our problems, worries and anxieties; we can safely leave all our tensions in his hands and be at peace.

Dementia cured without even meeting Guruji

My father-in-law is in his early nineties and suffered from dementia. At times, my father-in-law could not recognize his family members, would become violent, or start hallucinating and imagining things. He does not believe in Guruji and never had the chance to meet him personally. Guruji paid heed to my wife's prayers and as a result the severity of a disease that has no medical cure has lessened by almost 90 percent.

Younger son and I get jobs

My younger son is an engineer engaged in the stock market. One day, Guruji enquired of his profession and asked him to switch jobs. He kept looking for a suitable job for the next couple of months, but to no avail. One day Guruji again enquired about his job and told him that he will get a job in 15 days. A week or so later, he got an interview call and on the thirteenth day he got a job.

I had retired from the Planning Commission six years ago. I wanted to work after that, but somehow could not land a good-enough job. Guruji did mention a couple of times that I should work as an advisor in a good firm. So, I kept looking for a good job. Suddenly, I met a few old friends of mine who promptly offered me a job of my choice. Incidentally, this happened a few months after Guruji attained mahasamadhi, which only goes to show that Guruji is with us and is taking perfect care of us.

A house constructed without adequate means

While in government service, I was staying in government accommodation in Chanakyapuri. I had planned to shift to a small flat in Dwarka after my retirement. But Guruji asked me to purchase a 500-square yard plot in Gurgaon and construct a house. Upon my pleading with him, Guruji allowed me to purchase a smaller plot of 360 square yards. Buying it was way beyond my capabilities; I had neither the financial nor the physical strength to do so. But when the construction started, I realized I had committed a blunder. For it was not I, but Guruji's blessings that were entirely responsible for the construction. Somehow the money required was always available as and when needed.

Two instances will suffice to illustrate the workings of his grace. Banks are reluctant to give loans to retired people, but in my case, the bank manager himself offered me a home loan and it was sanctioned without any hassles. Second, though we had ancestral property there were serious differences among my siblings and me. There was no hope of selling this property. One day when I was in Bade Mandir, my sister informed me over the phone that all differences had been resolved, a buyer had been located and that I would get the first

installment of the payment the next day. Thus, whatever money was required would somehow become available—thanks to Guruji's blessings.

Treating a disease before it struck

Guruji had on his own accord asked my wife to bring a copper tumbler that he wanted to bless to cure her serious ailment. We were surprised because my wife was all right except for the usual age-related problems—high cholesterol and high uric acid.

However, we did as directed. On our next visit we took along the tumbler. Guruji blessed it, and she started drinking amrit (holy water) from it every morning. Soon after that she fell sick. Tests revealed that her haemoglobin level had improved while her cholesterol and uric acid levels had gone down. In fact, she hadn't had such a good blood report in the last 40 years. Soon she became quite all right. Evidently, Guruji knew of her serious health problems and gave her the treatment even before the disease had manifested.

Sweet cure for diabetes

My mother was in her late seventies. She suffered from diabetes, for which she used to get an insulin injection every day. She also had heart and liver problems, arthritis, and poor digestion.

She was hesitant to come to Guruji, since the arthritis hindered her from sitting on the floor. On the family's persuasion, she mustered courage and started coming to Guruji. On the very first day, Guruji gave her a handful of burfi (an Indian sweet) as prasad. With the fact that she had diabetes in the back of her mind, she ate a small piece and kept the rest aside for her children. There was such a big gathering that Guruji couldn't possibly have seen this. But the Omniscient Satguru can see and hear everything, everywhere. He called her to him again and gave her more burfi than earlier and told her to eat it at the sangat itself.

She did so and soon enough the doctor treating her stopped the insulin injections—something that, in the world of medicine, is not possible. But, as Guruji's devotees say, where science ends, Guruji begins. Her arthritis too showed improvement, and she could

bend and cross her legs easily and sit for hours together. And, of course, her heart was better and the dosage of medicines decreased considerably.

All this happened without our ever telling Guruji about her problems and seeking his help. There is no doubt that Guruji is present everywhere, he knows everything without our telling him and can do anything. He takes absolute care of all his followers and their problems and does whatever is in their best interest.

—Satsang of B.D. Jethra, former advisor, Planning Commission



We are, because he is

*Guru Govind dou khade
Kake Lagoon Paye
Govind se Guru bade Jo Govind Dikhaye*

IN THESE lines Kabir wonders whose feet he should touch when both God and guru are before him. Then he realizes that without the blessings of the guru one cannot get to Govind (God). In our case, however, there is no confusion: Guruji is God.

I first heard about Guruji when I used to visit my maternal uncle Col (retd.) S.K. Joshi. That was around 1996 and the cynical youth in me would not allow me to place my full faith in Guruji. It was the first week of April 1997 when I had my first darshan of Guruji in Chandigarh. He asked me where I had come from and I told him that I was Col Joshi's nephew and had come from Jaipur. He placed his palms on my head and said, "*Kalyan ho (Blessings).*" Two days later, when I returned to Delhi, I had a job offer I was looking forward to. Instant kalyan, you see. And this when I had refused chai prasad and langar in Chandigarh.

Guruji's darshan did not change me much. Some more time was to pass before I realized his omnipotence. Even this is preordained by Guruji. Meanwhile, Guruji shifted his abode to Delhi. I frequented Delhi, but for almost two and a half years I did not go for his darshan. By this time, my sister and mother had become fully devoted to him; I was still my old self.

My mother and I had been looking for a match for my sister for two years. Then in April 2000 a call came from my sister's father-in-law-to-be saying that they wanted the match to be finalized. My sister was in Delhi at that time and showed Guruji the prospective groom's photo. Guruji simply said, "*Changa munda hai (he is a good boy)*" and our worries disappeared. The marriage was finalized for January 2001 with Guruji's blessings, and my perspective began to change as events unfolded.

The marriage was to be held at the grounds of the school where my mother teaches. After discussions with the caterer, we decided on the location of the *tandoor* and the cooking area. Three days before the wedding, the school director, a devotee of Guruji, came and told us that Guruji had told her, in her dream, to change the location of the cooking arrangements. Though I did not think much of it, my mother immediately changed the area where the kitchen was set up. The marriage went off very well and even today people talk of the delicious dinner.

Such incidents only emphasize or rather point to Guruji's omnipresence. However, then I was still myself—cynical and un-baptized in faith.

Fifteen days after my sister's marriage, I changed. I was returning from my office on my bike. I was on the highway, and it was quite late in the night. Suddenly, a street dog collided with my front wheel. I was at such a speed that had even a pebble hit the wheels, I would have been thrown off balance. A roadways bus was breathing down my neck and had I tripped over that would have been the end. But with Guruji's blessings and to the surprise of the few onlookers, I did not lose balance and survived. I felt like saying thank you, God, and bowed my head in front of a temple en route to my house. Just then, Guruji's fragrance wafted through the air. At that very moment, all my reason (or cynicism) left me, and I bowed my head mentally to Guruji. The transformation from a cynic to a follower was almost instantaneous.

10 minutes to a marriage

Soon I was transferred to Rewari (on the Jaipur-Delhi highway) and came for Guruji's darshan more frequently. Now my mother was worried about getting me married. One day when my mother and I

were at my uncle's place, my maternal aunt's cousin was also there. In the evening we went for Guruji's darshan. After langar, when we were all sitting around Guruji, he called me and asked me to press his feet. A few minutes later he asked my maternal aunt's cousin, Jaya, also. And then 10 minutes later he said, "*Shadi kar lo (get married)*." Marriages are made in heaven—I certainly do not doubt it. That is how my maternal uncle and I became brothers-in-law—a fact Guruji is not beyond rubbing in.

I have often heard in satsangs that he knows all your thoughts, but it is much more than that. All our thoughts are his. How can you think beyond the fountainhead of all thought? How can you act beyond the fountainhead of all activity? How can you exist in separation from the soul of the universe? It is simple: We are, because he is.

The fact, of course, might not be known to us or even acknowledged, but we all exist due to oneness with him. The few who are privileged to have his darshan or whom he indulges by letting them smell his fragrance or by visibly touching their lives are blessed manifold. I cherish every moment of my life when after smelling his fragrance I search for a source, only to realize the source is divine.

The miracles attributed to Guruji are 'miracles' only because they are premised to be impossible. I for one have been trying to invest my faith in Guruji by believing that what I am and what I have (both thoughts are blasphemous) are Guruji's will.

Recounting my experiences of Guruji's blessings is a never-ending exercise. Since memory cannot go beyond the time of birth, I would say I have been blessed by Guruji in being born in this world, being born to my parents, having the set of friends I have, blessed in having the upbringing that I have had, blessed in picking up a disease and being cured thereafter, blessed in having met an accident and having recovered thereafter, blessed in having a wonderful sister and brother-in-law, a wonderful wife and cute daughter and truly, truly blessed in having the blessings of Guruji. I bow my head to Guruji for allowing me to have his darshan in this lifetime and only wish that he will continue to bless us. I pray that he keeps our entire family at his feet. Jai Guruji!

— Satsang of Bhavesh Pande, senior executive with Indian Oil Corporation

The divine healer treats the doctors

EVEN THE best of human beings are capable of nothing more than great empathy when they see someone in distress. Mahapurushes like Guruji can, however, take on the sufferings of others upon themselves to lessen their pain and make their faith sturdy. Dr. (Brig) Saini's experiences with Guruji bear this statement out. The doctor, a specialist in medicine, is not only a first-hand witness to the divine healing power but also its beneficiary.

Spooning out spondylitis

Dr. Saini was in Jalandhar and his house was near Guruji's temple, but he could not have darshan of the Mahapurush initially. When he did, it was as if blessings had unendingly started flowing into his life.

The doctor's wife, a devotee of Guruji, had cervical spondylitis, which led to severe neck pain. She was being treated with physiotherapy and analgesics. This was towards the end of 1996 and Guruji was in Panchkula (a township adjacent to Chandigarh). One day, the doctor was with Guruji and the sangat. Dr. Saini's responsibility was to take a round of the ICU in the evening, and he asked Guruji whether he could go to the hospital. Guruji reassured him that all his patients were well, but allowed him to go.

When the doctor returned, Guruji said he had cured his wife. The doctor was told that Guruji had applied a spoon—the doctor calls

it Guruji's 'all-in-one gadget', his x-ray machine, echocardiograph, ultrasound, and CT scanner—to the back of his devotee's neck. Relief was instantaneous and no other treatment was ever required.

Guruji plays Dr Goodheart

A year later, it was the doctor himself who was treated. By then, Guruji had moved to Chandigarh and the doctor had gone for darshan there. One day Guruji said that the sole of his foot was paining. The doctor examined it and found that a particular point was tender and promised to bring an analgesic cream the day after. Guruji refused the offer. Doctor Saini, who was by then a senior adviser in the medicine department, told Guruji that the army hospital had recently acquired a new laser therapy machine, and requested that he undergo treatment through it. After some time, Guruji came to the doctor and asked that the laser treatment be given to him for three days. The doctor responded that 10 days would help more. At this assertion, Guruji let out what he was up to, telling the doctor that he was really visiting the hospital for the doctor's welfare.

What Guruji meant was borne out two weeks later. The doctor had chest pain and an ECG showed heart changes. Dr. Saini summoned the hospital cardiologist, who advised him to spend time in the ICU as the heart changes foreshadowed a heart attack. The worried doctor phoned up Guruji from the hospital. Guruji talked to Dr. Saini, prescribing a remedy.

When Dr. Saini came out of the ICU, he went to Guruji. Inside his room, the master laid him down on the carpet and passed a clean, stainless spoon all over his body. Thereafter, the doctor's heart was investigated at the Army's Research and Referral Hospital at New Delhi. A battery of diagnostic tests—the treadmill, echocardiograph, the thallium scan—reported that his heart was normal. The yearly clinical investigations the army compulsorily carries out showed he was symptom free and he never required more treatment.

The Divine Healer had thus treated the doctor by inverting the doctor-patient relationship. Guruji had become his patient for three days to take laser treatment and had done away with whatever was afflicting his devotee.

A blocked artery opens...

The Satguru's grace extends to even those who are not his devotees. It is as if everyone's suffering is his own. Take the case of Col. Madan, another specialist in medicine who worked with Dr. Saini. Col. Madan had been a heart patient for a long time. He had already had a bypass done after a coronary artery had been blocked. But Col. Madan still experienced chest pain and breathlessness, which was threatening to incapacitate him from the performance of his medical duties. It was also found that the bypass channel, too, was blocked. This was grave news.

Brig. Saini and General Ahuja, another of Guruji's devotees, advised Col. Madan to seek Guruji's refuge. And so Col. Madan went to Guruji. Guruji gave him his blessings through a copper tumbler and also advised him to wear a necklace with a pendant, blessed by Guruji, in the shape of an Aum.

Col. Madan's health started improving immediately. After a few months, when an angiography was done, the results were astonishing: the original or native artery, which the doctors had bypassed, had opened. Dr. Saini met Col. Madan later in 2003, when he had come to visit Guruji in Empire Estate. In Guruji's spiritual court, the doctor related the story of his miraculous cure to everybody in sincere thanksgiving to the Divine Healer who saved him.

...and a leaking heart valve normalizes

Dr. Saini's wife had suffered rheumatic fever in childhood. And hidden from her and from everybody else, her left or mitral valve had borne the brunt of the fever and was leaking. It was her doctor-husband who first suspected her problem. Ever since, she has had an echocardiography done once every two years.

In 2003, when Dr. Saini was at the Army Research and Referral Hospital in New Delhi, as consultant, his wife complained of breathlessness while walking. The echocardiograph showed a severe degree of leakage, or what is medically known as mitral regurgitation. She was advised to have the heart valve replaced. In the intervening period, she was given medicines to control the symptoms and was told that the drug prescribed, Ramipril, could lead to coughing in certain cases.

One day the couple was with Guruji when the lady devotee mentioned that she would not take the medicine, as it was making her cough. Guruji simply said okay. As they were leaving the Satguru's room, he said: "*I bless your heart.*" He further advised Dr. Saini to get his wife examined from AIIMS's head of cardiology, Dr. Talwar, to remove any doubt.

After Dr. Saini had explained his wife's condition to Dr. Talwar, the doctor took her to the examining room and spent quite some time in the investigation. He came out of the room surprised. He said that since Dr. Saini had told him of the condition his wife was suffering from, he had taken his time to check for a damaged left valve. But, said the famous doctor, he had found nothing wrong.

Guruji's divine blessings on his devotee's heart had worked wonders. Dr. Saini says medical science cannot even dream of doing what Guruji had accomplished with his sparse words.

Adamant cancer wilts

In May of 2002, Dr. Saini was diagnosed with a severe type of cancer, non-Hodgkin's lymphoma (NHL), known for its resistance to treatment. This cancer attacks the endocrine system. The doctor received treatment for nine months.

He did not feel the side-effects of chemotherapy and as a patient of NHL, his quick response to the treatment surprised even doctors. Evidently, Guruji's blessings were secretly at work. Within a year, the disease went into remission.

But, in 2004, three lymph nodes in his right groin swelled up again. A PET scan showed cancer cells. The glands were operated upon and taken out; the doctor was then advised to go for a bone marrow exam. He prayed to Guruji, and the Merciful Master gave him the date for the examination. The doctor feared that if the results came positive, he would have to undergo chemotherapy again for five months. However, thanks to Guruji's blessings and the doctor's huge relief, the tests were negative.

Satguru extends life of doc's mother

Dr Saini's mother was suffering. She had a carcinoma in her breast, heart disease and rheumatoid arthritis. By the end of 2000, she was

in poor condition. She suddenly collapsed one day and had to be taken to a private hospital. She was in shock; her heart had stopped and her blood pressure and pulse were barely recordable.

While events were unfolding thus at home, Dr. Saini's niece was at the Jalandhar temple. She was weeping silently, since she knew her grandmother's life was fading. The Omniscient Guru, however, forestalled the grandmother's demise, telling the niece that her grandmother's life had been extended by five years.

Even as Guruji spoke, in the hospital Dr. Saini's mother showed remarkable signs of recovery. And she lived for five more years. The guru's kripa or grace is extraordinary. It is like God in His Mother aspect. Her heart weeps for the misery her children go through. And though they may be good or bad, they may be her devotees or they may be atheists neck-deep in materialism, her shakti, her divine power, rushes to their aid.

Medical technicians are blessed

One day in 1998, Guruji informed Dr. Saini that he would be coming in the evening to the military hospital at Chandimandir for a blood check-up and ultrasonography. The blood test was done. The technician, an old hand, was surprised. He found that even on repeated examination of the blood sample for blood sugar, the reading was coming to 8mg—15 mg! The technician knew this was way below the normal limits and at these levels a man could not survive. He told Dr. Saini that this patient could not be from earth! Guruji blessed the technician and told him that he would be promoted—as he subsequently was.

A radiologist from Bathinda, Major Sinha, was a similar beneficiary of Guruji's grace. The radiologist was on temporary duty at Chandimandir when Guruji came in for an ultrasound. Major Sinha did the ultrasound of the abdomen and concluded it was normal. Guruji blessed him, saying he would have two sons and would get promoted to the rank of Major General. An uncomprehending Major told Guruji he had one son and that was sufficient.

In 2004, Dr. Saini met Major Sinha at the Research and Referral Hospital in New Delhi. Major Sinha was now Lt. Col. Sinha and was training in nuclear medicine at the army hospital. Dr. Saini asked him if he remembered Guruji's blessings. His colleague did. In

fact, he told Dr. Saini that at the time Guruji had made his remark, his wife had been told by a gynaecologist that she could not have another child. But she had—thanks to Guruji's blessings!

Saved—and saved again

The Sainis were returning to Chandigarh after visiting Guruji in New Delhi. The Delhi-Chandigarh highway was then a one-way road. They had left the sangat quite late at night, and the family was dozing off in the car. Dr. Saini too suddenly fell asleep at the wheel. Their car veered off to the right, on to the path of a truck...

His wife's hand brushed his shoulder and the doctor woke with a jerk. He reflexively turned the car to the left and the truck passed by, missing them by inches. When they were all asleep, who had been awake? Which unblinking eye had seen the truck and who had willed the sleeping wife's hand to move and alert the doctor?

The answer was very clear in 2004.

Guruji had told Sajal, Dr. Saini's dentist son who was posted at Sohana, to take furlough from his medical duties. At that time, Sajal used to travel to the bus-stop on his scooter and then take the bus to Sohana.

It was August and the road was wet. Sajal was going home on his scooter, when he swerved to avoid a reversing vehicle—only to collide with another. He fell off the scooter. The Sainis, meanwhile, were with Guruji and he suddenly asked them where their son was. They told him he must be coming home from office. Just then the Sainis' phone rang and Sajal's wife told them of the accident. They immediately went home. But Sajal had been saved. He had been carried from the accident spot to home by helpful onlookers—in itself a rarity in Delhi. And he had nothing worse than a few stitches on his nose. From the hospital, he directly went to Guruji in thanksgiving for saving him.

Sajal now says that his birthday should henceforth be celebrated on the day Guruji saved him. For he has been granted a new life.

—Satsang, as narrated, of Dr. (Brig.) Saini, formerly consultant in medicine, Army Research & Referral Hospital, New Delhi

For a shipping man, he charts course of life

IN 1995, Mr. Rai, now a captain with the Merchant Navy, was at his home in Jalandhar, when his left-eye vision blurred. Doctors found that there was a nerve problem behind the left retina. At around this time, his mother and wife went to Guruji's temple in Defence Colony for an errand. Subsequently, Rai's mother wanted her son to go to Guruji. He refused initially, but agreed to drop his mother till Guruji's place. Once he was there, he was curious and went inside.

Like all mothers, Rai's too was anxious that her son should get well. She told Guruji of his problem. Guruji sent Rai to another room and told him to wait. Rai was restless and mentally asked Guruji what he was doing there. No sooner had he made the query when Guruji came and asked him: "*What should I do for you?*"

He asked Rai to get a bunch of betel leaves. He blessed these and asked him to put them over his eyes with the help of a light bandage for about an hour, and then dispose of the leaves in flowing water. After an hour, Rai found his vision was perfect.

Rai began going regularly to Guruji's. He had a vision on his third or fourth visit. He was woken up during his sleep and found that there was a blue light on his bedroom wall. He could clearly

see Shivji and further ahead, in a yellow dress, was Guruji. In place of Guruji's head, there was a shivalinga. He woke up his wife, Anu, and the projection on the wall vanished. Till that time, Rai had no idea of Shivji: he thought he must have been a mythological figure.

Guruji's play with his devotee had begun. And his grace had begun to flow towards the Rai family. Anu was suffering from a slipped disc in her lower back. She used to wear a heavy belt, and according to doctors, the only way out was an operation. This was fairly risky as even a slight surgical error could lead to paralysis. When Guruji came to know of the problem, he took a spoon and 'scanned' Anu's back through it. The condition simply disappeared, and she has had no problem since. Soon after, when the couple travelled to Hemkunt Sahib, they had to climb 22 km on foot. And Anu was miles ahead of the others.

Rai had a month or so left to get back to his ship. He decided to get his youngest maternal aunt or *mausi*—who had had her heart valve changed—to Jalandhar so that she could benefit from Guruji's presence. Guruji, meanwhile, would regularly ask him on what date he was going to his ship and Rai's unchanging reply was a month. He would also make Rai listen to a shabad, one of whose lines said that the new devotee was still at the first step, but had already begun calling everybody to the path of faith. However, Rai went as planned to Pune and came back with his mother's sister. When they went for darshan, they found access was not easy. Devotees would tell them Guruji was in paath (meditation) or the gate would be closed. Apparently, something was up.

Rai and his mausi were able to go inside one day. Guruji blessed her, but asked her to go back to Pune. The message went unheeded. Mausi went to him again and was told to go back. When the Rais asked him if she might stay, Guruji kept silent. Clearly, he wanted her to return to Pune.

Soon Rai was about to leave Jalandhar to get back on his ship when his mausi complained of a heart problem and was admitted to the military hospital in Jalandhar. By the time he had reached his ship, her condition had worsened.

However, thanks to Guruji, her last days were pleasant and happy. Her family members were able to meet her and she told them that it was due to Guruji that they could see and talk to her. She breathed

her last peacefully. But, the message was brought home. Had Rai listened to Guruji, the end might not have come at the time it did.

Following Guru's word, getting promoted

Rai was once planning to shift from his shipping company to another one since his promotion to captain of the ship had been due for the last four years. But it was not happening despite his work and his profile being okay.

He was in Chandigarh and it was his wife's birthday when he received a call from Mumbai from another shipping company. They asked him to come to Mumbai, promising to take him on as captain. Rai went to Delhi to take Guruji's permission and Guruji gave it, merely saying: "*Ghum aa* (make the visit)."

In Mumbai, Rai had his medical check-ups and then met company officials. He found during the meeting that they had changed their tune. They were now asking him to join ship for two months before promoting him to captain. Rai refused the offer.

He came back to find that the old firm wanted him back. Guruji advised him to join them. Accordingly, Rai left for Scotland, where the ship was due to arrive in port. The ship was two-three days late and he hung around. On the day the ship was going to come, Rai had a dream. He saw Guruji giving him a date: July 14. He woke up, wondering what the date meant.

When the ship came, he was not asked to relieve the chief officer. Instead the ship's captain had instructions to take Rai on a parallel tour till the Caribbean, where he was to be relieved and Rai given charge of the ship. Rai was not informed of this, however. And the date on which Rai was appointed captain? July 14.

The dream had come true, because the disciple had followed the Guru's words. Indeed, the blessings remained with Rai through the nine months he was on the ship. He says that during these months, so blessed was he that anything that he would think would happen. He grew afraid of wishing for the wrong thing!

What can't Guruji do? In 1997, Rai had gone to Mumbai to get a new passport on an urgent basis. While he tried to get a new one issued, he found to his consternation that the old one that had a valid US visa was lost. He was at his wit's end. Imagine his surprise when a gang member involved in the stealing of passports told him

not to worry. They took the details of his old passport, found it and gave it back to him!

The Pune miracles

Rai's son was also a recipient of Guruji's blessings. Though he had taken up maths and science, Guruji told him to do a law course from Pune, where Rai's maternal uncle resided.

Father and son reached Pune to find that all the seats had been taken. Since he hadn't sat for the exam, there was no question of him getting a seat. Then the Pune University decided to open a new section. He sat for the exam and was admitted. Guruji remarked on his admission, saying that just to get him admitted he had to get 60 more students in as well!

Then, Guruji had to make sure that he passed the examinations as well. That the divine will was working closely to bring about his success was clear when Guruji mentioned that though his friends were failing, he was passing every year.

Rai's maternal uncle in Pune was benefited as well. Once, Guruji gave Rai a photograph to take for his uncle in Pune. This was surprising because Rai had never talked about his maternal uncle to Guruji. When the photograph was given in Pune, Rai's uncle was surprised as well and cryptically exclaimed, "How does Guruji know?" Rai was intrigued and wanted his uncle to declare what he was referring to.

After 30 years of marriage, the couple was childless. However, they were trying to get a baby through a surrogate mother—without success. Soon after Guruji's photograph arrived, Rai's uncle was blessed with a son. Incidentally, till that time he had never had Guruji's darshan. He began visiting Guruji from Pune after the son was born.

3.30 pm, Tokyo: Rai gets wake-up call...

Though Captain Rai, and his family were devoted to Guruji, his father was not keen on going. His principle was that one should be a good man and have a direct relationship with God.

One day the Rais went to Guruji's, telling their father that they were going to the city. When they come before Guruji, he, knowing

what they had told their father, told them to go back to the city. Not only did the Rais decide to return home, the incident prompted them to tell their father about Guruji.

Guruji's protection extended to Rai's father as well. The Rais were shifting base to Chandigarh from Jalandhar on Guruji's orders. The family went first with Rai's father bringing the baggage which had a big photograph of Guruji's next. The very day Rai's father arrived in Chandigarh to the new house, he had a heart attack. He was taken to the military hospital. Guruji was in Delhi and Rai was with his ship in Tokyo.

Rai was sleeping in his cabin, which was bolted from the inside, when he felt someone shake his leg and wake him up. He looked at the clock and it was 3.30 pm. Just then there was a call from home. It was his wife, saying that his father was seriously ill. Rai said that Guruji had just woken him up and would take care of his father, too.

Meanwhile, it was found that his father's arteries were blocked, but he returned from hospital. Ten days later he fainted again. This time the problem was put before Guruji. He called the couple and advised a remedy. Soon, Rai's father was better. However, he still had to undergo a test. The day before, Guruji asked Rai to give his father a shot of whisky. When the test report came, the doctor at first said nothing. He went around with the reports to other doctors. When finally, he did return to his patient, the puzzled doctor said that the heart was okay.

If his father was cured, Rai's mother too was blessed. Once while she was taking a bath in her Jalandhar home, she had a vision. She saw the pages of the Guru Granth Sahib opening and Guruji's face on them. His mother reported that at this time the divine will had led her to do paath automatically.

—Satsang, as narrated, of Captain Rai, Stena Marine Management,
Houston, USA



Guru kripa

*“Let no man in the world live in delusion:
Without a guru none can cross over to the other shore.”
—Guru Nanak*

IT WAS on a Wednesday morning, 12 October 2005, that I got a call from my colleague Dr. G.C. Khilnani, professor of medicine at AIIMS, New Delhi. “Dr. Pandav, we are having a satsang today evening at my home. Guruji is coming. Please do come at 5.30 pm and also bring Mrs. Pandav with you.”

“Are you celebrating your promotion as a professor? Who is Guruji? What is his name? Where is he from?” I shot a volley of questions at Dr. Khilnani. “His name is Guruji,” he replied. “You will see him in the evening and you will discover for yourself. Have patience.”

I shared the conversation with my wife Smita. She had been skeptical of gurus and sadhus, but this time her response was slightly different. “Maybe this is a different call,” she said. “Let us see.” And she readily agreed to come with me in the evening.

Later in the morning, I phoned my friends Rashmi and Pankaj Singh. I have known Rashmi since the last 35 years and after her marriage, Pankaj. I had called since I was keen to know how Pankaj’s father, the late Prime Minister Shri Chandra Shekhar, whom I referred to as Pitaji, was doing.

They said they were at an AIIMS private ward where Pitaji had been admitted for a check-up. I immediately left home to be with

them. During my visit, Rashmi and Pankaj shared their experiences about their first meeting with Guruji. They told of how they have been going regularly to Chota Mandir in the Empire Estate complex on the Mehrauli-Gurgaon Road, and how Guruji's grace had changed their life. They spoke of the critical role of Guruji's blessings in Pitaji's improved health.

"Do you know Dr Khilnani?" Rashmi asked me. I wondered aloud why she was asking me this question today, since his name had never cropped up in any of our conversations. Rashmi said, "Oh! We are going to his house in the evening for a satsang. We have to take Guruji to his house." I impatiently asked her, "Who is this Guruji? What is his name?" She said, "Be patient. You will discover for yourself in the evening."

I am narrating this conversation in detail to point out that there is a time for your call. One can get Guruji's darshan only when he wills. So that was why, on the same day, we got Guruji's message from two friends: this is your time to have Guruji's darshan and be blessed. And I would like to remind the sangat collectively and individually that we all are truly blessed to have Guruji's darshan, his grace and his blessings. Let us acknowledge it and be grateful for this opportunity of a lifetime.

I told Smita of my hospital visit and her eagerness for the evening satsang grew. We could not keep ourselves tethered to the house for long and reached Dr. Khilnani's house by 5 pm. We were one of the first ones to come to his house. After a while, we saw Rashmi and Pankaj escorting a handsome young man wearing colourful clothes down the stairs to Dr. Khilnani's house. He walked in quickly and was ushered to the large ornamental chair in the hall.

We had guessed that he was Guruji. As we approached to take his blessings, Rashmi introduced Smita and me to him. Guruji looked at me and said immediately, "*Doctor, tusi bahar jao (Doctor, please go out).*" I took his words literally and whispered to Smita, "Let us go out of the hall. I think Guruji does not want us to be here." We started leaving the hall. Rashmi immediately called us back and interpreted Guruji's words: He wanted us to stay abroad and not in India. We had a bright future and career abroad, she said. We were very relieved and came back and sat at Guruji's feet.

There were at least 250 to 300 satsangis at the venue—most of them were first-timers and many were my medical colleagues

from AIIMS. At Guruji's behest, his old disciples were sharing experiences. They ranged from children's scholastic performance to marriages, to series of miraculous cures for infertility, asthma, heart diseases, nervous system disorders and incurable diseases such as cancer. Normally, one would be rather skeptical. But these were personal experiences of patients and their families. All of them had records of their improved health. Once in a while, Guruji would say, "Doctor, look at the practical aspects: how suffering is being lessened."

From that day onwards, our journey with Guruji started. Every day since then has been a day of discovery—a day of self-realization and self-actualization. We have been going regularly to Chota Mandir every Thursday and Sunday as and when we are in Delhi. As a part of my work, I do have to travel a bit. But whenever we are in Delhi, something magnetically draws us to Guruji's place. There is an inner urge and before we realize it we are on our way to have Guruji's darshan.

The doctor is healed

Towards the end of April 2006, I noticed something unusual about the winter that was just over. I told Smita that I had not taken any medicines, including my inhaler that I had to use at least twice a day. I have a strong family history of asthma and at the beginning of every winter, for the last 15 years, I was required to use inhalers. There would be at least one or two instances of a chest infection. I would have to take antibiotics for ten days. But in the winter of 2005, I did not have any chest infection nor did I take any inhalers.

I shared this experience with Guruji, who said, "You have been blessed. There is no need for any medicines for your asthma." I had not talked of my illness to Guruji nor did I pray to him silently to cure it. I was surprised—to say the least. The only change that happened to our routine were regular visits on Thursdays and Sundays to Guruji's at Empire Estate, where we received his blessings.

And his blessings continued to shower on us. Our daughter Rijuta was studying in the US. She was completing her graduation in cognitive neurosciences and cognitive psychology from Rice University, Houston. Even though she had got admission to her PhD

at Rice University, she was not keen on continuing her studies there. She wanted to explore research prospects at the best places in the US such as MIT and Stanford University. We, as parents, thought her desire was impractical not only because of her visa status but also because she had little time to find a placement as a researcher and that too at prestigious institutions. Smita, her mother, was worried.

Once when Guruji enquired about Rijuta, I mentioned Smita's concern to him. Guruji immediately said, "Why are you worried about her? Everything will be fine." He then asked me when I was going to the US. I was in fact planning a trip to be present in Houston for her graduation in May 2006. It was at that time when we visited Rijuta. And both of us were witness to the series of events that happened as a result of Guruji's blessing. Now, Rijuta is pursuing her research at the Department of Brain and Cognitive Sciences at MIT in Boston.

After having been to Guruji, we are trying to understand the various events and experiences of devotees that we have heard about as well as those we ourselves have experienced. What is that we experience with Guruji? The healing power of prayer which the sangat listens to, the power of connectivity, the prasad in the form of langar we have everyday, the personal blessings of Guruji to everybody... All experiences rejuvenate physical health: no matter how tired one is before, after the satsang, everyone is refreshed enough to start a new day even at late in the evening. Most importantly, there is no discrimination. Every one is equal in Guruji's durbar—rich or poor, prime minister or peon, man or woman, villager or city-dweller, Indian or foreigner. There are no rituals or restrictions to be followed. And nothing is expected in return from the satsangis; only total surrender. Have faith in Guruji—and faith is nothing else but belief without reason!

Guruji is guiding all of us to be better persons and evolve as better human beings. To give one instance, many of us have experienced that our ego has started dissolving after coming to Guruji. Our attitudes are changing. We look at the same events from different perspectives and in the process gain peace of mind—thus differentiating between our need and our greed. Guruji has reinstituted our faith in doing good deeds. We are fortunate to be Guruji's disciples. We have also realized "the values we live by are worth more when we pass them



Light of Divinity

on.” In our own humble way, we are sharing our experiences with friends and colleagues. Our journey is continuing. We owe all this to Guru kripa—Guruji’s blessings.

*—Satsang of Dr. Chandrakant S. Pandav, Professor and Head of
the Centre for Community Medicine, AIIMS, New Delhi.*



He took command of our lives

I LIVE in Jal Vayu Towers, Sector 56, Gurgaon, and the following is a humble attempt on my part to share mine and my family's experiences under Guruji's sharan. During this period, we have watched our own lives transform for the better just through a simple nod from Guruji. We have now come to realize that our beloved Guruji is Lord Shiva himself and there is nothing beyond Guruji's powers. He is full of kindness, love and ever willing to shower blessings upon all those who come in his sharan. We now exist and enjoy life within the security umbrella of Guruji, our Lord, and Master of the Universe.

How it all started for us

My daughter Shubha had been suffering from asthma and eczema since the age of two. She had been enduring the maladies for nearly 15 years, when one of my friends asked me to seek Guruji's blessings in early 2000. She, however, did not agree to take us to Guruji. At that time we were staying at Kalkaji. One day in the month of August 2000, while driving past Empire Estate, Sultanpur, I remembered the reference of my friend and told my wife about Guruji. At the same time, I promised to visit Guruji once I managed to shift to Gurgaon.

At that time we were trying to dispose of our Gurgaon flat because of our inability to manage the funds to pay the instalments. My father was staying at the only other residential property in Ghaziabad, so he could not be expected to fund the Gurgaon flat's purchase.

Unexpectedly, within about 15 days of my promise to visit Guruji, my father asked my elder brother to purchase the Ghaziabad house from me. This allowed father to stay on in that house and I got the requisite funds by September 2000 to settle outstanding dues against the Gurgaon flat. Our shifting to Gurgaon was now cleared of all obstacles.

On 16 September 2000, there was a sudden aggravation in the skin condition of my daughter. And it lasted for about four months. As a result, she missed her eleventh half-yearly exams. Homoeopathic treatment continued as before. Her condition gradually improved and by January 2001, her skin was nearly clear except for some marks. On 26 January 2001, we shifted to our Gurgaon flat. Somehow I was sure even at that time that Guruji had a role in my shift to Gurgaon and the remarkable improvement in Shubha's skin condition. So I promptly decided to seek Guruji's blessings at Empire Estate.

I randomly selected the date of 17 February 2001. It turned out to be Maha Shivratri and on advice from people at Empire Estate, I landed at the Bade Mandir in the Bhatti Mines area. I had Guruji's darshan. I had the feeling that this was the guru I had been searching for all my life.

Due to her sickness, Shubha had failed in her Class XI exams and was asked to repeat the year despite being a brilliant student. I decided to move her to another school to avoid her any embarrassment. At the same time I prayed to Guruji to help us. She was admitted to Class XI in Gurgaon with a switch from the science to the commerce stream. Most unexpectedly, the principal agreed to re-examine her and promised to promote her to Class XII in case she scored above 80 per cent. She was given two months (during the summer break) for preparing for the new subjects. We prayed to Guruji, and Shubha prepared for the tests. With Guruji's blessings, she managed to score the required marks and was put in Class XII.

The principal was under no obligation to do this, we did not know her and she asked for no favours in return. This was Guruji's way

of showing us that he is with us at all times and takes care of our problems even if we never mention them to him.

In November 2001, Guruji went to Punjab. I continued my weekly visits to Empire Estate regardless. Around March 2002, I saw Guruji in my dream telling me to come to Empire Estate only on 14 April 2002. I shared this with my wife and did not visit Empire Estate in between. On 14 April, I went to Empire Estate and was pleasantly surprised to find Guruji there. I came to know that Guruji had returned from Punjab on the evening of 13 April and this was the first sangat being held at Empire Estate after his return. Other devotees from the sangat later told me that Guruji's dream is real. My faith in Guruji strengthened even further, and we started looking forward to seeing him in our dreams.

I had been trying to change my job since August 2003 without success. I was selected in the interview but for one reason or another, the change in job never happened. Neither did my company settle for an alternative. Finally, I mustered courage and spoke to Guruji in September 2005 about this interview and sought his blessings. His first response was: "*Tu paise da ki karega; tu mere kol aa ja (What will you do with money? You come to me.)*" A devotee, Mr. Singla, told him that I have two daughters to marry off, and he smiled and said: "*Ja te fir paise kama le (Go, then you can earn money.)*" It did not take me more than one week thereafter to get a call from the MNC, which promptly offered me the new position. Without being told, Guruji was aware of the new job and the salary that I was drawing.

Father cured of multiple health problems

My father is 79 years old. Towards July 2005, he was diagnosed with prostate cancer. He underwent surgery and started receiving medical treatment. While this was going on, he suffered a heart attack and underwent an angioplasty soon thereafter. These twin problems created an emergency that was getting out of control, as despite all medications, his prostate condition relapsed after three months. At this time, I requested him to seek Guruji's blessings. Till then, he did not believe in Guruji and never came for darshan. He agreed and came to Guruji at Empire Estate towards end-2005.

We never mentioned his problems to Guruji in person. Thereafter, he continued to recite *Om Namah Shivay* in front of Guruji's photograph at home. Slowly, all his medication was withdrawn and all his test results related to the prostate and the heart came normal. His health improved beyond expectation. He even made sure that he attended all major functions at Bade Mandir.

-Satsang of Commander (retd.) R.K. Sharma



Guruji's grace, in the school of life

MY FIRST visit to Guruji's sangat was on my 21st birthday. My father, Commander R.K. Sharma, had been going for Guruji's darshan for quite some time but my mother, my two younger sisters and I had never accompanied him till then. On my twenty-first birthday, I don't know why, but I felt like taking his blessings.

I had always been an average student. After scoring just about 64 per cent in my Class XII boards, I could not get admission to any of the 'good' DU colleges in the science stream. My father enrolled me into the BCA program of Indira Gandhi National Open University. Little did I know that the first-attempt pass-out percentage of IGNOU for its BCA-MCA degrees was only 3 per cent, that is, three in 100 students pass in their first attempt. With Guruji's blessings, in spite of being an average student, I cleared not only my BCA degree but also my MCA degree on the first attempt. If this was not enough, I even managed to clear a two-year NIIT course with an excellent score along with my graduation and was able to manage one and a half years of work experience as a software developer along with my post-graduation. Who would have thought that a girl like me could cope with so much of pressure and hard work? But I managed it and it all happened with Guruji's blessings.

Soon the whole family started going to Guruji's sangat for his darshan religiously. After completing my MCA, I desperately needed a new job. So once my exams got over, we all visited Guruji for his darshan. My mother prayed to Guruji for a good job for me with a

starting salary of Rs. 10,000. I don't know why she prayed for Rs. 10,000. That is the exact figure that I got as a stipend when I got a job. When I asked her she said that is what came to her mind at that point of time and she prayed for it. In December 2002, my exams were over and on Jan 5, I joined my new job.

When I was called for an interview by the same company, the manager realized that I did not fit the job criteria. They were wondering how they could have given me an interview call when my qualifications were different. But they decided to interview me in any case for another vacancy that suited me. I finally landed the job. When I turned 23, my parents decided that it was time for me to get married. My parents started checking matrimonial ads. There was one Faridabad-based family my parents were keen on and they decided to visit them over a weekend. We had received another bio-data of a boy living in Faridabad, but as the bio-data was not very descriptive my parents decided to give it a miss. Just as they were leaving to meet the first boy's family, the second boy's father called up. My parents still could not make up their mind but since we had received a call from them and my parents were going to Faridabad they decided to drop in at the second boy's house (now my husband), too. It all worked out fine in the end with Guruji's blessings.

In 2004, Guruji gave me an early-morning dream darshan and said that after two years we would go abroad. At that point I really didn't want to go abroad and I never thought that I would be happy about it ever. Two years later when the time came, the scenario was different from what it was when Guruji had told me that I would be going abroad. Surprisingly, I am actually happy about the development. In fact, our shift to Germany was planned for September 2006—exactly two years after I had Guruji's dream!

There are many more experiences apart from the ones shared above. When I was being interviewed over the phone for a job in Germany (which didn't go too well) I got Guruji's reassuring fragrance for a few seconds. I immediately got the message: there is nothing to worry about, Guruji is watching over me and all my loved ones.

—Satsang of Jaya Sharma

Becoming a follower of the source of peace

I CAME in contact with Guruji after my marriage to Jaya, and I got the opportunity to have his darshan on his birthday in 2003. My wife's family was devoted to Guruji. I went with them to seek his blessings on his birthday. After that we came home. But he held some attraction for me and I went to his sangat after some time.

I found the sangat to be a source of peace. Even before Guruji came and sat in front of us there was a feeling of peace in my heart. Everybody was sitting silently, mostly with folded hands, some with closed eyes and some even following the bhajans, which were going on in the background. In spite of about a hundred people in that place, everything looked perfectly balanced.

When Guruji came we all stood in respect and then sat down in front of him. Everything became the same as it was before. I was trying to look at him but there was a certain energy coming out of him such that I could not look continuously at him. I gave up and went back to sitting with my eyes closed. It was very relaxing and peaceful. Sometimes he spoke to the sangat and even joked with them. Since then I have become a follower of that source of peace.

Almost a year went by and I had two things in mind: to get a good and more paying job and to find a good match for my sister. During

those days, once I had a dream in which I (along with my in-laws) was sitting in an ashram with Guruji and he gave me a shivalinga. I discussed this dream with Jaya and she said that Guruji has blessed us. With Guruji's kripa, after some time I got a wonderful job. I went to him after getting the offer letter of my new job and also told him about my concerns as regards finding a good match for my sister. After hearing me, He said, "Mauj kar (Be carefree)." These words were enough for me to understand that everything will fall in place and Guruji is taking care of everything. In the meantime, I also became the father of a son. After some time, we also found a nice match for my sister, who is now happily married.

Now, with Guruji's blessing I am happy and enjoying my life with my family. I got a job offer from Germany. This again is Guruji's wish, which he made clear to my wife Jaya in her dream two years ago, when we had never thought of going out of the country.

— *Satsang of Rajesh*



Many miraculous years with Guruji

I HAVE been lucky to be associated with Guruji since November 1984. Since then a spate of miracles have blessed my life (too many for all of them to be written here), as also touched the lives of many friends and acquaintances. I am recounting some of these satsangs here. I first met Guruji when my wife's left shoulder ligament was torn in a scooter incident. We came to know that a great saint was residing in Chandigarh and even the doctors of the prestigious PGI were referring terminal cancer cases to him. We went to him. Since then our experiences span nearly 22 years of being at the mahapurush's feet.

We went to Guruji at 4 am and he held my hand for a long time. It felt as if nectar was flowing through my body. Guruji then told me that I was wearing an *ek mukhi rudraksh* (one-mouthed rudraksh). He also said that there was a shivalinga on it, which I stoutly denied. He asked me to show the rudraksh, which I did. He held the rudraksh and made a gesture to suggest that he was looking at it intently. Then he said, "*Here it is.*" And sure enough there was a shivalinga embedded on it. It has been there ever since.

Rudraksh cure for me...

I had been suffering from amoebiasis, which is characterized by acute diarrhoea, for two years. Guruji gave me amrit (divine nectar)

and asked me to go back to my residence. I could not go the office that day as I went to the toilet at least 24 times. In the evening, Guruji rang me up and asked about my health. I told him it was very bad. Guruji took a contrarian view: it was good, he said, that all the diseases are going out. The next morning, I felt that I had been fully cured and informed Guruji. He told me that the disease has not been cured and will be cured the next day. He also asked me to come to him. When I reached his place, he touched his rudraksh and a spoon on my belly. I felt an electric shock go through the spot and fell. He only smiled and said: “*Now it has gone.*” The disease, electrocuted, has not returned since then.

...and my wife is healed, too

To cure my wife, Bably, he came to our house on a Saturday evening. Three chapattis made of black lentil (*urad daal*) were prepared under his instructions. One half of a roti was torn and I was asked to flush it down the commode. He murmured something while placing the rest of the rotis on Bably's shoulder and then handed them over to me. He said these should be fed to a black dog. I was aghast. It was 9 pm and in the spick and span cantonment stray dogs, that too black, would be tough to find. I voiced my doubts. Guruji quietly told me to go to the ground floor. I was astonished to find a black stray dog near the foot of the stairs. Bably was cured that very moment.

One day Guruji had come to my house while many guests were present. My wife had kept a bowl of almonds. Suddenly he took a handful of almonds and started distributing them, saying take walnut, pistachio, cardamom... the almonds were miraculously transformed into the dry fruits that he called out.

Removing a handicap

One of the jawans with me, Naik Anandan, was badly injured during an obstacle course and his vertebra was severely damaged. The soldier was treated, but was to be boarded out of the army, as he was permanently handicapped. I took him to Guruji at 4 in the morning. As I requested Guruji to cure him, Guruji replied: “*Shall I cure him? Who is going to eat up his sins? He will be born handicapped in the next life.*” I was puzzled but nevertheless requested him to burn

the soldier's sins by the fire of his tapas (his spiritual energy). Guruji smiled and directed Anandan to lie down. He then touched him and assumed a ferocious stance—as if he was rebuking someone. On the ground, the soldier was whimpering and I was getting baffled. After a while, he directed Anandan to get up and asked him to remove all the braces he was wearing. He told me: *"It will not go in one day; bring him again on the third day."*

The next day as I was going for PT in the morning, Anandan was doing bend-stretches on the barrack's verandah, as if showing me his strength. I immediately ordered him to stop, but he told me that there was no pain. He felt that his body was fully cured. I told him not to divulge these serious matters till Guruji saw him again on the appointed day.

On the third day we again went to Guruji, who called me near him and pointed to Anandan as an example of a person who had just been delivered from the clutches of the planet Saturn. Anandan had become fair and youthful and must have lost about 13/14 kg. I looked at Anandan and saw these changes had indeed come about. Guruji then asked Anandan what had happened after he had touched him. Anandan replied that he had not slept since then. Guruji immediately took a tea spoon and touched it to his thymus gland. He then directed me to take him to the barracks and let him sleep without any interruption. I had hardly got out of Guruji's place, when Anandan's head came to rest on my shoulder. With the help of the driver we took him inside the vehicle. Anandan slept for three days at a stretch and was fully cured. During the routine medical check-up, the doctor was surprised and a board of medical officers declared him fit for all army duties.

Feelers from a dead wife

Col. D.R.P. Chowdhury, a widower, used to stay opposite our quarters in Chandimandir. One day, Guruji went to his house and pointing to a photo of a lady, asked him who she was. Col. Chowdhury replied that she was his wife, long snatched away by fate, never to return. Guruji said: *"She is here. Do you want to see?"* We were puzzled. He then lifted his hand and shifted a little. Suddenly, the photograph started shaking, the table on which the photograph was kept also started shaking. The almirah, cot, everything except the floor was

shaking. Then slowly it subsided. Guruji said: “*Her son is here, you are here, where can she go? She is here.*”

“No need to slap him”

Guruji had come to my house for the evening and a lot of people had come for the sangat. Col. Chowdhury was trying to get my attention. We went to a room and he told me that he had told his teenaged son Tiltu to come to my quarters and offer his pranam to the great saint. Tiltu, however, had replied that his age was for listening to music; going to saints was for his father. Col. Chowdhury could not control his anger and had slapped him. He then asked me to pacify his son. I told him that I would go in when the iron was cold. Both of us came back to the drawing room and sat close to Guruji, as if nothing had happened.

Guruji immediately looked at Col. Chowdhury and said: “*The son has grown up; what was the need to slap him?*” At that very moment, Tiltu entered the room and bowed to Guruji!

Mind-reading games

Earlier, Guruji used to give a glass of amrit to everybody. Only one glass was authorized per person and I had had my quota. Once I was sitting very close to Guruji and suddenly I thought: if Guruji gives me another glass, I shall know for certain that he is reading my mind. Guruji was giving the glass of amrit to someone else, but he stopped and gave it to me. After about 15 minutes, I dismissed it as a coincidence. If he now gives me the third glass, I shall be sure he is reading my mind, I thought to myself. He stopped, gestured towards me and gave me the amrit saying, “*Have this amrit yourself.*”

Earlier no one could touch Guruji; hence the people used to pranam to him from a distance. Once I sat near him and was thinking that I was indeed lucky to have met him in my life, but I would be very lucky if I was allowed to touch his feet. He glanced at me for a second just then. The next afternoon he came to my house and desired to rest on my bed. I was delighted and took him to my bedroom. He then asked me if I had clarified butter (*ghee*) in my house. I said yes and he told me to massage his feet with it. By then I

had forgotten what I had prayed for the day before. After about half an hour, he asked me if he could leave now. It dawned on me that he had come only to fulfil my desire.

Twenty-twenty vision at 42

When I was around 42 years of age, I found that my near vision was getting hazy. I went to Guruji and requested him to cure my eyesight. He told me that my eye was following nature's rule. I insisted that he improve my eyesight.

He smiled and told me to lie down. He flashed a match near my eyes and then poured some water with a spoon after murmuring something. Instantly, I started seeing everything crystal clear. He then told me that his remedy would work for two years; thereafter nature would take its course. Later, I was posted to Guwahati. One day, my near vision seemed blurred. I referred to the diary where I had written down the date when Guruji had cured my eyes—exactly two years ago.

The speech my kin didn't give

When I was in Chandimandir, my brother-in-law, who was terrified of speaking in public, rang us up from Ranchi and requested that we approach Guruji to cancel his forthcoming lecture to army officers on electronic warfare. We took his photograph and went to Guruji at 4 in the morning. As soon as we entered Guruji's room, he smiled and said, "*Did you get a letter or trunk call from your brother-in-law; the coward, what does he want?*" We narrated the problem. Guruji told us to sit down and continued to attend to other problems.

Time was passing by, so we requested him to do something. He just motioned to us to wait. Suddenly at 8.05 am, he asked for the photo. He brushed his fingers over it and said: "*I have transferred the problem; the lecture will now be given by a non-Hindu.*" We came back. In the evening a trunk call from my brother-in-law confirmed that the lecture would now be given by a Muslim officer of the army. We asked him when the decision had been changed. It was at 8.05 am exactly, he said.

Healing: cold to uncommon maladies

An orderly had been assigned to me to replace the one who had gone on leave. The new orderly was having a sex change problem. Our subedar major was worried and I was worried. How would he now stay in the jawan's barracks? Guruji had come to our house around this time and I requested him to cure this boy. Guruji asked: “Where do you get these patients from?” I replied: “Guruji, he is destined by fate to be cured and hence he has come to me.” Guruji placed a spoon at his back and the jawan was cured.

Once I was running a fever and was basking in the sun on the roof. Guruji came to our house at about 3 in the afternoon and asked about my condition. I had a running nose, a headache, fever, and a foul taste in my mouth. He directed my wife to call a doctor. Col. Chowdhury immediately came with a thermometer. He told Guruji that my temperature was 103 degrees Fahrenheit. Guruji anxiously asked the doctor how I could be cured. Col. Chowdhury replied that with medicines a cure would be effected in 48 hours; otherwise it may take three days.

Guruji then asked my wife to get a spoon, some common salt, and a little water. These were brought. Guruji then took a little salt and water in the spoon, murmured something and asked me to raise my head. He poured the concoction down my nose...

...I felt as if everything inside was about to come out. I rushed to the toilet and a lot of fluid came out through my nose. I washed my face and came out within 30 seconds. Guruji then asked the doctor to take my temperature again. It was 97.5 degrees Fahrenheit. He asked me if I still had a running nose, headache or a foul taste in my mouth. Quickly healed, I gratefully replied to all in the negative.

Touched with a rose

Once during the middle of January 1985, Guruji announced that on 25 January, on my wife Bably's birthday, he would come to my house in the evening. Lots of people came to our house that day. Some ladies were giving their shawls to Guruji for making them fragrant! Guruji was wearing the shawls just once and saying “*The fragrance will remain for a week or for 15 days or for a day*” as the case may be to different ladies. I had given him a military blanket and asked him

how long the fragrance would remain. He smiled and said it will last for a year, and it was so.

Enjoying Guruji's grace in Dehradun

I was in Dehradun and had had no contact with Guruji for the past three years. Suddenly, one night I had excruciating pain in my ears. Both my eardrums burst. The next morning I went to an ENT specialist. He informed me that both my ear drums had been totally damaged. In fact, he gave the message in writing since I could not hear a thing. The doctor said the army doctors will do an ear-drum transplant, but that 95 per cent of these failed. Therefore, he added, I should be mentally prepared for being boarded out of the army.

The same night a Sikh gentleman came to my house. He said that Guruji had sent him from Jalandhar with a bottle of amrit, as Guruji knew that I had become deaf. After I had taken the amrit for four or five days, my ear drums re-formed and I could hear fully. The doctors were baffled.

While I was still in Dehradun, the government sanctioned in 1988 a loan for the purchase of a car. I was in a dilemma about where should I buy the car from—Dehradun, Delhi or Kolkata. A trunk call came from Col. Chowdhury (now Brig Chowdhury) posted at Delhi. He said that Guruji had entered his office like a storm and said: “*Chatterjee is now at Dehradun and is worried about the purchase of his car. Tell him that the car is waiting at Chandigarh.*” He went out immediately. Brig. Chowdhury ran behind him. There was a long corridor, but Guruji could not be seen. Thinking that Guruji must have come to Delhi, Brig. Chowdhury rang up the Jalandhar residence where Guruji used to stay. Brig Chowdhury asked where Guruji was in Delhi so that he could go and have his darshan. The man answering the call said that Guruji had never gone anywhere and was sitting and smiling right in front of him. I bought the car from Chandigarh. It ran perfectly till I sold it in 2006.

After 13 years, I come to Guruji

I had retired and was in Ahmedabad in 1998. I had had no contact with Guruji for about 13 years. During June of 1998, I found it increasingly difficult to sleep. My wife advised me to locate Guruji

and go to him. After making many inquiries, I found that Guruji had moved from Chandigarh to Jalandhar, from Jalandhar to Panchkula and from Panchkula to Delhi. I got his address.

My neighbour Mr. Kiritbhai was also keen to meet Guruji and along with him we reserved berths in the Rajdhani for 10 July, to reach Delhi on 11 July. I rang up Guruji's place in Delhi on 9 July to say that I was coming to Delhi. Someone picked up the phone and enquired if I was Col. Chatterjee speaking from Ahmedabad. He also said that since today was Guru Purnima, Guruji was in paath, but had predicted that Col. Chatterjee would ring up at 7 pm from Ahmedabad. Through this person, Guruji indicated that he was aware I was coming and wanted me to come at 6 pm on 11 July. Kiritbhai was obviously puzzled.

We reached Delhi and I bought a thick book on history knowing that I would not be able to sleep at night. Thinking that Guruji was my own, I decided to go and meet him at 3 pm. We reached Sultanpur at about 4 pm and a strange thing happened. We were not able to locate Empire Estate. After some time I understood the problem, Guruji had asked us to come at 6 pm while we were there at 4 pm. I then told Kiritbhai that I had understood the problem, and I would now use a strong remedy. I got down from the car and prayed to Guruji saying, "Enough is enough, please call us now." Immediately, a boy came running and told us: "For a long time, your car is neither going here nor there; where do you want to go?" He then showed us the entrance gate to Empire Estate (just beside the main road; it can hardly be missed).

As we reached E-Villa, Guruji embraced me and said: "*After many years, you have come to me. You have not slept for 21 days, tonight you will sleep. Have langar here.*"

We went back to the hotel after having langar and I started reading the history tome. Soon I felt that someone was burning incense in the next room. A wonderful fragrance wafted into our room and I fell asleep immediately. Next day I again came to Guruji and while massaging his feet, I told him: "Guruji, earlier there used to be a fragrance all over near you, now it is mild." He immediately replied: "*Why, did you not smell it at the hotel yesterday when I came to make you sleep?*" *My insomnia had been cured.*

During the same time, November of 1999, when I had come from Ahmedabad to meet Guruji in Delhi, he told me, "You will come to

me.” I had an interview at Siemens and I came a day before to Delhi. When I told him about the interview, he told me that I had already been selected and gave me particulars of the salary I would get. Of course, I got the same amount.

The langar and prasad cures

For a few months in 2006, my right ring finger was not bending and there was immense pain. The doctors told me the sleeve of the ligament had dried up and was incurable. They advised me to take painkillers. I narrated the problem to Guruji and he ordered me to remove all the rings, with precious stones, I wore on my hands. The very next day my finger was cured, but then the left ring finger started paining. After a few days I told Guruji of the problem, and he told me to dip the finger in hot water. Thinking that he may not heal me at that time, I requested him to cure me. He then told me to have langar. After having three langars, it was cured.

Sometime in 2000, I found in the morning that my left hand had no sensation and I could not move it. It was paralyzed. The same evening I went to the sangat and when Guruji was distributing prasad, I told him about the problem. A little forcefully he told me to take the prasad and have it outside. As soon as I ate the prasad, I felt a tingling sensation in my paralyzed hand. He again gave me prasad and I ate it. Now I could move my fingers and the hand. He gave me prasad for the third time and mobility was restored to my hand within 15 minutes!

Cure for baldness

My wife was getting bald from the front. For three years, all her efforts to stem baldness – aloe vera shampoos, Arnica Plus, Shahnaz Hussain – had been in vain. When I came to Delhi, I told Guruji about the problem. He immediately said, “Bably Auntie,” waved a hand and then said: “*Hat gayaa, it will take some time.*” Within a week, fresh hair had covered the affected area and she was soon cured.

In 2003 I started to have urinary problems. Finally, the doctors advised a prostate gland operation. I was attending Guruji’s sangat and mentally told him, “Please cure me.” He immediately raised his

right hand above his head and did some mudra, the thumb rubbing the index finger. I felt he had done something for me but was confused. I then prayed, “If this is for me, then Guruji, please look at me.” He did so and I was convinced. Next day on I was cured.

Bringing rains for me in Kolkata

During the end of April 2007, I had to go to Kolkata. After langar, I wanted to take permission from Guruji and request him to keep Kolkata airconditioned during my stay. But he angrily told me, “*Leave your job and come to me.*” I could not say anything. Later he told Gayatri that he had sent rains in Kolkata for Chatterjee. I boarded the Rajdhani on Friday evening and rang up my relative at Kolkata. He told me it was raining cats and dogs. Throughout my nine-day stay there, it was either cloudy or drizzling. When I returned to Delhi, Guruji smiled at me and said: “Was it raining in Kolkata?” I told him, “*Apne mereko itna jorse daant dia ki main apko bol nahi paya tha. Lekin aap ne dayaa kar ke man ki baat sun li* (you were so angry with me that I could not ask you; however you took pity on me and knew what was in my heart).” He said “*Jaa aish kar.*”

Divine gifts

Once in Chandigarh, Guruji, upon meeting a lady closely related to a chief minister, raised his hand and manifested a gold ear-top and gave it to her. But the lady complained, “What am I going to do with one ear-top?” Guruji again raised his hand and manifested a second gold ear-top. The lady continued to complain: “Guruji the designs are not the same.” Guruji then said, “*I cannot do anything; Shivji has given whatever he has given.*”

Once after langar, when the sangat had thinned out at Empire Estate, we sat down around Guruji. He asked Mr. Harminster Singh, director of Siemens, “*Have you heard the experiences of Chatterjee?*” He replied in the negative and I was asked to narrate my experiences. After a while, Guruji became stiff and red in colour. Suddenly, he raised his hand and a damru-like thing came into his hand from nowhere. He immediately gave it to Maneka Gandhi and became still like a statue in the namaskar mudra. After a while he said, “*Lets*

see *what Shivji has given.*” He broke open the damru-like thing and a khoya type of prasad was found. He distributed it to everyone and yet there was some left. He gave it to Maneka and said, “*Do not keep it in the fridge; it will never spoil.*”

– Satsang of Lt. Col. (retd.) D.S. Chatterjee, executive with
Siemens



You are my Lord, father and mother

IT WAS a warm Saturday evening of May 2002 and the atmosphere was buzzing with excitement. We were going on an excursion with Guruji to Ramgarh, a place around 21 km from the hill station of Nainital, where a devotee had a resort. Everything was in readiness. Luggage had been packed; two buses and a few cars were stationed outside the Empire Estate gate. On Guruji's signal, the sangat got inside the buses, with Guruji himself getting into one of them. There was a brief scramble, as devotees tried to get into the bus Guruji was travelling in. Then, the buses roared and the trip was on.

We were at Ramgarh at about 2 pm the following day. After washing up and having lunch, we sat down in the resort's garden waiting for Guruji to come out. Waiting with us were devotees from the surrounding areas who had come to know of Guruji's presence.

In Nainital, couple blessed with child

One of the devotees, who had come from Nainital, was about to bow in front of Guruji when he said: "*You have three wives and you want a child.*" The devotee, Nassar, was stunned that the Satguru knew his personal details. He had been married for 15 years but none of his wives had been able to conceive. Nassar continued coming for Guruji's darshan everyday along with his wife. After a few days, Nassar came alone, prompting Guruji to ask him where his wife was. Guruji was told that she was unwell, with stomach pain and

headaches. Guruji rubbished this interpretation, telling Nassar that there was nothing wrong with her and that she had conceived.

His words came true as two months after the excursion Nassar sent a message around the time of Guruji's birthday—which falls on 7 July—that doctors had confirmed his wife's pregnancy. Fifteen years of infertility had been dismissed at the Mahapurush's very first darshan. In February 2003, Nassar was blessed with a boy and came on Shivratri to thank Guruji and seek a name for his son. Guruji named the boy Murad, signifying the fulfilment of a wish.

Train journey provides a ticket to health

I was commanding one of the elite commando units of the National Security Guards (NSG) at Manesar (around 40 km from Delhi). Guruji was in Chandigarh in December of 1996 and I got his message to come to Chandigarh for two-three days. I took casual leave and left. At that time, I was suffering from spondylitis and used to have severe pain on the entire right arm, with my right thumb often getting numb.

I reached Chandigarh and stayed there for two days with Guruji, deciding to return by bus to Delhi on Sunday after taking Guruji's permission. The nod was given, but I was told to go by train. I was apprehensive of train travel, that too without reservation and during winter, as it compounded my problem. In an unreserved cabin, the cold could be biting.

An officer dropped me at the Chandigarh railway station and I managed to get a middle berth in a three-tier sleeper compartment. I boarded the train at 2.30 at night and fell asleep immediately. I got up when the train reached New Delhi at a chilly 7.30 in the morning. I had been expecting to endure agonizing pain, but there was none. It has been more than a decade since that day and my spondylitis and its pain has never re-appeared.

It is worth noting that I never mentioned this problem to Guruji nor did he ever say anything to me. I had merely obeyed the Satguru's word or hukm, which signifies the divine will, and the problem had gone away.

The Satguru's divine will, so often benign, can also make a mockery of modern scientific notions of healing. I had been diagnosed with diabetes in 1995 and my sugar level and blood pressure were

shooting up to high levels. This was an area of professional concern for me for the army demanded high levels of fitness.

I approached Guruji with the problem and Guruji blessed a copper tumbler from which I drank water daily. I was also directed to get tests done afresh after a week. During this week, I had my fill of prasad, which was as usual lots of sweets—poison for diabetics. Yet, a week later, the tests were astonishing: every parameter used to check the blood was within the normal limit and my blood pressure was as healthy as a young man's. Thus, even after eating the huge amounts of sweet prasad, sugar levels were kept at an absolutely normal level.

That is because, the langar and prasad given at Guruji's contain amrit, which cures and relieves every ailment. One only needs to accept and consume it with faith or shraddha. It is only when the disciple surrenders and hands himself over to the Satguru then, and only then, does he experience the effect of divinity on his life. There are many ways in which Guruji showers his blessings upon devotees. Often, what Guruji orders may appear weird, but the secret of making the best of it is to accept and act as directed: that is what *surrender* is.

When it rained mercy on my army unit

While I was a group commander of the NSG during 1995-1998, the director general was to inspect the unit. The soldiers worked very hard to get the unit spick and span. The unit road was swept clean of dust and even the leaves of the surrounding trees were brushed up. The tree trunks and the brick-lining bordering the approach road to the unit got a paint of *geru* (terracotta). The entire unit was ready for the inspection and hoping to get a *shabash* ('well done') from the director general.

On D Day, I was driving up from Delhi to Manesar at 7 in the morning. It started raining. Then, it turned torrential. By the time I neared Manesar, I could not help but be dejected. All the labour the unit boys had put in would get washed away. I prayed to Guruji that this not happen. I was amazed as I entered the unit gate. The unit grounds showed no signs of rain. The staff told me that it was raining everywhere—but not on the unit. As for the inspection, it exceeded expectations. The director general said the unit was an example for

other units. But, as soon as the DG left, it started raining in my unit as well. The divine hand was evident.

A devotee's sincere prayer had been enough to bring forth Guruji's grace. I felt as if a divine protective umbrella had been placed over the unit while it rained hard everywhere else. In the evening, when I went to Empire Estate, Guruji remarked on the event, testifying that it was he who had kept the rain from spoiling the show. Guruji takes care of me and my family in every way—as this incident shows. I have no words to thank the One who is above all.

Weight gain through faith

My wife used to be a little thin and try as she might she could not put on weight. In fact, she had not gained weight even when she was with child. Guruji, however, used to repeatedly tell her that he had increased her weight by five to ten kilos. The family could not notice any change in her weight initially. But, after some time she started getting a wholesome rounded-ness to her figure. So much so that her youngest son started calling her *motoo*, or fatso.

Even in this brief working of Guruji's will, it was evident that Guruji has his own ways, methods and time frames to regulate the life-cycle of an individual. As human beings, our vision is myopic. We worry about the near future and about small worldly things. The Omniscient Guru looks beyond the shadow of the past, the narrow present, and the unimaginable future. When he grants us something, it is within the context of a cosmic and not merely an individual perspective. That is why one should develop an attitude of unquestioning surrender towards him. He should put him in the place of his father, mother, beloved and friend and with the distilled essence of his love throw himself at the Satguru's feet.

It is of paramount importance that the disciple does all the tasks the Satguru assigns to him. The results of the deeds, however, should be left to the Satguru. For the Satguru, the only truly illumined person, alone knows what is best for the disciple. And his compassion knows no bounds, extending equally to the disciples as to their near and dear ones. I feel Guruji is like Lord Shiva, who drank up the poison that came out when the ocean was being churned for its treasures by the gods and the demons. Guruji also drains the poison from his disciples' lives.

Not even those you most dearly love and cherish can take your pain even if they wish to relieve you of suffering. Your father, mother, friends, relatives, children, none of them can do so. The Satguru can even bestow life on you and only he can be truly yours. A stanza from the *Ramcharita Manas* puts it aptly:

*“More prabhu tum guru, pitu, mata,
Jaaun kahan tazi pad jal jata.”*

*My Lord you are my Guru, father and mother
Where else can I find solace but at your feet?*

My niece is cured of depression

My niece Bhavna who lives in Jaipur was in very bad shape. She had been admitted to a local hospital and was in the D1 list. My sister called me up while I was driving to Guruji's at Empire Estate. She was in tears, but I had no opportunity to tell Guruji of the problem.

After most devotees had left, Guruji sat down in the hall and began saying that he was not feeling well. I felt that since Guruji was unwell, he should not be told anything. But I was surprised when he started describing Bhavna's symptoms to me. He told me to get a particular medicine from the All India Institute of Medicine, New Delhi. It was one o'clock at night and I returned in an hour with the medicines in hand. Guruji told me to throw these in the dustbin and asked me to take my wife to Jaipur for a day and return.

In the morning, I rang up my sister and learnt that Bhavna was a little better and would be discharged by evening. Though her problems had disappeared, Bhavna was still depressed. The next day, my wife left for Jaipur. As soon as she met Bhavna, Bhavna became cheerful and got over her depression. The change was there for all to see. Subsequently, my entire circle of close family members and relatives felt Guruji's blessings on their lives.

Guruji is a Mahapurush, a divine being. When I would take a walk along with Guruji, the Mahapurush's divine body would exude a rosy fragrance from the sole of his shoes. If you sat in the sangat hall with him and surrendered yourself to him, your body would start exuding the fragrance. Such is the effect of his aura; so great is the gap between mortals and their immortal guru. The Satguru is, as

these experiences show, omniscient. His presence is felt at a number of places at any instant of time. He repeats the conversations which a husband has with his wife when the couple is miles away from his physical presence. One finds that the sacred literature of this country is but a brief commentary on his oceanic being. As a stanza from the Ramcharit Manas says:

*“Binu Pag Chalahin Sunahin Binu Kana,
Kar Binu Karam Kare vidhi Nana.”*

*Walks without legs, hears without ears
Works without hands: the Lord does all.*

– Satsang of Col. (retd) S.K. Joshi, senior executive with Reliance Infocomm



Just touch his feet

WE HAD our first darshan of Guruji in February of 1999 after Chandigarh Chief Supervisor Mr. Gill directed us to him. I received Guruji's blessings immediately. I had severe pain in my lower abdomen and feet. Medicines were not effective; I was very uncomfortable. Just after I touched Guruji's feet, I felt a healing current run through my body. After taking prasad from his hands I realized my pain had disappeared. Soon, I was normal enough to visit Guruji's every fortnight, as he had advised.

I also brought my son, who was aggressive and disobedient to Guruji. With Guruji's blessings, he transformed into an affectionate person and is always eager to have Guruji's blessings. He met with a serious car accident. The vehicle was damaged, but he was saved by Guruji.

Once, as directed by Guruji, we went to Chandigarh to attend a marriage. There Guruji advised us to visit Mr. Gill's house, where the Satguru had stayed for a few hours the same day. The room where he had stayed in was filled with his rosy fragrance and we had Guruji's fulfilling darshan through his photo. Shri Guru Nanak Devji's face clearly appeared on the photo's head and blessed us. On another occasion, I was fortunate to see Lord Shiva's *Nag Devta*—the serpent god—in Guruji's glass of water.

Retirement troubles

In 2001, my husband was in trouble in his office and was being harassed both by his juniors and seniors. With Guruji's blessings those officers who were troubling him were transferred. When he was nearing retirement in 2003, trouble cropped up again. Some of his colleagues were bent on not letting him retire peacefully. False charges were framed against him. These upset him a great deal as substantial retirement benefits were involved. He prayed to Guruji. All charges were withdrawn, and he got all the benefits and the pension.

My children are blessed

My daughter was weak in studies and was not keen on studying. But after she received Guruji's blessings, she took up an LLB (honours) course. In her first year, she obtained a first-class record. My son is an electronics engineer who works for Patni Computers. Just after he joined the company, he was sent to the US for training and got a visa for 10 years with Guruji's blessings. Our family is blessed and Guruji is always with us. If we are not able to come to Guruji, he comes in our dreams to bless us.

– Satsang of Mrs. Deepa Singh



Headed for a crash, he remembered Guruji...

MR. DEEPAK Gupta was once on some work at Bade Mandir during preparations for Guruji's birthday in 2005. He got a call from a devotee to deliver a bag (which the latter had forgotten) at the Chattarpur mandir turning, around 10 km from Bade Mandir.

The bag was required urgently; Deepak was driving at more than 100 km/hr. It was raining heavily and the road was wet. Three to four km before Chattarpur mandir, on a sharp turn, Deepak found a tempo blocking the way. He could not get past nor could he stop. He hit the brakes, and just before the crash, closed his eyes and remembered Guruji...bang...bang...bang...a few shocks and he opened his eyes. His car had crossed the tempo and was in neutral gear with the ignition off. The tempo driver was staring at him; there was no space on either side of the tempo for the car to have passed by.

Deepak was mystified. After delivering the bag, he returned to Bade Mandir. He asked someone to check his car, because he had heard those bangs. Surprisingly, the car had no damage, no defect and no signs of an accident. He had escaped a sure accident in a very mysterious fashion.

– Satsang, as narrated, of Deepak Gupta

My quest for a puran guru

EVER SINCE I knew my own mind, I had an inner urge to have the darshan of my guru. I could always feel the presence of a guru, but could not see him. When faced with adversity, I remembered him and right from childhood, a divine protective power manifested itself and helped me.

How I met Guruji

My husband and I were at Chandimandir. It so happened that an army officer's daughter was unwell. I asked her to be sent home so that I could examine her. I diagnosed viral hepatitis, gave her some medicines and sent her home. Later in the day I met the daughter's father and asked her how she was. Imagine my surprise when he said she was absolutely fine since Guruji had come to his home. I complained that he had never mentioned his Guruji to me before and asked him to call me whenever Guruji happened to come next.

He did so. I rushed into the officer's home to find Guruji sitting in the couple's room. He identified me instantaneously, saying: "*Come, Dr. Sahib, daughter of Dr. Bhagwan Dass and Leelawati.*" He had told me my parents' names; I knew he was my guru. I was on top of the world. The very next day, I was given *diksha* (initiation) at his temple. There was no looking back; and his grace started flowing.

Saviour of our souls

We were saved from many fatalities. Before I had met Guruji, I could, as I have said, feel his protection. Once when I was driving in Srinagar, a car—driven by an army officer I instantly recognized—came right in front. I swerved to avoid a collision, my car heading for a culvert. My vehicle stopped with its rear quarters perched on the road. And it stayed there, three fourths of it hanging off the road. The officer came out of his car and told me my brakes had failed. I could only thank God for saving me.

Later, when the divine protective power was revealed to be Guruji, he continued to save us. When I was in Jalandhar, a mini-bus nearly rammed my car near Guruji's temple. I reached the temple only to find him standing near the gate. He looked at me and said, "Saved."

In December 2005, I had taken my son's car out to go to a nearby park for a stroll. A truck came near a crossing and would have hit me. But, the truck driver veered away—rare road behaviour since it is generally smaller vehicles that have to take evasive action. The truck driver looked at me crossly and I was compelled to tell him that it was my *bhagwan* (God) who had saved me. Hearing these words, he smiled and moved on.

A first-ever promotion case in the army

Guruji also got my husband, a Major General posted at Chandimandir then, promoted. The board cleared him, but there were only five vacancies and he was the eighth one on the list. There was no chance that he would get promoted. Guruji was in Jalandhar. My husband had his darshan there. After the langar, Guruji said: "*Lt. General sahib let's give you a dining out.*" After distributing some sweet prasad, Guruji gave him a dress to wear and a silver glass to take milk from. I kept the clothes and the glass—which were blessings—in an almirah. But Guruji told me that my husband should wear them. He did and Guruji's blessings simply kept flowing. To our surprise, he got three extensions till he was promoted—a first-ever case in the army. The delay occurred, as the file was stuck. Guruji sent me to Delhi to check up on the case. A general, a devotee of Guruji's met me there, and was apprised of

the case. After his intervention, the file moved again. Within days, my husband was posted as Lieutenant General to the AMC centre in Lucknow—a kingdom in itself.

Music system plays without power

In Lucknow, Guruji stayed with us for some time. Once a fuse got burnt at around 3 am. The generator did not function. It was time for the satsang and Guruji—the divine light of our lives—was sitting amidst us. He told my daughter to switch on the audio tape machine. She didn't, as there was no electricity. Guruji repeated his command. My daughter switched on the tape and, lo, it worked and played for four and a half hours. Without electricity, mind you.

Getting a devotee's house built

Guruji also got my house built in Panchkula. When he asked me to do so, I had very little money. My husband greeted the news with sarcasm. He wondered where the money for the undertaking would come from and asked me whether Guruji would shower money. As it happened, so was the case. My husband gave me a little seed money—around Rs. 40,000 that had been saved over from my son's marriage. Then I found—thanks to Guruji's indirect prompting—I had some fixed deposits I could use. Finally, after Guruji had asked me for the third time about my shares, I was able to sell them at a good price. Suddenly, the money was there. Guruji even asked a shopkeeper to give me material on a discount. Before long, the house in Panchkula was complete. My husband's query had been amply answered. Guruji made a house for us to stay in. It is his temple and we are its caretakers.

The gift of a silk shirt

Thanks to Guruji, my sons' weddings were also blessed. Guruji attended my son Manoj's wedding in 1991 in Chandimandir. He predicted that the couple would have two sons and it was so. In fact, when doctors tried to hide from me the sex of the infant in the mother's womb, I—remembering Guruji's words—told them. Similarly, my son Arvind was blessed with a son and a daughter.

His wedding took place in 1995 and Guruji came and blessed the couple. My daughter-in-law could not conceive, but due to his blessings, she did.

He also played a key role in my youngest son Rahul's marriage. Rahul, who had gone to the US on a scholarship, called up one day to say that he liked an American girl. I was put off, but by mutual consent we decided to leave the decision to Guruji. If he says yes, I told my son, then you can go ahead, but if it is a no, then the idea would have to be dropped. He agreed. When I approached Guruji, he gave his nod. He even gave the date for the wedding.

It was a December wedding to be held during the day. Guruji gave my husband a cotton pant and a silk shirt to wear. My husband said he would not get the dress stitched since it was a winter wedding. He in fact wanted to opt for a suit. Lo and behold, the wedding day was bright and sunny. The guests who had put on their coats suffered from the heat. My husband of course wore the cool dress of blessings given by Guruji.

Everything happens at his time

We were to leave Jalandhar for Lucknow on the Shatabdi. We had gone for Guruji's darshan and he made us sit till it was half an hour past the train's departure time. We reached the station and found the train was half an hour late.

Similarly, once we had to go from Noida to Panchkula. We were very late and started out from home at the Shatabdi's departure time. My husband maintained on the ride to the railway station that the Shatabdi would have left, but we carried on regardless. At the station, the train seemed to be waiting for us. We easily boarded the train. I had not even prayed to Guruji about the matter since it was so trivial, but he himself worries about us and takes care of us. In Chandimandir, on a whim I once went to Guruji's straight away in the morning, thinking that I would rejoin my duties after his darshan. Guruji made me sit till 11.00 am though I had to go to the military hospital by 10.30 am. However, I waited calmly. When I went to the hospital, I was told that no patient had come. All of the army ladies had gone to Chandimandir, where a general had come for an inspection.

Divine intervention

My husband is an avid golfer and he was complaining of a pain in the right knee. It was a hairline fracture and a colleague told him that he would put a cast over it. I forestalled the clinical adventure, putting my faith firmly behind Guruji. Indeed, Guruji simply brushed his hand over the tender spot and the pain was gone. We are fortunate to be in his presence. Even a glance from him, the Puran Guru, is sufficient to take care of our suffering.

In Jalandhar, my routine was to go from my medical duties at the OPD to Guruji's place for satsang, the regular hours for which were between 6 am and 10 am. Once Guruji asked me to check his pulse and I recorded it at 40 beats per minute. But, I told him I would not be worried even if he had no pulse, for I knew he is a divine incarnation much above the laws of the physical body.

– Dr. (Mrs.) Ahuja, a retired Army medical practitioner living in
Panchkula



A doc gets to the heart of the matter

I CAME to Guruji for the admission of my younger son in the Bachelor of Dental Surgery (BDS) course, as despite my efforts he could not get admission. I was interested in the Manipal BDS particularly. Guruji blessed my son, who completed his MBBS with a first class in all exams. My elder son is also a doctor who lives in Chandigarh. He is happily married and doing fine professionally in Chandigarh.

I am a dental surgeon practicing in Faridabad. After coming under Guruji's sharan, I have undertaken many difficult jaw surgeries, complicated because of the health problems of the patients. But with Guruji's blessings, they all went fine. Patients always came happy out of the surgery and with no complaints.

My daughter was trying to get into a Fashion Design & Technology course in the Pearl Academy of Fashion Designing. She passed the written exam and gave a good interview, but was not selected. As I was worried about my daughter's career, I went to Guruji. It was Wednesday, which is not a sangat day. I knew that, but still I went via Badarpur to Mehrauli road. I met with a serious accident with a DTC bus. I was not injured, but my car was smashed. The bonnet lifted up; the radiator, AC grill and front lights were damaged.

However, the car still ran and after 15 to 20 km, I reached Guruji's place (with the bonnet up). Guruji was not there. I was told Guruji will come very late at night. As I was returning, Guruji's car came in front of me. Guruji saw me; I was standing with folded hands and weeping. Guruji stood there for five minutes and went inside. I was offered prasad and langar. Guruji conveyed his message to me: that my life had been saved; a new car would come and there was nothing to worry about. I was to return to my house and everything would be fine.

I took the car back. In the morning, when the Hyundai people came to take my car for repairs, they had to tow it and could not believe it was in a running condition after the accident and that it had moved 50 km with its AC on. As there was no water in the radiator, the battery was not working and the AC was damaged. Still the car ran for 50 km with Guruji's blessings. And I bought a new car after the accident.

Moreover, a special interview call came for my daughter. She got admission on Guruji's birthday, 7 July. I was in Guruji's mandir at 11.00 am on that day, when she was selected. My daughter did very well in her course and has received two scholarships. This has all happened with the blessings of Guruji.

In the last two to three years, my practice had entered a dull period. It became hard for me to meet the expenses of the family, fully dependent upon me. I wanted to sell my house and leave the profession. I became frustrated with my financial problems. A devotee told Guruji about my condition as did my elder son. My problem was solved. With the blessings of Guruji, with the very same clinic I was able to run my house happily and also pay back my debts. During this time, I just prayed to Guruji. My faith in my Guruji has always paid me back. I have got Guruji's mandir in my home and in my clinic. The *Gurbani*, which we listen to at the sangat, is always played in my clinic. Most of my patients ask me about Guruji and enjoy the *Gurbani* in my clinic.

Guruji 'operates' on a patient

Four to five years ago, a 73-year-old woman, living in America with her son, came to me for a major surgery, involving bone grafting of the jaw. US doctors had refused to operate on her because the patient had high BP, which could reach 160 to 180 Hgmm and even touch 200 Hgmm. In Delhi, too, no doctor was keen to operate. I

also refused. They persisted; I said I was sorry. The daughter of the patient saw Guruji's photo in my clinic and told me to operate. She believed that since Guruji was with me, nothing untoward would happen. I arranged for the operation.

The operation was done under general anaesthesia and took two to three hours. During the operation, the anaesthetist told me twice that the patient was sinking. But it was a successful surgery. The patient told her daughter that she saw Guruji twice, attired in white clothes, and that he talked to her and assured her that she would be all right. There was no problem after the operation, and the lady did not have any swelling or pain. The patient told me she was a follower of Sai Baba but that Guruji had given her a new life. She took a photograph of Guruji from me. The 73-year-old, who had been surviving on painkillers for the last two years, told me she did not take a single painkiller after the operation. This happened only because of Guruji's blessing. I still think the operation was not done by all the three doctors involved in it, but by my Guruji.

My friend is helped out

My friend's little girl of eight years was suffering from a serious heart valve problem and had been advised an operation at Escorts Medical Centre in Delhi. The operation was fixed and I prayed for the girl's health to Guruji and gave the parents the flowers and prasad given by Guruji to me.

She was operated upon at Escorts Medical Centre, but was very critical. I went to Guruji and he said: "*Sab theek ho jaye ga (Everything would be fine)*." I went again to Escorts at one o'clock at night and met the parents. They were disturbed. I told them to take the prasad and that everything would be fine. Guruji gave me a photograph to be given to them and to be placed in the girl's room. As Guruji had predicted, the girl recovered.

But she became seriously ill after one year and was advised another operation. Guruji was at Jalandhar at that time. Guruji told me not to worry, everything would be fine. He said: "*Tu langar kar, chinta na kar kuddi theek ho jayegi (Have langar, the girl will be ok.)*" She again became all right and is now leading a happy life.

Once, Guruji went to his hometown in Punjab. I did not come to know of his whereabouts and after 10 days of not having his darshan, I was unable to sleep and was feeling very upset. I went to Guruji's place after seeing a late-night show at PVR Saket with my wife. At the Andheria turnabout, the front tyre of my car burst and my car tilted to one side. I stopped the car and towed it with my wife's help to a place where two trucks were parked. I asked one of the drivers to change my tyre.

They came for help but, believe me, there was no sign of a puncture. The truck drivers took me for a drunk. My wife and I had seen the tyre and had towed the car a fair distance. We were shocked and could not go to Guruji's place. At my wife's behest, I got the tyre checked at a petrol pump and it was all right. My wife told me to get it checked in Faridabad again. I got the tyre opened in the morning and the tube and tyre were fine. Guruji's blessings had wrought another miracle.

These are a very few of my experiences. As there is no end to the sea, there is no end to Guruji's powers. I would like to always live as a follower of Guruji.

His basic ABC: don't abuse, blame, or curse

My Guruji is God's special gift to mankind. He was born to show people the right way to live life with his blessings. Those who get his blessings are the luckiest people on earth and I am one of them. Though I say 'my Guruji', he is for everybody and not only for me.

I come across so many people in daily life, usually patients in my clinic, and they want to know Guruji's name. I tell them Guruji is just known as Guruji. He has no name as God has no name; you can call him Krishna, Rama, Shiva, Shri Guru Nanakji, and Allah. And Guruji can easily take the devotion you offer in the form you want him to.

My Guruji has got the power of Lord Shiva and the spiritual power of Shri Guru Nanakji. One's nature changes after meeting the Guru. One becomes a better person with fewer weaknesses and enjoys life more.

Guruji's affection can be compared only to motherly love. When he sees you, from wherever he is, his eyes reflect the rays of the divine. Only when you have surrendered yourself to him completely with

truth—without ifs and buts and questions—and with full faith, then you feel him inside yourself.

I know the only way to seek his blessings is to pray truly. When you pray, the divine feeling of being with Guruji enters you and remains with you. You should never ask for anything in return, as written in the Bhagvad Gita. I often ask myself what we can give back to Guruji. My heart says the only thing we can do is to follow his advice faithfully. He rarely asks anyone to do anything; if you are lucky enough, he may and it is guaranteed that you will always benefit by it. We are all small creatures in front of him, but he takes care of all of us, in the same way as a mother takes care of her kids. I would only like to request our sangat to always think about Guruji and always follow the path shown by Guruji. We should always surrender to him in totality and follow his basic ABC: never abuse anybody, never blame anybody, never curse anybody and always wish the best for anybody who comes across us in our daily life.

— Satsang of Dr. M.M. Bajaj, a private medical practitioner in
Faridabad



Answering a couple's silent prayers

GAURAV MARWAHA ran a business in Sadar Bazaar, Delhi, which was not doing too well. He was advised by his cousin to visit Guruji. He and his wife went to Guruji on their motorbike. His wife, who'd sit on the rear of the bike, would pray to Guruji to do something so that they could have a more comfortable ride.

Soon, the business began doing well and in less than a month, the couple bought a car. They thought they had a stroke of good luck. An old devotee pointed to Guruji's invisible hand in the affair, but the couple could not see it. Gaurav's wife said she would be convinced only if Guruji recognized her. The next time they came, Guruji casually mentioned how many Muslims from Janakpuri were coming for the sangat. Then, he amended his statement to say that he was referring to Muslims from the trans-Yamuna area. Now, Gaurav's wife happened to be a Muslim living in Janakpuri. But within a few weeks of Guruji's statement, the couple shifted to the trans-Yamuna area. And she got pregnant.

Days passed, the lady went for check-ups. Doctors warned of complications and advised the couple to have an abortion. Devotees told the couple that since they were coming to Guruji nothing would

go wrong and they should keep their faith. They kept coming to Guruji and, later, the lady gave birth to a beautiful baby girl.

In 2005, on Guruji's birthday, Guruji called Gaurav's wife and told her she had become too fat. She smiled and went away. Less than a month after Guruji had spoken, without exercising, joining a slimming course or dieting, she lost over 15 kg. The couple's first impression that they had brought a car by chance was mistaken. As Guruji himself often said: "*Nothing is by chance, everything is by choice.*" And only he can make choices because he is God.

—Satsang, as narrated, of Gaurav Marwaha



Drinking from the cup of faith

EVEN IF I am granted a million tongues to talk about Guruji's grace, they will not be sufficient as his blessings are endless. Endless too are incidents marked by his love and care towards his devotees. Since the day I got his darshan, I am learning from and about Guruji. Even today, when one hears of Guruji's blessings falling on someone, I find that everyone is just a child, a learner in front of him.

A new beginning

It was August of 1998. My husband came back early from office and told me that he was joining his friend Wing Commander Chopra to go to Guruji's place. He was then a firm non-believer in saints and mahapurushs, and this decision came as a surprise. He left at around 6 in the evening and returned well past midnight. I was desperate to know how it all went off. So as soon as he settled down after coming home, I threw a volley of questions at him. Did Guruji deliver sermons, predict the future, or prescribe stones and mantras to pacify disturbances in life? My husband's answers were unexpected. He said that Guruji did not preach or sermonize and that shabads (devotional songs based on the *Guru Granth Sahib*) were played in Guruji's mandir.

We went to bed and knowing my husband's nature, I considered his visit a passing affair. He wouldn't even remember what would have happened the next evening, I thought. Imagine my surprise the next evening when my husband called up from office to convey that he was leaving for Guruji's place and will be coming late. When he returned as late as the previous night, I asked him a simple question: what pulled you back to that place? He had a simpler answer: "What I got there is not something which can be explained, it is something that can only be experienced." Intrigued, our family decided to go for Guruji's darshan the next evening.

How the Guru's door opened

On my husband's third visit, my children and I accompanied him. We were 20-30 metres from Guruji's place and could smell a very strong fragrance. When we entered the hall where Guruji sat, the fragrance was all around us. The first thing that came to my mind was: "This gentleman has put on so much perfume that the entire hall is filled with fragrance: he is probably a very hi-fi, stylish Guruji." Even after my husband's description, Guruji's first darshan was stunning and different from my initial presumptions.

Our share of unimaginable things was just about to go up. As soon as I got up after bowing to Guruji, he straight away said in Punjabi, "*Finally, you have come, a disciple of Gurgaon's saint.*" This was just a mild indicator of how he knew me inside out at my very first visit to his place. For apart from our family, no one knew of the saint we had been frequenting.

Chai prasad: sips of faith

At Guruji's place, tea was the first and some times even the last refreshment served. I have been allergic to tea leaves since childhood. My mouth would fill with ulcers if I had tea in any form. However, as soon as we settled down in the sangat, a person came around offering tea. I was in a fix, as I was not willing to say no to the prasad. Suddenly, I realized that the person serving tea had skipped me. I was relieved: I was neither required to say no to prasad nor was I pushed to consuming tea. This instant relief was countered by a second thought: I had been deprived of prasad

and thus the blessings at this holy place. All this was happening within me, but the world outside was moving as if I was speaking aloud. Immediately, the person serving tea turned back and offered it to me. This had me stunned, since that person seemed to be responding to my internal conversation. Anyhow, the moment I came over the shock, I realized, he was waiting for me to pick a glass. I immediately picked a glass and amidst resistance from other family members drank a glass of tea—no mean feat for someone who had never had tea since early childhood. This was followed up by two or three more glasses in the span of the next few hours that we spent at Guruji's place that day.

We left Guruji's place at around 1.00 am. Next morning, I expected to have great pain with my mouth full of ulcers, but my mouth was fresh as never before, with not a trace of the ulcers. Everyone was amazed.

Till date, I can only drink tea without any ill effects at only one place in the world: at Guruji's temple. And I can drink it anywhere if Guruji's physical presence is around me! If I drink tea at home or another place, I end up with a sore mouth. This demonstrated the tremendous protective power of Guruji, turning a mere consumable to a healing *prasad*, which has the power of throwing diseases and troubles away. Anything served at his place, in his blissful presence, can only serve as a tool for showering blessings and can never have a negative impact.

After my initiation into the world of blissful tea drinkers, all of us in the family were in for another surprise. A fragrance (which I thought was that of the perfume which Guruji uses) began spreading in our living room. We were fascinated to get that fragrance in our home. Unable to comprehend anything, we enjoyed smelling it for the short while it lasted. It was only during subsequent visits that we realized that the fragrance comes naturally off Guruji and indicates his presence. Further events unfolded Guruji's *sharan* in a pronounced manner. Every day turned miraculous.

Guruji: a power above all others

There are good times and bad times in life. Happy times find you surrounded by people, but in the hour of grief, Guruji is the only one who stands by you and bails you out. Many people can

be willing to support you, but all of them are helpless when the forces acting against you are beyond their control. But Guruji's unconditional support protects you against all odds. You have to bear the consequences of your karma, but in the divine refuge of Guruji, I have seen Nature in a helpless position, since any punishment before reaching a follower of Guruji is either completely erased or lessened to a very high degree. This comes at the expense of Guruji, who bears the brunt of your suffering.

His tools to relieve you of trouble and suffering are varied, which is evident from the spectrum of experiences I have had.

Once I had a severe headache while sitting in the sangat. Its intensity was such that I was not able to eat or drink anything. Nothing was sinking in. Then suddenly I was summoned by Guruji. He told me that he had a severe headache and asked me to press his forehead for a few minutes. I returned to the place where I was sitting and suddenly realized my headache had disappeared. By asking me to serve him, he had relieved me of the headache.

Once I had a terrible fever, which lingered for some time. Even after a lot of check-ups and medication, the fever did not subside. With strong medicines, it took two weeks to come under control, but not for long. My fever developed a strange pattern. It used to be fairly normal during daytime, but with the coming of the evening my temperature would rise. This continued for the next four weeks. Unable to reach a diagnosis, the doctors were helpless. All tests and prescriptions failed to yield any result.

Then one day Guruji asked my husband why I had been absent for such a long time from the sangat. When Guruji was told of the reason, Guruji asked my husband to use five green chillies in the manner he prescribed. And that was it. The next day my fever, my companion for over a month, disappeared and I slowly regained my health.

Thanks to Guruji, I survived another bout of fever. Along with my family I had planned a visit to Guruji's Bade Mandir though I was running a mild fever. But as we proceeded and reached the mandir, my condition deteriorated and the fever took an aggressive form. I was hardly able to get up. Rather unexpectedly, Guruji came to the mandir that day (Guruji's visits to the mandir in those days were rare, as some construction work was going on). Guruji told my husband and a sangat member to prepare fresh limewater and

give it to me, clearly stating that this will help cure the fever. The fever disappeared as if it was never there. Guruji knew of my state without anyone telling him and provided instant relief. No one else can extend such selfless support and care at all times.

Just by his word

The means Guruji uses to bestow his blessings are some times meant just for our consolation. For it has been seen that these are not required since it is Guruji's power that makes it all happen. Physical tools, used by Guruji, are a means to let devotees feel they are receiving his attention.

An insect bite on the toe led to terrible pain, and the toe swelled up viciously. An ointment I used as suggested by a doctor was of no help. The doctor suggested minor surgery to avoid aggravation. But the same day, without my husband telling him, Guruji himself enquired about the insect bite. And that was enough. The bite grew less painful and the spot showed a marked improvement. In the next few days, it disappeared. Such are Guruji's powers.

Even more surprisingly, he cured me of diabetes. It was detected way back in 1999-2000. Diabetes is conventionally a disease that can be suppressed but not cured. However, in my case, Guruji just shooed it away. In a few months, without medicines or treatment, purely with Guruji's grace, I was cured. Neither had we nor had Guruji mentioned the problem. Guruji's words, though said very casually, have a deep impact. They are in fact an order binding for the entire cosmos. And here is what happens when his command is taken lightly:

When we started coming regularly, Guruji called my husband and told him to come only thrice a week, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. We followed his instructions but, trying to compensate for the days lost, we started leaving home earlier. One day we reached at 6 pm as against the scheduled time of 8 pm for the satsang. Guruji then instructed us to reach at 8 pm. And it so started happening that irrespective of the time we left home, we would reach Guruji's place only at 8 pm. Once we had left home at 5.30 pm, but found the 25-km distance to Guruji made agonizingly slow due to a spate of traffic jams. Finally, we reached at 8 pm. But we covered the same

distance in half an hour when we were delayed and could depart home only at 7.30 pm.

Langar showers blessings

Our nature occasionally puts us into situations which later make us look silly. Once I was on a fast, which required that I abstain from wheat products. My diet for that day comprised solely fruits. When we went to attend Guruji's sangat, I decided not to go for langar at all for it had chapattis, and thought no one will know. More than 200 people had gathered that day and langar was given out in six rounds. But Guruji noticed that I did not have langar and specifically instructed me to go and have langar in the last round. Not daring to break the fast, I went to the first floor of Empire Estate mandir (the sangat was then conducted on the ground floor and the langar was served on the first floor) and decided to sit in a corner and then go back to the sangat hall. I had, thus, committed two blunders: One, I did not understand the meaning and importance of Guruji's words, due to which I failed to obey instructions; and Two, I tried to deceive Guruji, not realizing that the omniscient eye is not hindered by physical barriers.

But as soon as I came back to the sangat hall, Guruji gave me a hard stare and immediately asked someone to bring sweets for distribution among the sangat. He started distributing the prasad, and when it was my turn, he gave me more than twice than what he gave to others, as though compensating for the langar that I had skipped. Back home, when I ran through the whole sequence of events in my mind, I realized my mistake. The message from Guruji was loud and clear: don't skip the langar. I only later realized that prasad is Guruji's tool to shower his blessings; it is immaterial of its physical form and any given opportunity should be grabbed with both hands, as these blessings are too precious to miss.

Guruji comes between a truck and our car

My husband and I were on our way to the sangat from Noida. But we got stuck at a particular traffic light that went red for the third time running. We were still, however, only within sniffing distance

of clearing it. So as soon as the light turned green, my husband accelerated. There was a high-body truck right in front of our car, which also accelerated initially, but then came to a halt (due to a cyclist falling right in front). This left my husband with no reaction time; he could sense a collision. Suddenly, I saw Guruji in front of the car and screamed “Guruji.”

It took us a few moments to regain our senses. When we got out of the car after a while, we saw the car had moved underneath the truck body, but had not been damaged. The car’s bumper was just inches away from the truck tyre. I realized why Guruji had appeared in front of the car: had he not, we could not have avoided the accident.

Even more surprising was what happened when my husband was sharing this experience with one of the sangat members. He had barely narrated how I saw Guruji in front of our car, when the lady he was sharing our experience with suddenly enquired if our car was a blue Maruti 800. My husband said yes. The devotee then clarified that she had seen the incident in her dream. She added that she clearly saw Guruji coming right in between the car and that truck. It was hair-raising to hear her account.

No one can escape his eye

Once Guruji summoned me and asked me to fetch a person. Since I did not know this man, he told me that he was fat and sitting right behind a pillar (an area not visible from Guruji’s seat). On my way, I was wondering how it is possible to identify a single person with just these two clues. But I found only a single fat person sitting in that whole area and I conveyed Guruji’s call to that person. This just indicated how clearly Guruji was able to see through that wall, to its other side.

Guruji can if he wishes to clearly spell out what had happened in the past, what is happening around the globe at present and how the future would be. When my children, a daughter and a son, were still in school, Guruji once mentioned casually that both the kids will get a job in Siemens. At that point of time, it was hard to believe this. But finally after six years, the same came true, when both children started their respective careers with Siemens. Similarly, it was sometime in year 2000 that Guruji told me that my daughter’s marriage will take

place in year 2005. And that's how it actually turned out to be: she got married on 30 April 2005.

Experiences in Shiva's heaven

Guruji's Bade Mandir is a very special place. Located at the edges of the capital city, you tend to forget worldly troubles in its atmosphere of virgin purity. For me, it is the only place where, irrespective of Guruji's physical presence, I can have tea any time and any number of times. But this probably is indicative of just the most minute fraction of the mandir's power. If one believes only what he/she has experienced, I have to believe in the existence of a supreme power at this place.

Once I was granted an opportunity to visit the mandir along with my family. Typically, whenever we visit the mandir, every member of the family moves around freely irrespective of what other members are doing. So shortly after reaching the mandir in the forenoon hours, I went to one of the rooms of Guruji, just to check if some dusting or cleaning was required there. The room has a very beautiful statue of Lord Shiva, which shows him sitting with folded legs, showering blessings on his followers. We have been watching the perfectly crafted statue since the day we started coming to the mandir.

But that day the darshan of the statue sent a chill down my spine. I was shocked to witness that the face had turned about 60 degrees to the right! I gathered everyone in the mandir, and everyone saw this. It was even more surprising to see the statue regain original form slowly over the day. By evening, it had almost reverted to its usual front-facing posture. Truly, a hard-to-forget incident.

Then Holi (the festival of colours) of year 2006 had something special in store. In the morning, when we reached the mandir, everyone took up some chore or the other and I along with our neighbour, Sangeeta, started cleaning Lord Shiva's brass idol in the main hall. The polish for this metal, known as Brasso, was applied to the idol. It was then rubbed twice with a clean cloth. I was cleaning off the Brasso, while Sangeeta had to give it a final finish.

I was through with the upper half, the idol was clean and just needed a final finish. Sangeeta had hardly started the task, when she pointed out that there was some colour between the snakes

wrapped around the neck of Lord Shiva. Since I had just cleared that area, I turned to check this. A streak of colour caught my eye. Then gathering myself, I called everyone else in the mandir to have darshan of this miracle. The colours, which acquired various shades during the day, were seen by everyone who visited the mandir that day.

All these incidents reflect Guruji's powers. But he is much beyond these mysterious miracles which come to light. His powers are beyond our comprehension. With my hands folded in prayer, I would just like to thank Guruji for all that he has given me and request his continued grace on the entire sangat.

– *Satsang of Gauri Singla, wife of R.P. Singla*



The real miracle: walking on his path

WHO CAN claim to have seen God? I can. Guruji is my God. In fact, I have begun to feel that no God is equal to my Guru. He is great and no one like him has descended on earth or will step on it again. One need not tell him about one's suffering. He knows everything. Once you walk on his path, things automatically happen. You have to believe in him, have faith in him and not ask for anything.

My son Uddhav had bronchial asthma at the age of one and a half years. I wanted to tell Guruji about the problem, but he stopped me and told me that I would spoil things for myself if I would ask him. His command was an order. I kept silent.

After two and a half years, Guruji came to our house for a function related to a wedding and gave my son his glass of water to drink. My son was blessed. Ever since he had that holy water he has never had an asthma attack. Uddhav, in fact, improved in all aspects: he put on weight, gained height and is an active child.

My husband also had asthma. The first time Guruji saw him, he said my husband was a superstitious man. Half of my husband's problems vanished there and then. Guruji also blessed him through a copper tumbler and slowly his asthma vanished.

I too was blessed. I had a cyst in my eye and was advised by doctors to get it slit. I was afraid. One Thursday, while Guruji was giving leave to the sangat, he looked at me with great intensity. I knew there had to be a reason for that look. The next morning, the cyst in my eye had disappeared. Just by a look, Guruji had worked wonders. As he can by words.

My father-in-law had a heart attack five years ago. He was taken to the Malerkotla heart institute and angioplasty had to be done. Guruji just said “*Kalyan ho gaya (I have blessed you)*” and everything went off well. But as father-in-law was being discharged, doctors said the front heart muscle was damaged and would not revive.

On our way back home, we went to seek Guruji’s blessings and Guruji gave him *halwa* made in pure ghee (clarified butter). My father-in-law went back to his routine. Guruji even allowed him to have his two daily pegs of whisky as medicine.

After three months, he had to go for the TMT test. Doctors saw the front heart muscle, which they had declared dead, was pumping blood. These experiences show us the practical—a word that Guruji stressed so much—way in which Guruji helps us. He can do anything and everything practically. In his dictionary, nothing is impossible but one has to have shraddha (faith), *nishtha* (loyalty), and *saburi* (patience).

– Satsang of Gayatri Subberwal, housewife and entrepreneur



Geetan's journey with Guruji

I WOULD love to share with you some of the miraculous and undoubtedly God-gifted experiences of my life. I am among those people in the world who feel lucky and blessed for being in the presence and guidance of almighty God himself, who we all know as our beloved Guruji. Guruji: What can I say of him? He is one above the rest, he is all in all, he is the supreme power over all the rest, he is the one we must all daily recall.

My life has been under Guruji's spiritual guidance ever since I was born. He has always been there for me and my family through our good and bad times, through our ups and downs. He has cured us of our illnesses and sins, manifest or latent, with or without our knowledge. Today, I feel extreme pleasure in sharing with you my encounter with the most Compassionate One.

Betel leaf operation on my cyst

I can still remember the day when I suffered the most unbearable pain in my life. I was 15 years old and we were living in Jalandhar. I was taking a shower and felt a spine-tearing pain in my lower abdomen. It was so bad that I could not even walk. I lay crouched on the floor, calling for my mother. Our first thoughts as usual went to Guruji, who held his sangat at Panchkula in those days. We rushed

to him that very day. We thought it wise to run a few tests and scans before going to him. We went to PGI Chandigarh and also to a few private clinics.

We were shocked when the results came out. I had an ovarian cyst and it had burst. It had let out poisonous liquids into my body which, if not removed, would be fatal. The doctors suggested immediate surgery, but we did not go for it. We visited Guruji that evening and told him of my problem. He gave us his famous and most cute smile and told us not to worry. He used to do *paath in paan ke patte* (betel leaves) then and put them on the problem area. This was Guruji's way of doing surgery. He did the same to me and told me to lie down to rest for 10-15 minutes. Then he told me to get the tests and scans redone the next day.

I did as I was told and, having full belief in him, also knew the results. The shocked faces of the doctors only confirmed my belief that I had been blessed by my God, my Guruji. The scans showed no sign of the cyst they had revealed only 20 hours ago. The fluid was not visible, too.

There was joy amidst a lot of surprise. Medical science had to take a bow in front of the divine healing power. The doctors wanted us to share with them our story about our Guruji, and we were more than happy to oblige. They were eager to visit him and, thereby, start their journey into the world of spiritual bliss.

As for me, we went to Guruji the next evening. As we all know, he already knew everything beforehand. We did not even have to tell him. We did not have enough words to show our gratitude, and we know this is not what he seeks. He wants our love and our unselfish faith that will help us follow him through the difficult path which leads to eternal spiritual bliss.

My grandma's heart attack

I can still remember the year 1989. I was but a child, and my grandmother suffered a massive heart attack. She was admitted in CMC Ludhiana. Many doctors were consulted and they all had the same diagnosis: she was sinking day by day and there was nothing that could be done. Her pulse had risen to 160-190 per minute and her lungs were filled with water, making her chest bloat. She was in a semi-conscious state.

Guruji used to hold the sangat in Jalandhar in those days. Hearing the doctors' negative response, my dad thought of calling upon our Saviour. As my dad was walking out of the hospital, Guruji walked in through the doors that very moment. It was as though he had just appeared from nowhere. He was there, and we knew everything was going to be all right. He went to my granny and held her wrist, feeling her pulse for some time. What he did then, only he knows, but he brought her pulse down to 90 beats that day. Guruji did paath there for some hours and then left. Slowly, my granny regained consciousness and was normal in front of our very own eyes. It's been more than 18 years since and till date her pulse remains at 90 beats per minute.

Again the doctors were incredulous. As for us, we were overwhelmed knowing our Guruji was there for us all the time and expected nothing except love in return. Today, my grandmother is hale and hearty with Guruji's grace.

I have been fortunate enough to share these experiences with you. Our lives are too small and the sins one may be tempted to commit too big and we all have to pay for our deeds one day.

It's never too late to start our spiritual journey. We can start this second, right here, right now and make a difference. Guruji is always sitting with open arms to greet a true and faithful seeker. We can taste the sweet nectar of eternal spiritual bliss because our God, our leader, our Guruji is always with us. He has awakened me to the ultimate truth and is leading me to God himself. Love Him, Love God, Be Blessed.

—Satsang of Geetan Grewal



18 years of agony end in 18 days

MY WIFE had been suffering for nearly 18 years. In 1982, she developed lymph nodes in her body, which later were found to be carrying a tubercular infection. A weak constitution and strong medicines paved the way for all forms of ailments—peptic/gastric ulcers, gall bladder stones, hiatus hernia, tumours on the ear drum, a fibroid uterus and ovaries.

We tried every form of medication—allopathic, homeopathic, ayurvedic, unani—and even reiki. Nothing worked; diseases kept attacking her. My wife had to undergo five major surgeries between 1987 and 1999. She lost her appetite and was rarely able to eat a proper meal. She lost half her hearing. As per dismal astrological predictions, her life was almost over. The family felt shattered; there was no hope.

It was precisely then that divine benevolence came our way in the form of Guruji, who gave us his refuge. We learnt about Guruji through a family friend and on 20 February 2000, we got to have his first darshan. The very first day at the sangat was in itself soothing and assuring.

Medically, my wife was prohibited from taking more than a pinch of any form of edible oil, anything spicy and had been advised not to eat after 8 pm. At the sangat, Guruji gave us a handful of oil-rich kadah prasad at around 9 pm and we ate spicy langar an hour later. Back home, we wondered how she would cope with it, for my wife would feel uneasy lying down even if she had food at 7 pm and

would stay awake till past midnight. On February 20, she went to sleep immediately and slept soundly throughout. Ever since, she has been eating and digesting food without discomfort.

In the first week of March, on Maha Shivratri, we visited Bade Mandir for the first time. Guruji's blessings, his prasad and langar took away all her diseases. She felt recharged and energized. A couple of days later, we were again amazed. We had switched on the TV, when she said we were playing it at a very high volume. This was the same person who had difficulty listening to calls due to her hearing loss.

Eighteen years of agony had ended in 18 days. That is not to say that Guruji takes or needs time to bless us. He is showering blessings all the time, but we may not be good recipients. Within a blink of the Mahapurush's eyes, creation and destruction take place. Hundreds of thousands of souls leave their bodies and a similar number enter new ones. All that we can say is: "*Tum Sam Sar Nahin Dayal, Mohe Sam Sar Papi* (Just as no one can equal you in kindness, no one can compare with me in sinfulness)."

Zipper on my tongue

At the time of my wife's second surgery, I had kidded her saying that since doctors always prescribed surgery for her, she might as well get a zipper inserted in her body. One day while I was narrating my experiences in the sangat, Guruji prompted me to mention the 'zipper insertion'—precisely the words I had used in our one-to-one conversation a decade ago.

Guruji's omniscience comes to the fore subtly at times. My elder sister was just having her second darshan when Guruji said she was a very old disciple of his. I was wondering how this was so, when I realized that she had been worshipping Lord Shiva from her childhood and keeping a Monday fast for ages. It was a rare occasion: Guruji had hinted at his true identity.

Under Guruji's sharan, life has changed completely. Guruji has overwritten all astrological predictions and has given my wife a new and extended life. It seems to me that we are more fortunate than even Saint Kabir, who once puzzled over whom to bow to first—Guru or Govind. For us, of course, the Guru is Govind.

The sangat was privileged and blessed to be chosen to sit at the feet of a living God. That he is still permitting us to have his darshan, blessings, affection, guidance and langar frequently compounds our good fortune. May all get relief from misery and suffering. Let's all pray:

*Mehran waley saiyan rakhin charna de kol,
rakhin charna de kol sanu, charne de kol*

*O Graceful Lord, keep us near your Lotus Feet,
near them always*

– Satsang of Gopal Sethi, AVP of a dyeing company



A family at Guruji's lotus feet

WE HAD been coming to Guruji since February 1999. We had heard a lot about Guruji's shakti and blessings and when we had his darshan, they exceeded our expectations.

My wife was the first to benefit from Guruji's benign grace. She had severe pain in her lower abdomen and back, which could not be diagnosed, leading to further aggravation. She prayed to Guruji for early recovery to enable her to come regularly to him. One fine day, sitting before him, she felt a sensation running inside her body throughout, curing her on the spot. Since then she has never felt the pain again.

My children too were blessed. Our daughter was not good at studies and had managed to pass Class X with a second class. But, for her Class XII board exam, there was Guruji, and she got a distinction. She also achieved a high rank in the competitive examination for the five-year LLB (Honours) course of I.P. College, Delhi. In her final year, she trained with a leading law firm and has been well placed through campus selection.

With my son, it was a different problem. He was aggressive and disobedient. He was not serious about his studies and we were worried about him. Guruji told him to wear a silver bangle that he blessed. Soon there was a sea-change in his behaviour and in his studies. Thanks to Guruji, he became an electronics engineer and worked with a leading firm. He respects and loves his parents and his sister and always keeps Guruji's photograph with himself.

He met with a serious car accident while travelling with his friends. The car was a near total loss but he, along with his friends, was miraculously saved with Guruji's blessings.

I too was helped. I was nearing my retirement from the Public Works Department in October 2003, when problems cropped up hindering payment of my retirement benefits. A charge-sheet was also framed against me on false grounds. But with Guruji's blessings, all obstacles were overcome and the charge-sheet was withdrawn. Now, I work with a leading international consultancy firm in Delhi.

Guruji's blessings are endless. All that is needed is faith—complete and absolute.

Darshan of Guru Nanak

Once Guruji had gone to Chandigarh to attend a marriage and we were with him. Guruji gave us his hukm (fiat) to visit late Gill uncle's house. It had been decorated like Guruji's temple. Life-size photographs of Guruji and his mandir gave the house a divine air. As we looked at a photograph of Guruji's, we saw the figure of Guru Nanak Devji on his forehead. We learnt that Guruji had stayed at the residence for a few hours. The whole house was exuding his fragrance and divine radiation.

And once, at the Delhi temple, as she was meditating before him, my wife saw Lord Shiva's snake in a glass which Guruji held. Today, we always feel his presence around us protecting and blessing us. It gives us great joy to see the ever-increasing numbers of those who seek his sharan.

—Satsang of Shri G.P. Singh



Guruji steers car a hundred km without petrol

MR. GREWAL, a businessman, happened to be at his father-in-law's place at the Punjab Agricultural University when Guruji arrived there with some devotees. It was late at night and everybody had langar.

Mr. Grewal had to take Guruji back to the temple at Jalandhar. Guruji and he started out in a Maruti 800 and had gone some distance when Mr. Grewal realized that there was very little petrol in the car. He was worried. He was quite sure no petrol pump would be open at that time. It was the early 90s, the heyday of terrorism in the state, and people shut shop quite early. Mr. Grewal also knew that at late night hours, both policemen and terrorists prowled the roads.

Sitting next to him, Guruji immediately read his mind and told him not be afraid. *"Why are you so worried,"* Mr. Grewal remembers Guruji telling him. *"We've enough petrol, just keep driving."* Mr. Grewal drove on—but he knew the petrol was going to give out sooner rather than later.

They had reached Guriya, midway on the Ludhiana-Jalandhar road, since Guruji had spoken, when Mr. Grewal felt doubts forcing their way into his mind again. Guruji responded immediately once again with his reassurance: *"You are still worried. Keep driving*

confidently: we have enough petrol.” At his words, Mr. Grewal suddenly realized that they had driven 40 km from Ludhiana on an amount of fuel that would not have taken them beyond four km. He realized that a divine will was fuelling his car; not petrol. Soon, they reached the Jalandhar temple without any problems. At the end of the journey, Guruji said: *“See, I have driven the car without petrol. But, be sure to put petrol in the morning; the car will not run without it then!”*

Mr. Grewal says after this personal experience of the divine force, he surrendered himself to Guruji. He found that Guruji was not an ordinary saint or a pundit; he is far, far above them: He is the Satguru (true guru).

After 80 years, water fills Rajasthan well

There are no limitations to Guruji's grace. His is a power of compassion that towers above all. So it was in Jaipur, when lakhs received Guruji's blessings. Guruji Maharaj had gone there in 1994 and stayed with Brig. (now retired general) Mohan Singh for a month. Hundreds would come for his darshan. They came from the desert of the Rajasthan, in bullock carts and tongas and they came with their worries and problems. Through a glance or a benediction given through the means of a copper tumbler, Guruji would help them. His devotees, Mr. Grewal being one of them, would act as interpreters for the people.

He remembers how once the members of a panchayat approached Guruji with a peculiar problem. The community well had been dry for 80 years. Could Guruji get it to fill with water?

Three days later, the answer was a very loud yes. Through the streets of Jaipur, the villagers came as a party, making noisy celebrations with drums along the way and chanting: *“Guru Baba, the water has come.”* Guruji advised the exhilarated villagers never to sell the water. Others who came to him were similarly relieved, whether they were plagued by disease or agitated by mental conflict or family strife. It was not only the commoners who were blessed. When Maharaja (and Major) Bhawani Singh came, he was carried up to Guruji by four people. A few days later, he was healthy enough to walk around.

Diamonds and petals out of thin air

Sometimes, it is just the heartfelt desire of a devotee that gets Guruji, the embodiment of Lord Shiva, who is famed as the easily-pleased Ashutosh, to respond. It so happened with Mr. Grewal's wife, Mrs. Rimple. Guruji was with the sangat in district Sangrur (Punjab). He asked Mrs. Rimple to come before him and materialised two beautiful diamond studs and placed them on her hands. The guru's present was gift-wrapped in English pound. Twelve years after they were gifted to his wife, they still retain a rosy fragrance—typical of Guruji's presence.

At other times, Guruji gives specially needed blessings. New Year's Eve was being celebrated by the sangat at the residence of Mr. Grewal's father-in-law. Suddenly, a shower of petals came forth from the air and continued falling on his father-in-law for a couple of minutes. Another 10 minutes later, a lady devotee, Mrs. Bardan was similarly blessed. The miracles showed the Guru's love for his disciples. For, as Mr. Grewal says, Guruji needs nothing from you. In fact, he takes your misery-causing karma upon himself to relieve you of suffering. All he wants is your love and faith.

—Satsang, as narrated, of Mr. Grewal, Gurgaon-based businessman



Mera mujh mein
 kuch nahi, jo kuch
 hai so tera

*I own nothing that is mine;
 everything is yours*

I DEDICATE this *tukh* from the Shri Guru Granth Sahibji to my Guruji for taking us under his sharan (protection) and transforming our lives forever. Till we met Guruji, my family and I were just letting our life drift by, without any sense of purpose or any understanding of the true will of God. Our son had lost his hearing 25 years ago. No medicines affected him, and even saints and tantriks were unable to help us. Then, as they say, when the student is ready, the master appears and so it was. Suddenly, through a relative, Guruji entered our lives.

My son gets his hearing back

The first time my family and I met Guruji, he told my wife the exact amount of fixed deposits that I had; the total number of saris she had (she was fond of good south Indian saris); the tolas of gold she had; and the selling price of my house. I had not even disclosed the last to her, fully knowing ladies and being wary of their love for diamonds. This was a small incident but it had me thinking.

Then when I heard satsangs, the urge to meet him grew. Subsequently, I told him about my son's problem. Guruji at once blessed my son and asked me to put a drop of Badam Rogan (an Ayurvedic formulation) in his ear every day.

After 10 days my son had a severe earache. When I told Guruji about it, he just said: "*Kalyan, 20 per cent cured and hereafter he will be gradually cured.*" He asked me to get an audiometry test done. You can imagine my joy when my son removed the headphone and said: "The noise is too loud." Though Guruji's kripa, after a period of 25 years my son could hear again. At this point, I realized how futile my search had been. Here at Guruji's charan I got everything with his grace, his *mehar*, his kripa and finally I had found my true guru, my master, my *Rab*, my God!

Reading the tea leaves

As we came to Guruji, we heard lots of satsangs. Devotees would narrate different incidents regarding their experiences about and with Guruji, describing how they saw him in different forms and sizes. My wife always harboured the desire to be blessed by Guruji the same way, never realizing that her wish would be fulfilled speedily.

New Year's Eve was approaching and we were to go to Guruji's mandir. At the last moment, friends persuaded us to celebrate the occasion with them instead. However, Guruji wished it otherwise.

My wife was preparing the usual morning cup of tea that day. She had put the tea leaves in the water, when she noticed that the residue took the shape of a hooded snake. Thinking it was a coincidence, she dipped the leaves in repeatedly—each time the leaves arranged themselves into the shape of a hooded snake. It scared her. She called me and I told her that the leaves portended that Guruji wanted us to be with him on New Year's Eve. But it was not just that. It was a

blessing in disguise: Guruji cured my wife's 25-year-old backache by making her dance during the sangat on New Year's Eve.

An atheist gets a shock on the road

A few years ago a friend and I were on our way in my vehicle to my farm. My friend was an atheist. He found the shabad kirtan being played over the car stereo boring and talks of gurus and spirituality rubbish. He said he would believe in gurus if he saw a miracle take place before his eyes.

Hardly had he said this that a truck hit us from the rear. We were thrown out, were half-conscious on the highway, and the car was badly damaged. You can imagine our surprise when we regained consciousness and found that neither of us was hurt. My friend was still looking dazed when he got up and I told him: "This, my friend, is the miracle you were looking for." If we had not been speaking about Guruji, there was no way we would have survived the crash on the national highway and that too without injury. My friend had a dramatic change. With tears in his eyes, he raised his hands and said: "Thank you, Guruji." When I told Guruji of this incident, he simply said: "*No harm could come to you: I was there watching over you.*"

Another incident comes to mind. The greatest gift God can give you is a child. This is exactly what happened in my niece's case. Despite doctors' best efforts, she had been childless for the last seven years and there was no hope she would ever give birth. When my niece came to India, she met Guruji for the first time. Before she could tell Guruji about her desire, Guruji said: "*Beti, your work will be done in October.*" None of us understood what he meant. It was May and my niece returned to the United States. By Guruji's grace, she was pregnant in October, and the doctors were amazed. She was blessed with a lovely boy. All children given by Guruji are selected souls. Besides being intelligent, they are an asset to their parents.

The samosa cure for the heart

Once, my heart beat had gone up to 180 beats per minute. The doctors advised immediate surgery. I thought that I had better inform Guruji before going in for surgery. I met the doctor concerned in the morning and fixed up the appointment. Then in the evening, I

went to my Guru's mandir. He already knew what was troubling me and sent a message through another devotee that nothing was wrong and all would be well. Guruji then distributed prasad that evening. A devotee had brought some samosas. Guruji crushed five samosas in his hand and told me to eat them. I was amazed at this since fried stuff was poison for me. Having faith in my Guru, I humbly ate them, came back and sat down. He called me again and gave two more samosas. I was absolutely stuffed, but I managed to eat them. Lo and behold, my heart beat was restored to 80 beats per minute by his grace. The next day doctors gave me a clean chit—no surgery was required. Such is my Guru's greatness and his love for me.

Leukaemia turns into a glandular problem

A wonderful miracle took place when Guruji transmuted my nephew's disease. My sister's son had come on a holiday to Delhi and had been suffering from an irritating cough and fever for the last few days. This lasted for a long time and my sister Ruby, who is a doctor, gave him some medicines but to no avail. Ultimately, she got some tests done and they confirmed my nephew was suffering from leukaemia. Only one doctor asked my sister to wait for other results to come in. My sister was frantic with worry. She prayed to Guruji to help her child.

In the meantime, I came down to Delhi and when I met Guruji, he asked me: "*Is Ruby happy?*" I could not understand why he was asking this, so I replied: "Yes, Guruji she must be happy." Later, I rang up my sister and told her about what Guruji had said. All she said was that she would accompany us to Guruji's place the next day. On the way, she told us what had happened: how she had prayed and how the last test confirmed that my nephew just had a glandular problem and not leukaemia. When we went to bow before Guruji, he said: "*Ruby, I have converted your son's disease.*" You can imagine our surprise since no one knew of this. Such is my Guru who takes on all our troubles, our worries. One just thinks of him and he is there.

Granting vision to a vegetable vendor

A dear friend and guide of mine bought some land, but to his dismay he found there was no water beneath the sub-soil. He took

the problem to Guruji, who told him to dig at a particular corner to a depth of 120 feet. He was warned that if he sold the water, the well would dry up. He went and did exactly as Guruji had told him and clear water started flowing. The course of this sub-soil underground water had been changed after 100 years. Is any other proof required to realize that Guruji is God?

Guruji is there for anyone who comes to him in need with full faith, trust and total surrender. There was a poor vegetable vendor in Sector 22, Chandigarh, who had double vision. Doctors confirmed he was suffering from a brain tumour affecting his vision. He was operated upon. But after six months, the tumour again surfaced and he went under the knife once more. The tumour was malignant, and the vendor went into a coma for three months. When he regained consciousness, the doctor told him there was nothing more they could do for him, so his mother took him home. She heard about Guruji and implored him to help her son. Guruji told her to take 10 peanuts and soak them in water before sunset. Before sunrise, the kernel had to be eaten and the shell put on the eyes for a few minutes. The remedy was to be taken for 10 days. The man regained his eyesight, the malignancy vanished, and till date he is hale and hearty. This is due to Guruji's kripa.

I can spend hours writing this satsang about the miracles Guruji has performed. I can sing his praises all day because for me he is God who is there for me, my family, and the sangat, always smiling and covering us with his protective mantle. If there is any heaven on this earth, it is but here, here, here.

—Satsang of Harsharan Singh Tur



Man of medicine bows to faith

DR. INDER Mohan Bhatia was born into a well-to-do business family of Punjab. His father, elected Mayor of the Amritsar Municipal Corporation a record number of times, had a passion for serving the downtrodden, which his son inherited. It influenced his decision to study medicine and he successfully graduated from the Government Medical College in Amritsar in 1962. Four years later, a young man of 30 years, he had done his Master of Surgery from AIIMS. His specialty was in dealing with ocular trauma and he rose to head the study of that discipline in AIIMS.

The doctor naturally imbibed a strong scientific background and an utter faith in the existence of its immutable laws. Then in year

2002 something happened to effect a sea-change. He went to see Guruji along with his daughter-in-law. He recounts the experience in his own words:

“We were total strangers. Tea was served to all. I accepted the same, but she [the daughter-in-law] refused. Guruji saw this and immediately said this is not tea, but your medicine. You will be blessed with a son and that’s why you have come to me. My daughter-in-law had been married for the last four years and the best specialists had already told us all that it would be very difficult if not impossible for her to conceive. This had upset her. Here, we were taken aback as nobody knew about her problem. After one month she conceived and was blessed with a beautiful son. All my doctor friends who knew about her problem told me that it was indeed a miracle.”

The doctor’s faith in the hitherto fixed laws of science was shaken. He says it was very hard for him to accept and rationalize phenomenon that he happened to witness in the presence of Guruji.

He was recovering from an overdose of scientific rationalism when another instance of Guruji’s divine intercession occurred. His daughter-in-law’s grandmother, a 70-year-old lady who was severely diabetic, developed an acute backache; and paralysis was attacking her lower legs. She could not move about easily. She was examined by the cream of AIIMS’s neurologists. They took a battery of tests, including an MRI, and advised immediate surgery to save her from complete paralysis.

“The date of the surgery had been fixed when I brought her to Guruji,” the doctor recounts. “Before leaving, I asked Guruji to bless her so that the surgery would be successful. He looked at me and said very bluntly, *‘What sort of surgery?’* He pointed out that she had already taken prasad and that she would be okay now. So, we postponed surgery and she started recovering. In a few weeks, she was perfectly normal.”

Dr. Bhatia says that over the years he has seen many more amazing cures. Severe cardiac problems as well as malignancies have been cured due to Guruji’s grace. Miracles happen even without bringing problems to Guruji’s notice.

But Dr. Bhatia believes that for Guruji to help anyone, one must have complete faith, patience, and the capacity to surrender. Guruji’s

greatest gift to him has been a total transformation of his personality. “My life has become full of peace and tranquillity,” notes Dr. Bhatia. “He has provided me with an anchor and an unflinching belief in the existence of a divine order.”

—Satsang, as narrated, of Dr. Inder Mohan Bhatia, MBBS, DOMS,
MS (AIIMS)



Mahapurush of our age

EVEN IF she wrote life-long with the wish-fulfilling tree as her pen, with her ink made of Mount Sumer washed in the waters of the ocean, and the entire earth her paper, even then, O Shiva!, Goddess Saraswati would not be able to write down your praises.

Indeed, the guru-virtue cannot be expressed and Guruji is Lord Shiva himself. Therefore, it is impossible to give an account of his virtues. Yet whoever has had Guruji's darshan has, for whatever little time, seen the curtain behind which his easily-pleased nature is hidden. I came to know of Guruji through my dear relative Col (retd.) Joshi and earnestly desired to be blessed through his darshan. But since I was entangled during this time in my family responsibilities, I was unable to visit Delhi. I wrote to Col Joshi to tell Guruji that:

*'Tbn adim ki koi dua kare
Mere dard ke koi dava kare'*

Hardly had my words reached Guruji that I was fortunate enough to have his darshan and be graced—on my first visit to him—with the presence of his lotus feet on my hands. It seemed to me then that Guruji was saying:

*Mam darshan fal param anupa
Jev pavn nij sahaj sarupa
Supremely unique is the fruit of my darshan:
Beings glimpse the simple, unchanging
form of their self*

This is the touchstone of Mahapurushs: in their presence even common folk can immerse themselves in the rain of bliss that practitioners of severe austerities are denied after lifetimes of penance. Guruji can see into our hearts and, it is my belief, he gives us what we ask for without our telling him. There is a caveat: our wishes are granted only if they are beneficial to us. The saints have proclaimed that God's name is like the wish-fulfilling tree, but there is a distinction between Guruji and the wish-fulfilling tree (*kalpvriksha*). The *kalpvriksha* gives the pleader whatever one wants; Guruji gives what is beneficial.

That Guruji took birth in Punjab is also significant. In ancient times, Punjab was known as the *Saraswat Pradesh*. Maharishi Vyas—who elaborated the *Vedas*, condensed the 18 *Puranas* (considered to be mythological tales) wrote the *Mahabharata* and the *Brahma Sutras*—and saints of great stature have blessed the soil of the region with their holy presence. This great and ancient tradition of the knowledge of the Absolute was, in this *Kal Yuga*, given a renaissance-like push by Shri Guru Nanak Devji and Shri Chand, who both took birth in the Punjab and lifted the great mass of oppressed humanity. Guruji is doing the same now—that is my belief.

There are many revered preachers in the world. But just knowledge and that too delivered through impressive words does not help humanity. One cannot banish darkness through mere mention of light—and it is irrelevant whether the words glorify the sun or the humble lamp. What is required is one inside whom light burns and who can, through a feat of sympathetic spiritual combustion, kindle

our inner lamp. Guruji is such a one. Through the light of his being, he not only cautions his devotees of the pitfalls on the way, he makes their journey obstacle-free. Mahatma Tulsidas says mahapurushs like Guruji are even higher than God. He writes:

Ram Sindhu Dhan Sajjan Dheera Chandan Taru, hari sant sameera (God is the ocean; Mahapurushs are like the clouds; God is the sandal tree; mahapurushs are like the breeze). Just as clouds give rain to quench our thirst and the breeze carries the coolness of the sandalwood tree, so too only through mahapurushs can we connect with God. Even Lord Rama tells saint Narada that the *Shrutis* (the revealed scriptures) are unable to recount the virtues of mahapurushs.

Most respected Guruji's native home is the Sach Khand. What is this Sach Khand and where is it? Only he comes to know who is touched by Guruji's grace. '*Atisay kripa jahi par hoi; Paon dey ahi maan soi/Sant visuddh mile prabhu tahi, Charitra Ram kripa kar join*'. And it has been said that God resides in the Sach Khand.

The Compassionate Lord sends his mahapurush on a mission of mercy. The mahapurushs come among us and take a person on a five-stage journey through: 1) the Dharm Khand; 2) Gyan Khand; 3) Saram Khand; and 4) Karam Khand; to 5) God's own mansion in the Sach Khand. Finally, here is journey's end. Man is liberated of suffering and becomes a part of God's empire of bliss.

Most respected Guruji first removes the problems in his devotees' lives and takes them on the path of karma yoga. This is the first stage of the journey—the Dharam Khand. The devotee, made physically and mentally healthy, is able to contemplate normal and supranormal subjects. He begins to realize the truth about the world and the transitoriness of his own life. At this stage, he has reached the Gyan Khand.

Ceaseless contemplation leads to the realization of God's greatness and his own state. He is filled with shame as he sees his ego. He thinks he is wasting the human life that God had bestowed on him so that he could attain to him. When this urge to unite with God becomes intense, man reaches the Saram Khand. The high point of this journey occurs when he feels God's grace, which erases all his doubts and he enjoys bliss. This is the Karam Khand.

Man is sponged with bliss through God's grace and the doors of the Sach Khand open for him. No one can undertake this journey

by himself. Even one who is equal to Shiva cannot cross the ocean of life. Even one who is the repertory of wisdom, like Brahma, for God/self-realization, he has to go to a guru or mahapurush. And the guru's glance of grace instantaneously leads him to his cherished goal. Guruji is the mahapurush of this age, and I pay obeisance to the lotus feet of Guruji.

To Thy Lotus Feet

*O Lord! O Shiva! I sing the glory of thy Lotus Feet
 Thou art our refuge;
 thy Lotus Feet bind our minds to thee
 They cut through the worldly snare of maya
 And gift your devotees their cherished goals
 Like the wish-fulfilling tree;*

*O Lord! O Shiva! I sing the glory of thy Lotus Feet
 Shiva, Brahma, all the gods of heaven
 bow to thy Lotus Feet
 O most beloved Guru, whoever seeks
 their protection finds refuge
 Thy Lotus Feet, most adored Lord,
 Crush all obstacles
 And ship us through the ocean of life
 O Lord! O Shiva! I sing the glory of thy Lotus Feet*

—Satsang of Jagdish C. Pande, devotee from Nainital



Guruji saves my father

A LATE night call from my sister, two days before Holi of March 2006, summoned me to my father's bedside. He had been admitted to the ICU of a hospital in Haldwani—a town in the Kumaon foothills—after suffering from an attack of high blood pressure.

As soon as my sister had finished giving the bad news, my wife and I realized right away that Guruji had been forewarning us in his own way. Just before Shivratri (in February 2006), he had enquired about my father, who had come down from his residence in Bhimtal to be with us in Gurgaon that winter. Guruji had wanted to know if my father had left for home before Shivratri, as indeed he had. Guruji had then sent word through another devotee and my maternal uncle Col. (retd.) S.K. Joshi that my father and mother should come and stay with us. The guru's words, always prophetic, were not heeded.

So my father could not escape the high blood pressure attack. He had it while he was travelling to Bhimtal from Haldwani, where he had attended a function of the Life Insurance Corporation of India, from which he had retired.

It was quite severe and would have been fatal had it not been for Guruji's grace. As the blood pressure had risen, father's nose had started bleeding, relieving the pressure from the arteries. But for this anything could have taken place, quite possibly a stroke that could have ended in fatality or left him paralysed.

I found a repentant Dad at the ICU. He wished he had acted on Guruji's message. But Guruji's grace saw to it that Dad was back home after staying just a night in the ICU. Dad recuperated in Haldwani for a week or so, and then we all returned to Gurgaon. While he was recuperating, Dad had told me that he hoped Guruji would allow him to spend some time at Bade Mandir.

I was still worried about dad's blood pressure. It was refusing to abate. But I needn't have. We were after all in Guruji's safe harbour, in his sharan. Like a kind, protective father, Guruji set about dispelling our troubles. First, he granted Dad's unsaid wish to go to the mandir. Then, my father was asked to bring a copper tumbler, which Guruji blessed, and he was told to drink water from it. Dad did as he was told: he went to the mandir, he drank his blessings every day, and he also had his fill of the langar.

This was contrary to doctor's advice. Dad was supposed to stick to a bland, low-salt diet. Guruji's langar was anything but. My father was also recommended bed rest. But he became involved in the pre-Baisakhi preparations at the mandir.

Within three weeks of his arrival in Gurgaon, we were witness to a miracle. Days after Dad had started drinking water from his magic tumbler of blessings, there was a dramatic improvement in his health. His blood pressure eased down .

Not only did Guruji's blessings bring Dad's blood pressure down, they poured water on the doctors' dear prescriptions, presenting science once again with the challenge and mystery of faith. For my father, Guruji's blessings have proved to be a lifesaver. As for my wife and me, blessed with his many kindnesses and his love, it is difficult to express in words all that the heart feels. We can only wish to be at his lotus feet if he so desires. Forever, our pranams to Guruji.

—Satsang of Jeetu



My awakening

*Je sau chanda uge, sooraj charey hazar,
ithey chaanan hundeyan Guru bin ghor andhyar’
-Shri Guru Granth Sahibji*

*Though a hundred moons may rise and a
thousand suns dawn, there is complete
darkness without the Guru.*

MY BROTHER introduced me to Guruji in 1995. As I was bowing to him for the very first time, he said: “Oh, here you are Jatinder.” I was taken aback for no one calls me Jatinder though it is my formal name. I am usually addressed by my short name Joga and it is only my close family members who know my official name.

I let this pass as coincidence and sheer chance. Indeed, when I went a second time to meet Guruji, I was prepared to let logic hold more sway. I vividly remember sitting in the upright yoga posture with my eyes closed. Suddenly, I felt I was floating above the ground. I reflexively put my hands down and with a jolt opened my eyes. I looked at Guruji to find him smiling at me. I realized he had made this short flight of faith possible. Till today I can recall the floating feeling.

I had been suffering from asthma since the age of three and for the last 30 years I have been on steroids, taking dosages ranging between 5 ml and 30 ml a day. This led to complications; my stomach became sensitive: I suffered from gastric problems and allied allergies and was often hospitalized for these as well as asthma and spondylitis.

After I came to Guruji's sangat, slowly my health problems and stress disappeared. I felt increasingly better each time I attended the sangat. I began feeling like a normal human being with the blessings of Guruji. And the healing occurred without any medicines or a prescribed course of penances. Just langar and faith—and I was healthy. A few years ago my husband had to buy exorbitant Swiss machines for his recording studio. The business was at a critical stage and these machines were essential. But there were difficulties. There were lengthy procedures for importing professional audio equipment. Then someone from the overseas company came over to meet my husband and after some simple negotiations facilitated the import. We did not know that person at all: it was as if he was sent to help us. The company's representative was a lifesaver out of the blue. We owe the sustenance of the business during tough times only to Guruji.

The sound of music

On one occasion, a very famous Punjabi singer was to come to sing in the sangat. Guruji asked my husband to record the performance. At the venue, the singer's recording equipment was already in place and my husband told Guruji of the fact. He smiled and told him to sit with the sangat and enjoy the evening.

After three hours of singing, Guruji asked the singer to play back the songs. But no sound came out. After half an hour, her sound engineer gave up and revealed that nothing had been recorded. Guruji smiled and looked at my husband and said that he would do the recording the next time she sang. With Guruji's blessing that tape, recorded by my husband, is now played nearly every day in the sangat.

His healing touch

Guruji's methods of giving his blessings are varied, but it is vital that his instructions be followed fully in letter and spirit. My sister-in-law's case illustrates this. She had been suffering from migraines since the age of eight. During one of her visits to Guruji's sangat, she had a migraine attack. When langar was served, Guruji offered her two chapattis. She forced herself to eat them. Guruji then gave her two more. She ate one and managed to hide the fourth in her handbag; she soon felt better. When she came to Guruji's next, she reported

that she had been cured by 90 per cent and just a mild migraine remained. Guruji laughed and said that had she eaten the fourth chapatti, she would have been fully cured. She was shocked, since no one knew that she had hidden that chapatti in her handbag.

My father, a retired civil servant and an ardent disciple of Guruji, had a most amazing experience. One day he went to the sangat with my brother. Guruji asked my brother to get betel leaves worth Rs. 51 from the market. Guruji then put those leaves on my father's stomach and said that he had 'operated' on my father. My father was quite perplexed because he thought he was quite healthy. After a few days, my father passed blood in his urine and had to be hospitalized. The doctors diagnosed cancer in the bladder and operated upon him. It was clear then that Guruji had blessed him. For, had he not operated upon him, my father would not have come to know that there was something wrong in the bladder. Guruji thus cured him before the problem was known, leave alone aggravated.

Yet another incident which left us spellbound concerned a person who had never met Guruji.

We are a family of dog lovers and, therefore, the vet was a regular sight in our house. One day the vet seemed disturbed. His father-in-law was suffering from cancer, which was at the advanced third-degree stage. The vet and his wife were going to visit him in the hospital. I met his wife who was waiting for him in the car outside. I gave her a small photo of Guruji and although she didn't know anything about Guruji but was desperate enough to try anything, she took it. She put it in her father's shirt pocket or perhaps under his pillow as I had suggested. That night her father's condition worsened. But miraculously the next day he was better, and in four days he was released from the hospital! It seemed as if someone had literally scooped out his cancer, for a depression appeared in his back. Soon I was pleasantly surprised to see the whole family come to Guruji's sangat. The vet's father-in-law thanked me profusely. I told him to thank Guruji.

My American children

Since they had been in school, Guruji had been referring to my children as Americans. We did not understand why. They neither had plans to go abroad nor any inclination. But he sees the future.

Today, my elder son is settled in Canada and the younger one gained admission in an institution in California. Guruji has also helped my children do well academically. Thanks to his blessings, my younger son was ranked second in the state-level computer science entrance examination.

In today's day and age, there is tremendous negativity, deceit and mistrust. Diseases are rife. I feel fortunate to have met Guruji; he has lessened the suffering and problems of my life and replaced them with belief, health, and a keenly felt sense of spirituality. This has given us a deep understanding of life and an understanding of God's wondrous ways. Guruji has a way of making each one of us feel the chosen one and making every day a blessing.

—Satsang of Joga Cheema



Under the shelter of his grace

WE CAME under Guruji's sharan in August 1998. I had been posted at Jalandhar from 1975 to 1984 and resided near Guruji's mandir, but it was only in 1998 that he ordained that his blessings fall on me. I came to Guruji that year and since then there has been no looking back.

In 1998, we were planning the marriage of my only son who was in Dubai. Guruji asked me to bring my son's and the girl's photos, and he blessed these.

Subsequently, my son's marriage took place in March 1999. And it was as if Guruji had thrown a protective cover around all functions. I had just built my house in Noida and was short of money. But thanks to Guruji's blessings the marriage functions went on well. The reception was held in Taj Hotel, Delhi. The official photographer covering the function was impressed. He remarked that he had covered over 500 weddings as a photographer in Delhi and a brawl was inevitable, as in Punjabi weddings liquor flows freely. But, during my son's party, everything went smoothly.

After another function, held at Vasant Continental Hotel, a few relatives were on their way to Noida when the mini-bus carrying them broke down. The ladies were wearing heavy jewellery and it was midnight. But every one reached home safe. Only the kind supreme power, Guruji, could have seen to their safety.

Getting 10-year family visas for US

My son is a telecom engineer and though he was in Dubai he was not happy there. I would occasionally tell Guruji about this and he'd ask me not to worry. My son and his wife were visiting India in January 2000. I went to a satsang at Guruji's place on 10 January and carried four visa forms duly filled for myself, my wife, and son and daughter-in-law. I told Guruji that the children were coming from Dubai at midnight the same day, and that we would be going to the US Embassy in the morning for visa interviews. Guruji just said: "*Tera kalyan kar ditta (You have been blessed).*"

It was a drawn-out process. After all the formalities were completed at a window outside the Embassy, one had to stand in a queue inside. Next, a senior counsellor did a preliminary check and turned each applicant over to an interviewer. In the queue, I was in front, followed by my wife, my son and daughter-in-law. When I reached the counsellor and gave him all four passports, he asked me if I was Mr. J.S. Alag. I told him I was Brig. Alag. He asked me if it was my girlfriend who was standing behind me; I averred she was my wife. It seemed as if it was Guruji sitting there, as the counsellor talked in a manner similar to his. Would I like a ten-year visa, the counsellor inquired. I asked whether he would give that to all four of us, and he said yes. He told me to go to window number one, meant for persons approved for a 10-year visa. Getting a visa for my son, who was a young engineer, was then impossible. But we all got a 10-year visa each. At night when we went to Guruji, He said: "*Ho gaya kam (Is your job done?)*" We touched his feet: it was a miracle.

Saved from a car accident in US

My son with his wife and our grandson went to the US on an H1 visa in July 2004. He was located at Los Angeles then. My wife also joined them in September 2004 for a short visit. She kept a photo of Guruji in our son's car, as days before she had left, Guruji had so instructed us.

That month I went for a satsang at Guruji's ashram in Chattarpur and when I returned, my clothes were full of his fragrance. I changed my clothes and again smelt the clothes: they had an unusually strong fragrance. I went to sleep. In the morning on waking up, as was my

usual practice, I phoned up my wife. My son took the call and told me that they had had a terrible car accident. At a traffic crossing their car had collided with another, but they all were safe. The car was a write-off. My wife said the collision had been so severe that our grandson, who was in his baby seat tied at the rear, was thrown out of his seat and landed in the arms of my wife, sitting next to him. She says she kept her eyes closed and dared not see if the child was all right. When she opened her eyes, the baby smiled at her and she thanked Guruji for saving their lives. On my next visit to a satsang at Empire Estate, I narrated this incident to Guruji. He smiled and asked me to sit down. He knew what had happened.

My own near accident in May 2006

We were invited to dinner by a friend and while we were returning home I was about to take a U-turn when a speeding car rushed on to us. It must have been doing at least 150 km/hr. I immediately braked. At the last minute, the speeding vehicle swung clear of us—as if someone was protecting us. Had I turned completely, the car would have hit us from the rear. Even under normal circumstances this car would have hit us from the side. I immediately thanked Guruji. Guruji's miracles keep happening. His protection is always there.

—Satsang of Brig. (retd.) J.S. Alag





In Him lives the jyoti of Lord Shiva

I CAME in touch with His Holiness Guruji in 1986. Guruji is not an ordinary saint. He has in him the jyoti (light) of Lord Shiva. Like Lord Shiva, Guruji is an epitome of love and compassion for human beings. Any person who comes to Guruji's durbar with faith gets cured.

His Holiness Guruji conveys to his disciples the message of God almighty. He preaches that God is one, and all human beings irrespective of their caste, creed, colour and religion are equal and are from the family of God. He preaches love for humanity and exhorts his disciples to help the needy. He has divine powers and he is omniscient. He knows the past, the present and the future. He can predict coming events and has spiritual healing powers. He has performed God-like miracles to heal patients who have been declared incurable by the best doctors.

Blessings all around

I have been the recipient of Guruji's blessings on numerous occasions. In 1987, my wife developed some internal growth. Doctors advised her to undergo an immediate operation to avoid the malignancy from spreading further. We came to Guruji to seek his blessings for the success of the operation and told him of what the doctors had said. Guruji gave her amrit and said there was no need for an operation. Having full faith in Guruji's blessing, we did not opt for the operation. After two years, my wife felt a pain in the abdomen. A check-up at the Chandigarh PGI found no growth; she only had colic pain.

Guruji—in two places at one time

In February 1992, my mother fell very sick and went into a coma. She was 95 years of age and there was no hope of her surviving. It was 28th of February and unable to look on at the agony of my mother, I prayed mentally to Guruji, who was in Jalandhar, to come and give relief to her. It was 6.30 pm. A moment after my prayer, Guruji came in our room through the front door, which was closed from inside. We were exceedingly surprised to see him. Guruji asked my wife to bring a glass of water, which he blessed. He asked us to serve two spoons of the blessed water to my mother and assured us that my mother would last till 2 am. Guruji then left us, cautioning us not to come out of the room for 10 minutes.

We came out after that interval and enquired from the police guard at the gate of Guruji's arrival. The guard had no clue; he informed us that nobody had entered the room, leave alone Guruji. I immediately telephoned Guruji's at Jalandhar and was surprised to know that Guruji was present in the sangat at the time he had visited us. After that we served the blessed water to my mother and she expired at 2 am—exactly as Guruji had foretold. Guruji was therefore present at two places, the sangat and our house, simultaneously.

Shiva darshans

My daughter is also a devotee of Guruji. In 1998, Guruji was staying in Sector 33, Chandigarh. Whenever she prayed to Guruji, my

daughter always asked for the darshan of Lord Shiva. One morning when my daughter got up, she was surprised to notice that every photograph of Guruji in her room had changed to that of Shivji Maharaj. She entered the drawing room and noticed that Lord Shiva was sitting on the carpet, close to the photograph of Guruji.

But, at the time, she did not reveal to us that she had had the darshans. In the evening, we visited Guruji. On coming close to Guruji, my daughter noticed a dazzling light around his face and could not bear the reflection of the holy light. She cried uncontrollably and was spellbound. She experienced the presence of Shivji Maharaj within Guruji. She remained under this blissful state for a week thereafter. We enquired from Guruji about her condition. Guruji told us that since my daughter had wanted to see Shivji Maharaj in all her prayers, he had fulfilled her desire.

Healing waters

On 29 April 1998, I fell down in my bathroom and broke three ribs. I was admitted to the hospital. On 15 May, I was referred to the PGI, Lucknow, where the doctors took ECHO and ECG tests and said there was partial damage to my heart, the test revealing a shadow over it. The ECG confirmed their diagnosis. On 29 May, I got myself examined again from Dr. Mahesh Chandra, Professor and Head of the Cardiology Department of King George's Medical College, Lucknow. He also took the ECHO and ECG tests and confirmed the findings. On 2 June, I came to Guruji at Delhi and sought his blessings. I told him what the doctors had found. He asked for a glass of water, which he blessed, and then asked me to unbutton my shirt and sprinkled water from the glass. He pronounced me fully cured but advised a re-examination.

A day later, I got myself examined from Dr. Karlopiya, Head of Cardiology at the Army Referral and Research Hospital in New Delhi. He also took the ECHO and ECG tests and gave me a clean bill of health, saying my heart was normal and there was no shadow around it. He was surprised when he compared the recent test reports with my previous ECHO and ECG reports. He said only a miracle could have happened between 29 May and 3 June, otherwise my heart condition could not have changed so drastically. When I returned to Lucknow, I showed my ECG and ECHO graphs to the doctors.

They were equally surprised and said this change was not medically possible. I have been hale and hearty ever since. Such is the divine power of Guruji.

Difficult ties

My brother-in-law and I jointly owned a commercial plot in Sector 35, Chandigarh. In 1998, I invited Guruji to lay the foundation stone of the shop-cum-flat. When Guruji came to the plot site, he was reluctant to lay the foundation stone, but on my insistence he did so. Guruji then produced one gold sovereign from the air and gave it to me. He told me that I would profit but would have a strained relationship with my brother-in-law.

Soon after the construction of the building began, it had to be stopped midway. It was resumed after one year. When the building was completed, there was a dispute between me and my brother-in-law and as a result we stopped talking to each other. The building could fetch me Rs. 50,000 as rent for my share, but we could not rent it out because of our difficult relationship. What Guruji had told us at that time came true after four years. I could sell my share in the building only with difficulty but I did make a profit.

Journeys without petrol

In 1989, I was posted as the Patiala district judge. Guruji came from Jalandhar to stay with us. For his return journey, I sent my driver with my private car. Though the petrol tank was full, I also gave Rs. 300 to the driver for buying petrol in case it was required.

The driver came back eager to share the details of a miracle. He told us that he had spent the extra money on petrol. But one day when there was no petrol left in the car, Guruji had asked him to drive the car. He told Guruji there was no petrol in the car, and he had no money. Guruji still asked him to start the car. He obeyed and to his amazement the car started and the petrol indicator showed that the tank was full. He could not believe that the car was running without petrol. Thereafter, during all the five days he stayed with Guruji, the car ran without petrol whenever Guruji sat in the car and asked him to start it. On the last day, Guruji produced three hundred-rupee notes and gave them to him, saying this was the

sum given for buying petrol! The driver, Karam Singh, at the time of writing, worked in the office of the Patiala district judge.

Fulfilling desires

In 1987, I was posted at Ropar. One day I saw a photograph of the then prime minister Indira Gandhi in the newspaper. She was wearing a *rudraksh mala* around her neck. I wondered if Guruji could give one rudraksh to me as prasad.

After about two months, I went to meet Guruji at Jalandhar. He was sitting with the sangat. He asked me if I wanted any thing from him. I said no and that I was just happy with his blessings. He asked me to extend my hand. I did so, and Guruji placed a rudraksh on my palm. He asked me if this was what I had wanted from him. Guruji gave me the kind of prasad I had thought of two months earlier. I have had the rudraksh with me ever since. Guruji can fulfil the desires of his devotees even if they don't explicitly ask him for anything.

Saving my son

My son was seriously injured in a motorcycle accident in 1999. He was alone and was brought back home by guards posted outside the Chandigarh house. I was at the time in Lucknow. He did not go to the hospital. All he did was to keep Guruji's photograph by his bedside and have milk with turmeric powder and ghee.

In the morning after the accident, when he woke up, he realized his injuries were serious: blood had oozed out of his ear; his neck and head were swollen so much that he was unrecognizable. The accident had taken place at around 11 pm and he was taken to the hospital next day at around noon. The doctors were amazed he had survived without any medical aid. He was immediately taken to the emergency ward and was found to have suffered a haemorrhage and a hairline fracture of the skull. Luckily, the blood from the internal injury had oozed out through the ear.

The doctors were insisting on an operation, but he waited till we came from Lucknow late the next day. On the way, we contacted Guruji and told him about the accident. Guruji assured us of his blessings. My son, in the meantime, was kept under observation.

Thanks to Guruji's blessings, the doctor did not feel any necessity for an operation but due to the head injury, my son's face was paralysed. Guruji sent us a copper tumbler that he had blessed. The moment we gave water from that tumbler to my son, his condition started improving. To the doctors' amazement, his paralysis vanished within two days. My son was discharged and was fully cured within a few days. Subsequent x-rays of his skull and an MRI showed no sign of any fracture or haemorrhage. My son has been perfectly fit and fine ever since. Such is the God-like healing power that our Guruji possess. Guruji Maharaj has also blessed my son with the divine darshan of the Almighty Lord Shiva.

There are many such miracles that Guruji has performed and continues to do so daily to help out the needy and the suffering. He loves the high and low equally. His compassion knows no bounds. He who has faith in him can purify his life. If we have faith in him, he takes on all our worries. Guruji does not have any worldly needs. He shuns all offerings. He needs nothing. He has graced the earth to lesson our miseries. Have faith in Guruji and get his blessings.

– *Satsang of Justice A.S.Gill, a former High Court judge*



By the Guru's word

I WAS suffering from an unknown disease that could not be treated. All the major hospitals—Inderprastha, Apollo, Max Noida, AIIMS, Delhi—carried out long and expensive investigations to no avail.

I started coming to Guruji regularly. One day Guruji commanded me to do sewa at Bade Mandir. I did so. When four-five days later I went to the doctor, the disease was diagnosed. It was a serious blood infection, and doctors warned me that the treatment was long and painful. That his devotee undergo such suffering was unacceptable to Guruji. I was admitted to a hospital and my treatment began, but just after four days doctors discharged me and put me on medicines. Now I am fit and fine.

Such blessings are not unusual. Whenever Guruji commands us to do something, we must obey and not look for logic in what he says. Whatever he says is his command, a blessing, and solely aimed at benefiting the devotee. It is not riches or gifts or fawning actions and words that please Guruji. He is pleased only with true love. A love that makes no demand, puts no conditions, and accepts the guru's word. And he reciprocates this love. Whenever you need him, he is with you any time any where in the world. Just remember him—lovingly.

—Satsang of Jyoti Gupta

Disentangling the knotted rope of karma

AFTER BOTH her in-laws were found to be suffering from blood cancer, Jyoti Verma and her husband disposed of their factory and petrol pump and shifted from Dehradun to Delhi.

As compared to Dehradun, living in Delhi was expensive. The Vermas had two children and their ailing parents to look after; they felt they would never lead a happy and comfortable life here. It seemed to them that, bound by their karma, they were walking aimlessly in a dark endless cave. The rope of their karma had coiled around them. Both planned to shift to a smaller city, so that they could once again start life afresh. In fact, the family had not even unpacked its bags since coming from Dehradun.

Then through a friend whose daughter's wedding they had attended, the Vermas came to Guruji and had his darshan. The next day they went to the mandir at Empire Estate, where they sat for hours and sought his blessings.

So acute were their financial worries that when they were going to Guruji, Jyoti told her husband that it was not a piece of cake to spend petrol worth Rs. 500 daily to come to Guruji. The Vermas used to come from Ghaziabad, quite a distance from Empire Estate. The sangat used to be held on all seven days and they felt as if they

were pulled to him daily. They found to their surprise that things started setting right by themselves: the tangled rope of their lives was disentangling itself under his presence.

Soon, the Vermas started importing a ready-to-use liquid intravenous immunoglobulin made from human plasma by Baxter Healthcare. And their company, which never sold more than 6,000–10,000 vials per year, is today unable to meet the demand. The Vermas' financial worries were over. Even the money that was due to them came in. The Vermas realized the impact of Guruji's blessings before they had a chance to voice their problems to Guruji. They had spent most of the time going to Guruji arguing over whether they should tell him about their problems or not. But Guruji had solved their conundrum, without their ever having to say a single word to him.

In the meantime, their father-in-law's condition also improved. At one point of time, he was declared dead during a chemotherapy session. But he had a photo of Guruji in his pocket all the time and not only got a new life but was also cured of the disease. He never had treatment for cancer again. In his unique way, Guruji also saved the life of Jyoti's husband. Once he called her husband out when it was the sangat's leave-taking time, but did not say anything. He gave his permission only after some five minutes. No one realized why he had acted thus. But the Vermas soon saw what would have befallen them had they left earlier. On way home they saw the wreckage of an accident that had occurred only minutes ago. They felt that had Guruji not forestalled their departure, they could have met with the same fate.

Guruji's grace extended to Jyoti's relatives. Her husband had a severe backache due to a slipped disc and was bedridden. Guruji did not even ask about him for one and a half months. Then one day Guruji advised him to have hot milk with turmeric before going to bed. He was cured.

Jyoti's brother-in-law, a senior official in Hindustan Aeronautics Limited posted in Lucknow, had a different problem. He was often at odds with his boss, who was hindering his promotion. He decided to resign from the job. But with Guruji's blessing, he was promoted and transferred to Hyderabad. He had himself said after his interview at Chennai that his promotion was not possible. Today, he is happy and is looking after major divisions.

Under Guruji's protection

Guruji also protects devotees from negative circumstances. At the Vermas' factory site, a huge water tank, some 18 to 20 feet deep, was being built and about 20 to 25 labourers were working there. A boulder fell into the tank and the workers, fearing danger, were prompted to come out. The next moment, just as the last labourer had come out, the huge wall, 18 ft high and 65 ft wide, fell down. No one was hurt; even an infant was unharmed. What else could this be but Guruji's grace? Another instance: Jyoti's sister had been married seven years ago and was suffering severe stomach ache. She had been treated and even operated on without any result. Her parents had even gone to pundits and tantriks, who did all sorts of tantra-mantra which went in vain. Jyoti told Guruji about her sister's problem and he blessed her with a copper tumbler. Soon, she was absolutely well.

Finding a lost son

Jyoti's maid lost her 11-year-old son, who was unfamiliar with Delhi, having come from his village a month ago. All her efforts to find him were in vain, and she did not even have his photograph. The distraught mother pleaded to Jyoti for help. Jyoti prayed to Guruji asking him to help the poor troubled woman who needed him the most. The same evening she got her son back. She said it seemed as if someone had come and left him there in front of her.

Watching over the teenaged son

Guruji instructed Jyoti's son to go and live in a hostel. It was his first time out of home for a long time and he used to get quite depressed. One day all his friends left him in the hostel and went out to spend the evening with their girlfriends. He cribbed to himself that he could also have a girlfriend, as it led to no harm and was just a way to while away the time. He fell asleep with these thoughts, but to his utter surprise Guruji came in his dream and scolded him. He woke up at 2 pm, shivering, drenched with sweat. He prayed to Guruji and only then could he get sound sleep. Jyoti was told of this incident, and she felt reassured. She knew Guruji was taking care of everything.

Jyoti says once people are under Guruji's sharan, they have nothing to think of. They just have to stop using their mind and surrender themselves, forgetting all ifs and buts. We come to him as chronic patients, says Jyoti, with lots of problems and negativity that he removes with his blessings. Guruji's 'treatment' is beyond our understanding. His blessings are always in disguise. But our human nature is not satisfied till we speak of our problems. We shouldn't ask for instant results when we have come to him as the last resort. The faith and surrender devotees put in connects them to him and leads them to a bright future. As the saying goes: "Jitna Gur Daloge Utna He Meetha Phal Paoge (As the amount of sweet put in, so the sweetness of the fruit)." The aura around the devotees turns so positive that no one can ever harm them.

– Satsang, as narrated, of Mrs. Jyoti Verma



Saving my husband's life

I CONSIDER myself extremely fortunate and honoured to have met Guruji around the year 2000. Since then he has, in every way, blessed and kept my entire family under his guiding benevolence. My husband Deepak met Guruji when he had gone with his brother Arun on a day not appointed for the sangat.

Arun had a pressing problem, as the daughter of one of his domestic staff had met with a serious accident in the village, and doctors had recommended amputation. Guruji was at home, and they were fortunate to have his darshan. By his grace her foot was saved. While they were there, Guruji asked my husband to bring me to see him. I was at first disinclined for though I am a religious-minded person, I did not believe in 'mortal gods'. Later, reflecting on how greatly he had helped my sister-in-law Anita with her debilitating Parkinson's disease, I felt it would be disrespectful of me not to go.

The instant Guruji saw me, he said, "*Kailash Khanna di kudi (Kailash Khanna's daughter)*," and I was shocked for there was no way he could have known my late father's name. He gave me a photo of his and asked me to keep coming to the sangat. I placed his photo on my puja table at night and was surprised to see the next morning that it had fallen. Also, the *sindoor*, which I kept in a small round container, had dropped onto the table in a neat round heap, though the container was upright. No one could have entered the puja room

at night, and I was confused. With hindsight, I now know that was Guruji's way of telling me he had come to my home that night.

How I got my knitting needles

I particularly remember an incident when Guruji saved us from a great deal of anguish. Our younger son Vinayak was to get married. On the morning of the *sangeet*, families had arrived from different parts of the country and abroad. Suddenly, I heard my husband's fearful voice. He was asking me to come immediately as his ailing mother had collapsed. I ran first to Guruji's photograph and prayed to him to keep her safe. Then I entered my mother-in-law's room. Miraculously, she turned and sat up; her recovery was so complete that she was able to participate in the wedding that she had been looking forward to.

Another time that Guruji blessed our family—for which we are eternally grateful—was when he facilitated the birth of our twin grandsons. My elder son Rajnath and his wife Moira had been married for five years. We were anxious to be grandparents, but they were taking their time. Since both worked in the US, where there is no family support, and had little spare time, I hoped they would not put off having children altogether. One day we asked Guruji when they would have children. He looked at their photos for a long time and told me to bring them for his blessings. Fortunately, this happened soon as they were coming for Vinayak's wedding. As part of the wedding ceremonies, we had a small *havan* at home. Moira told me she would not be able to participate as she was having her periods. After the wedding, they returned to the US and barely had a few days passed when all excited she rang up and told me to take out my knitting needles: I was going to be a grandmother!

I was pleasantly shocked, as just 10 days earlier I had known it was not possible. I came to thank Guruji profusely, and he told me that he had blessed her with twins. After her ultrasound, Moira was able to confirm this news to me as well.

Blessing my husband

My husband Deepak had an injury in his foot and it had got to the point of turning gangrenous; he had to be hospitalized. With

treatment it got better and he came home with a dressing around his ankles. The next morning, the bed sheets and blankets were covered with fresh blood. Yet, the dressing was completely clean and dry. The doctor also examined him to see if there could have been bleeding from elsewhere and was intrigued. No one could explain what had happened. But we knew it was Guruji who had eliminated whatever infected blood there was that remained in my husband's foot.

Guruji has even given my husband a new lease of life with a new heart. Two of Deepak's arteries had over 90 per cent blockage. Guruji had foreseen this and had asked me to come for darshan on a particular day. I happened to be preoccupied that evening and decided to go the next day instead. But, before I could meet Guruji, Deepak was rushed to Escorts Hospital with severe pain and underwent emergency surgery. He had angioplasty and had three stents put inside his arteries. As my son, daughter-in-law and I waited in the hospital lobby, we could smell Guruji's fragrance. As Deepak came out of surgery, he too smelt Guruji's fragrance. But though I was beside him, I did not. Perhaps Guruji was reprimanding me for not coming to the sangat on the appointed day. If I had, Deepak would have been saved from this trauma. I thanked Guruji and promised him I would never make this mistake again.

These are just some of the instances where Guruji has touched our lives, yet there have been innumerable ones. I pray to him daily to guide and bless our family and to keep us from harm. I am completely indebted to him and am confident that he hears my prayers. I have on occasion asked him that he does so much for so many people; what does he expect in return? He smiles and says, "*Their complete devotion.*"

—Satsang of Jyotsana Shourie



Wiping away a mother's tears, saving a man's job

YEAR 1998 changed everything for the Lal family. Their eldest son died in an accident in the Delhi Cantonment area. Mr. Kanwar Lal's wife couldn't bear the blow and fell victim to a heavy depression.

Then a friend of Kanwar's, Prem Singh, a former Indian ambassador to Singapore, happened to meet him. Prem naturally enquired about the family and was told of what had happened. Unknown to Kanwar, Prem Singh was a devotee of Guruji and he directed his friend towards Guruji.

Kanwar went one morning to Guruji's place at Empire Estate. He showed the ambassador's visiting card and requested entry. He was told by a devotee at the entrance, Sudama, that this was not the time to visit Guruji. Kanwar persisted in trying to show the ambassador's visiting card to Guruji; Sudama was not impressed. He told the distressed father that many ambassadors came to Guruji's durbar, which was held only in the evening, and Kanwar should come then. Kanwar returned and spoke to his friend, who advised him to retrace his steps. In the evening, Kanwar found his friend waiting for him at the Empire Estate gate and together they went in. Guruji allowed Kanwar an audience and the father was able to report his troubles to

the Satguru. Guruji blessed a copper tumbler that Kanwar's wife had to drink water from to get rid of her prolonged depression.

The remedy, simple as it always seems, proved vastly effective. Within 15 days, the bereaved mother had turned the corner. She stopped crying, her low blood pressure normalized and she felt okay.

It was May of 2000 and the family started coming to Guruji.

The family took a short break and went to Manali. When Kanwar returned to Delhi, he found that he had been reassigned jobs. He was going to be relieved from his custom duties at IGI Airport and had to join duty at custom house in New Delhi on July 15. But when he went to Guruji's, the Satguru suggested another break. The date was June 24 when the master advised Kanwar and family to go for a week's holiday. Kanwar's faith in Guruji was not yet steady—so he admits today. Disregarding Guruji's advice, Kanwar attended office. During that week, on June 4, a departmental inquiry was initiated against 48 customs officers. Kanwar was one of them. Had Kanwar obeyed Guruji, he wouldn't have been named.

Kanwar again brought his problem before Guruji. The Omniscient Master dismissed his worries and instead pointed to another area of concern: his daughter's marriage. Kanwar wasn't relieved but events showed that his worry was baseless. Of the 48 officers named, 33 were proceeded against. Kanwar and other officers whose names came below him in the departmental list were not named. Later, when prosecution proceedings were initiated against the 33 officers, Kanwar was not even touched.

Guruji turns middleman for a marriage

On Guruji's advice, Kanwar had taken his first step in the old Indian marriage game—the hunt for a suitable boy. An Indian Oil engineer seemed a likely candidate and, following Indian custom, came with his parents to see the girl. Before the all-important visit, Guruji called up Kanwar and specifically asked him to offer the young man's father white *rasgullas* (an Indian sweet).

The candidate's parents were presented a lavish spread. Then, one by one, first Kanwar himself, then his wife and then his son offered the boy's father the *rasgullas*. Each time—and for reasons best

known to the Satguru—the candidate’s father declined. Kanwar’s family had by now known enough of Guruji’s ways to suspect that something was amiss. When they went in the evening for his darshan at Empire Estate, Guruji made a pithy comment: “*Even beautiful roses have thorns.*” The family understood it to mean that the boy was not suitable for their girl. Moreover, the boy’s family also dropped the matter.

Some time later, another likely candidate was found for the girl—a promising, young judicial magistrate in Delhi. He came to see the girl and liked her, phoning up Kanwar as he was returning from the visit to make his affirmation known. He also asked the girl’s father to get his parents’ approval. The Lals went to the boy’s parents at their native home. But nothing came of the visit till one day Guruji phoned up Kanwar. Out of the blue, he asked his devotee where good *chaat* (tempting spicy Indian appetizers) could be had. Kanwar replied that to his knowledge, a corner shop near the UPSC building at Shahjahan Road served very good quality. Guruji asked him to be there at 6.30 pm.

At 6.30 pm, Guruji arrived with a few devotees. Chaat was brought and Guruji gave a plate to Kanwar, congratulating him on his daughter’s wedding getting fixed. Then the devotees felicitated him. Kanwar was left wondering what was happening. For only he knew that there had been silence from the judicial magistrate’s side, that too for nearly two months. Soon, however, the good news came. As usual, the Guru’s words had proved prophetic.

Guruji’s magisterial grace for son-in-law

Kanwar’s son-in-law had given his departmental exams and cleared every paper but one, which was quite irregular. His father-in-law brought the matter before Guruji. The Satguru remarked that the boy should have cleared the exam and that he would. Kanwar felt Guruji was hinting that someone had tried to thwart his son-in-law’s professional advancement. Soon a full bench of the High Court sat for the judicial review of the examination procedure of the candidate. Looking at his performance and his peers’ comments as noted in the annual confidential report, the bench ruled in his favour and adjudged he had passed the exam.

Son has scratch-less accident

Kanwar's son, Rohit, was not getting hostel accommodation in the Apeejay Engineering College, on the Sohana-Palwal road that winds out of Gurgaon. His son's death due to an accident in the back of his mind, Kanwar was worried about sending his son 65 km away to the engineering institute. But Guruji reassured him. As fate would have it, one day the Qualis in which his son commuted to his college hit a truck on the Sohana road. The driver lost an eye and all the other students were injured. Rohit, as Guruji would have it, had nary a scratch.

When Kanwar came to Guruji's in the evening, the Satguru simply said: "*I have saved your son.*" Guruji's benign grace continued to rain on Rohit. He was unable to enter the third year of his engineering course because he had not been able to clear a paper in the first semester of the first year. When Guruji came to know of that, he just said that Rohit would get into the third year.

Then, as divine providence would have it, Apeejay changed its rule. Now students were allowed to go into the third year if they had passed at least 18 of the 20 exams they had sat for during the course of their engineering studies. Rohit, thus, could go into the third year of his course. That this was Guruji's divine will in operation was proved when a year later the institute reverted to its rule. Clearly, school rules had to bow to the Satguru's will.

Healing without an operation

Kanwar's mother-in-law was slated to have an operation at Sir Ganga Ram Hospital on her right knee, which pained her a lot. But Guruji expressly forbade the operation, going to the extent of telling Kanwar to not even take his mother-in-law near the hospital. As per the Satguru's direction, the copper tumbler water remedy was again given. The simple yet potent cure worked wonders yet again. The knee stopped paining in a month and regained flexibility.

– Satsang, as narrated, of Kanwar Lal, Superintendent,
Customs & Central Excise, Delhi

Accident victims get new lives via his photos

IT WAS 8 am on a Saturday in December 2005 and I was reading the newspaper at my home in Delhi when the phone rang. My brother P.N. Raju was on the line from Chennai. His brother in law P.N. Narasimhan and two of Narasimhan's colleagues had met with a severe accident while returning home from office at about 4 am in Pondicherry.

Raju broke down over the line. I immediately told Raju to proceed to Pondicherry with Guruji's photo and keep Guruji's photo on or beside the three injured. I had given Raju the photo some months earlier.

The Maruti car the three were travelling in had dashed against a stationary bullock cart. The car got smashed in the front. The two people in the front suffered severe head injuries and their arms were broken. But it was the person on the rear, Mr. Arun, who was worst affected. Mr. Arun's head had hit the ceiling of the car and he had suffered a huge internal injury.

When Raju went to the hospital, doctors told him the three were badly injured. They also did not hold out any hope for Arun, predicting that he would not survive for more than seven hours. Arun's internal injury was too deep as seen in the x-ray. Inside the

head, there was a 'total jam', said doctors, and declared that nothing could be done. Accordingly, they stopped giving Arun further treatment. His relatives were told to prepare themselves.

However, Raju did not give up faith. He took Guruji's photo and kept it on the head of the injured. But he did so without bringing the fact to the knowledge of the relatives of the affected people, as none of them knew about Guruji.

I was in touch with Raju once almost every three hours. Whenever he got the opportunity to be near the patients, Raju would keep Guruji's photo on them and offer his prayers to Guruji.

The effects were immediate. When doctors examined the three injured, they ruled that two of them were not critical anymore, but needed to be kept in the ICU. They again examined Arun and were surprised to note that not only had he beaten the seven-hour limit set by the doctors, but was also showing signs of improvement. When doctors were asked, they could give no answer.

The second day the doctors were astonished. They examined Arun only to find considerable improvement. Doctors now said that contrary to their prognosis Arun had survived but added that he may not lead a normal life. For two weeks after the accident, Raju kept Guruji's photo on the patients. And about a month later Arun began remembering the past and expressed his desire to get out of bed.

Blessed by Guruji, his condition improved significantly and three months later he joined office. All the doctors treating Arun could only be amazed. Unknown to them, Guruji had answered his devotee's prayers for those who had not even heard of him and saved their lives.

Satsang's healing effects

A similar manifestation of his grace had occurred nine months earlier as well, when I had not even had Guruji's darshan. One March evening I was chatting with three of my guests, 52-year-old Mrs. Vijaya, 50-year-old Mrs. Rajalakshmi, who is my uncle's spouse, and my sister-in-law.

Vijaya was troubled by spondylitis while Rajalakshmi had been enduring migraines for the last 15 years. During the course of the conversation, Vijaya said she could not sleep on a bed nor could she travel in a rickshaw, auto, car, or bus. She had lost all peace of mind

due to the disease. A leading spondylitis specialist in Tamil Nadu, Dr. Mayil Vahanan, had examined her and told her she would have to live with the disease.

Rajalakshmi's migraines were so bad she had been driven to try and commit suicide. She had consumed a handful of sleeping tablets on a few occasions, but each time had been unsuccessful. I do not know what triggered my thoughts, but I simply told the ladies that their problems would be over if they placed them before Guruji and prayed to him. At that time, I had only one photo of Guruji. But I continued to tell the gathering about Guruji. I told them of a few people blessed by Guruji in even more critical times in their lives. I narrated these stories of faith, with full fervour, for about 10 minutes.

Unbelievably, at the end of these 10 minutes, both Vijaya and Rajalakshmi reported changes. Vijaya said her spondylitis pain was decreasing very fast. Rajalakshmi said her headache, which she had been suffering throughout the earlier part of the conversation, was lessening. She felt as if a huge weight was being taken off her head.

Their new-found sense of health continued. That night, Vijaya slept on a bed—for the first time in 10 years. And Raja lakshmi did not take her medicinal tablets. After witnessing these miracles with my own eyes, I immediately called Lt. Col. Chatterjee and requested him to guide us to Guruji's place. A week later we went there and took his blessings.

Three years have now passed and the ladies, who are based in Chennai, offer daily prayers before Guruji's photo. They do not have any trace of their problems.

—Satsang of R. Krishnaswami, Senior Engineer, Siemens
Information Systems Limited, Gurgaon



Seeing with the eyes of faith

MY OBEISANCE to the lotus feet of Shri Guruji. I wish to express my deep reverence and gratitude to Guruji for all the wonders that he has wrought in our lives. We are truly blessed, for we have been taken into Guruji's fold. He is God incarnate, an embodiment of Lord Shiva and at the same time an extremely human, approachable, understanding supreme power who guides you to the right path, urging you to rise above ritualism and orthodoxy. He has given a different meaning to our lives, our interpretation of religion, faith. Everything has been simplified beyond measure.

Blessed was the day when we first came into Guruji's sharan. The first time my father had been to him, he had asked for us. He knew where my husband was posted and that our daughter Aditi had a problem—the Rubella Syndrome. This was in April of 1995. I was delighted.

I had contracted German measles in my first trimester. Consequently, Aditi was born with multiple problems that resulted in visual impairment (because of congenital cataract, microphthalmus, micro cornea, nystagmus and glaucoma). During her first two years, she underwent five eye surgeries—three for removal of the cataract, two because of glaucoma. In spite of all these interventions, her gross vision improved only slightly. All the time, the doctors at AIIMS painted a very bleak picture. Since her retina had been damaged, they felt there was little hope she would regain vision to a large extent.

Besides her gross visual anomalies, her PDA (a duct outside the heart) had not closed. That was corrected surgically in her third year. All her developmental milestones had been delayed. After much physiotherapy, she started walking at three and we began sending her to school. Psychological testing had shown her IQ to be between 70 and 79. The psychologist concluded she had to be put under the care of special educators in a slow learner's section.

Things changed dramatically after we came under Guruji's protection. Aditi was then 12 years old and still at the Special Section of Sadhu Vaswani School. After receiving Guruji's aadesh (his word or command) through my father, we promptly went to the mandir at Greater Kailash, New Delhi. It was a novel experience. We had never seen such a flashy, flamboyant guru! Guruji kept asking us to come back on specific days. On our fifth visit, he asked Aditi to start doing *Surya Namaskar* early in the mornings and have a glass of milk mixed with peanuts and misri that he had specially blessed. She was to follow the instructions for 51 days. On the 21st day, she said she could see better. We were ecstatic. You cannot imagine what joy and comfort this provided to our anguished souls. Soon, Guruji left for Chandigarh, where he remained for the next three years. Twice we went to ask him to do something more for our daughter. He told us that he would do so after he returned to Delhi.

On the Baisakhi day in 1998, I was thrilled beyond measure: Guruji was on the phone. He asked us to come to the mandir at Sultanpur (Empire Estate is in this locality) in the evening. Thereafter, I started urging him to do something more for Aditi.

He did—in his own fashion. Guruji first came to our home in June 1998. The very next morning we were excited no end: Aditi could overnight read fine newspaper print. She could read her Class X textbooks (with their abominable small print), which only a week ago she could not. If this is not divine intervention, what is? This 'miracle' could have been wrought only by God himself. Since then there has been no turning back. All of Aditi's biological parameters have picked up. She cleared her Classes X and XII in the first division and also in her first year of BA in Social Work. She is now continuing her graduate studies.

We could not have imagined 13 years ago that she'd achieve all this. With Guruji's divine blessings, Aditi has come a long way. Not only has her vision (both distant and close) picked up, but her

learning power has also increased tremendously. There is frequent improvement in her vision. At an eye test last year (in 2007), we found she could read one more line in the eye-testing chart.

Aditi is now a confident youngster with supreme faith in Guruji. All this has meant a lot to us. From constant worry, anguish and brooding about her future, I have shed all my fears and am convinced that he will take care of her. I am now more at peace with the world and have stopped asking, “Why me? Why with my first child?” Guruji has not only changed our lives, but also given us the courage and strength to face problems more bravely. Faith in him has led us to trust that he is looking after our affairs and that nothing can go wrong.

Cheating death—thrice

Guruji's blessings have extended to the rest of the family also. He has saved my husband's life thrice from fatal mishaps. Once in a head-on collision with an Ashok Leyland truck, which left his taxi so battered that those who saw it presumed that the passengers inside must have been killed. Moments before that accident, he had dozed off, yet came out unscathed with only a chipped tooth and a couple of stitches near his eyebrow and upper chin. Interestingly, he had offered jal and elaborate *puja* at a Shiva mandir in Warangal before starting on this tour—something which he normally does not do, especially on official tours. But then, don't we say Guruji is Shivji!

Then on 13 December 2001 when terrorists attacked Parliament House, my husband was the last one to get safely in—in the nick of time. Seconds after he entered the building, shots rang out and the guard who had ushered him in was shot dead. Guruji was surely looking after my husband.

The third narrow encounter was with a leopard on the Srinagar Golf Course. My husband had foolishly decided to take a walk after dark. Around a bend, he thought he saw a dog just a few feet away. Surprised, he wondered how a dog could have got inside the heavily guarded golf course. Suddenly, the animal seemed to take a keen interest in him and advanced towards him. To his horror, he realized that it was a full-grown leopard swishing its tail. He was rooted to the spot. Unbelievably, he merely shooed it away—and the leopard obeyed! Inexplicably the leopard did not follow my husband when he tried to walk away. Another sure case of Guruji's intervention.

Guruji has guarded not only his life, but his career, too. It was only because of his blessings that my husband got his promotion and postings. In spite of an impeccable record, the odds were against him. But for Guruji he would not have been empanelled as secretary or got a prestigious posting in Srinagar before coming back to Delhi.

In 1997, my son who was riding pillion on a motor bike without a helmet was knocked down by a speeding car. Anything could have happened, from a whiplash injury to the paralytic fate of Christopher Reeves or worse. Miraculously, he had no major injury. Guruji had come to our rescue. When my son was fit enough, he went to Guruji, who told him he had given him a new life.

Betel leaves cure bronchial spasms

I have also not been excluded from his blessings. For 20 years I had suffered from asthmatic attacks and was often put on steroids. I was always asking Guruji to bless my children, but never mentioned my problem. Three years ago, I suddenly realized that the acute bronchial spasms had disappeared. Guruji told me that he had taken me off steroids, which is true, because I have not needed them ever since.

Also, for three consecutive summers, I would get low-grade fever, which persisted for six months and left me drained. The blood tests showed a high count indicative of either cancer or TB. Doctors suggested all kinds of tests. My husband mentioned the health problem to Guruji, who asked me to put betel leaves that he had blessed on my head every night and sleep. Within days my fever disappeared, never to recur.

Dream darshans

I can go on endlessly about Guruji's blessings on the family. He has cured both my parents of cancer. My father had gone to him in 1995, after his cancer surgery. In his case, cancer has not recurred, while there have been several unfortunate cases in the family. My mother did not require chemotherapy after her surgery, during which she recalls she felt Guruji holding her hand throughout. During the darshan, Guruji had even given her a pink and gold sari to wear.

Guruji has often given us darshan through our dreams. Once my son Ashutosh dreamt that when we were visiting him, Guruji had asked us to come along to Bade Mandir. But when Guruji did not come, we had instead come home. Guruji rang up Ashutosh on his mobile and asked him why we had not gone to the mandir. Then he told him that he would show him something. What followed were divine darshans. He saw a huge figure in our lawn moving away from him. Wondering who it was, he saw the jata (matted locks) and trishul (trident) of Shivji. The figure turned towards him. Shivji transformed into Hanumanji and then Ganeshji. Our son is truly blessed.

I cannot express my deep gratitude and indebtedness for what Guruji has done for us. He took on from the point where the medical world had proved that there was nothing more that they could have done for Aditi. That her vision became better thereafter cannot be interpreted as anything less than his divine intervention.

Words cannot express the greatness of Guruji. He has transformed our lives, empowered and rejuvenated us with his faith, made us more tolerant of people around us, taught us to accept circumstances, and given us courage and strength to face life. He gives in abundance and asks for little in return—only complete, unquestioning faith. Our lives have acquired a different meaning. He has given us lots of hope and the grit and capacity to move on. He's helped us evolve into better human beings.

I truly believe he is the living incarnation of the supreme power—call him what you will Shivji, Krishnaji or Guru Nanakji—all rolled into one. All these miracles in our lives could only have been the work of the ultimate divine power. I beg to be allowed to remain in his sharan forever. Blessed are those devotees who selflessly serve him. In his family, all those who come under his umbrella are treated alike. He teaches you true humility by sharing your experiences, your joys and sorrows, just as a family would do—a true microcosm within the macrocosm.

There is so much of Guruji that is still left unsaid. From his inimitable style of putting me down in my place with "*Manga na kar (Don't ask)*" or "*Yoonhi turdi phir di hai pandita te kol (You just keep going to pundits for no rhyme or reason)*" to his enigmatic divine smile or his tangible, palpable presence in the house experienced through a whiff of his fragrance. Or the Aums that suddenly appeared on his

forehead in a couple of his calendars we had in the house and by hundreds on the floor, so much so that we did not know where to put our feet. When I narrated this to him, he said: “*Dekhiti chal*”(see what happens next). Once the water in the copper tumbler blessed by him tasted of the *amrit* (divine nectar) he had given us earlier.

The best thing about Guruji is that he is so approachable. There has never been a time when we have been sick with worry that he has not turned his attention towards us and relieved us of it. It makes me conclude that there is no need to even voice one’s apprehensions. May we be allowed to remain in his care forever!

—Satsang of Lalit Mathur



A soldier salutes Guruji

AS A soldier who served the Indian Army for over three and a half decades, I have always been an ardent follower of the professional doctrine that “a true soldier lives by chance, loves by choice and kills by profession.”

However, it was in the evening of my life that I got an opportunity to realize that there is a world of divinity much beyond the Line of Control (LoC) of human intelligence and knowledge. A cruise to the as-yet uncharted regions of spirituality was a distant dream for me. But the latter part of March 1999 changed the course of my destiny. The lotus feet of Shri Guruji Maharaj opened the portals of a divine kingdom for me, not far away from where I live, without making me perform any tormenting *tapasya* at the foothills of the remote Himalayas.

I had heard about Guruji much earlier through my close friend Lieutenant General (retd.) R.I.S. Kahlon, a close disciple whose wife was cured of severe knee arthritis thanks to Guruji. Amazingly enough, I got the honour of seeking the blessings from the primordial power, His Holiness Shri Guruji Maharaj, much later, after a gap of four-five years. An army officer took me to Guruji's temple towards the end of March 1999. Since then, there has been no looking back. My life has been transformed in more ways than one, as my family has flourished under Guruji's vibrant and vivacious divinity ever since I first had an audience with him.

I strongly believe that Guruji is an incarnation of Lord Shiva and is endowed with a treasure trove of super-healing powers that only providence can bestow on any mortal soul, especially in this Kal Yuga. Let us be extremely clear that Guruji has not only got the matchless ability and the indomitable power to heal some of the most grave incurable diseases and handicaps on this planet, but like Lord Shiva, he is a gifted *Vaideshwar* (god of healing). You name the disease, and he will cure you in his own inimitable style; the healing begins to work automatically as soon as you surrender yourself to his lotus feet. In Punjab, Haryana, Rajasthan, Delhi and all across India and abroad, millions of his devotees can testify to his blessings.

After my retirement, on several occasions I have been blessed just by his miraculous touch, even when I came face to face with the ultimate truth, death.

My wife Susheela, a diabetic, was blessed by Guruji. Her sugar levels magically came down to 107 after she had had a handful of laddoos and mithai which Guruji gave to her in the form of prasad on the first day she had Guruji's darshan. Her fasting sugar level used to be above the 200 mark and I could not believe my eyes when tests registered the change in her adamantly high diabetic readings. It was an eloquent testimonial to the divine blessings of Guruji.

In September 2002, I suffered acute chest pain and was advised a coronary bypass. I straight away went to Guruji from the Research and Referral Hospital at New Delhi to seek his blessings. He told me that though I did not require any stenting, nevertheless in the longer run it would be advisable to get myself operated on at Escorts Hospital. He asked me to bring a copper tumbler and blessed it with his hands. He asked my wife and me to drink water from it every morning on an empty stomach. And we have been doing so ever since. My heart ailment, which seemed a difficult issue, ceased to worry me.

Saving his devotees from the tsunami

I am reminded of yet another unforgettable experience. In the winter of 2004, Guruji expressed his desire to bless retired defence personnel before going to Jalandhar. I told Guruji that there are only a few retired defence personnel living in the National Capital Region; would Guruji like to include serving defence personnel—the human assets of the nation—too? Magnanimous as ever, Guruji nodded

and told me that he will inform me about the date and venue of the programme later. After some time, I broached the subject again and he told me to visit a place near Chhattarpur mandir along with Mr. Prem Singh, our former Ambassador to Singapore. I went to a sprawling farmhouse, which belonged to Mr. Kler, yet another close disciple of Guruji, at 11 pm. It was a befitting venue and Prem Singh and I came back to Guruji and endorsed the farmhouse as being tailor-made for the event.

Guruji told me in no uncertain terms to focus only upon consolidating the strength of serving and retired defence brass and the date was fixed for a Sunday morning, 26 December 2004. Many devotees had, however, already made plans to visit overseas holiday destinations like Thailand, Bangkok, Kuala Lumpur, the Andaman and Nicobar Islands, and the exotic beaches of Goa. So, a large number of devotees asked Guruji to exempt them from attending this programme. But, Guruji insisted and urged them to participate in that function without any excuse. Since the words of Guruji are sacrosanct for every disciple, the trips were cancelled or postponed. The programme was attended by a wide cross-section of people, including retired and serving defence personnel.

Thus through his hukm (and through its obedience), Guruji had saved everybody. Because it was on 26 December 2004 that the tsunami wreaked havoc on all the coastal cities, most of them where the devotees had planned to celebrate the new year. All those disciples who attended the function were given a new lease of life by Guruji.

Guruji has his own way of blessing and saving his followers from untoward natural calamities. Guruji is himself the most impenetrable armour for his disciples, safeguarding them against catastrophes. He has the power and compassion to be the ultimate saviour, the messiah of spiritual bliss and happiness that none other than a benevolent God can himself be.

Three guru mantras: the epitome of faith

One satsang day, around two o' clock at night, when I was just about to leave for home after taking permission from Guruji in the presence of a handful of his closest disciples, Guruji asked me what I knew about God and religion. When I failed to measure up to his discerning expectations, Guruji laughed heartily and then said:

“General Saab, don’t worry at all if you do not know anything about religion!” Though, Guruji rarely preaches, nevertheless, he then eloquently narrated spiritual verses from the Holy Koran, Bible, Bhagwad Gita and from the Guru Granth Sahib with great chastity and profound authenticity. The verses flowed from his lips like the transparently clear and pure holy river Ganges comes out of her fountainhead, Lord Shiva himself. We were all awestruck and stood in utter humility and silence. After a brief spell, Guruji asked us what we had understood from all that he had just shared from his rich reservoir of spiritual knowledge. When we could only shrug our shoulders in utter helplessness, he laughed, but slowly and emphatically elucidated three divine golden *Guru Mantras* that have become the epitome of faith and guideposts in our efforts to lead a blissful spiritual life. The core essence of his preaching was threefold, and is the tallest testament of spirituality. He said:

1. All religions are one. All gods are the same. All religions preach only one language of love and compassion and service to mankind.
2. Help anyone and everyone, irrespective of caste, colour, creed, faith or religion, anytime and every time. And, if you cannot help anyone due to any reason whatsoever, then at least do not cause any harm or damage to anyone.
3. Disengage yourselves from outward pleasures, dreams and desires of the cosmetically alluring materialistic world. Take out some time from your hectic schedules to contemplate and meditate by sitting in samadhi everyday in quest of spiritual elevation and perfection in life.

To sum up, he finally advocated: “*Redirect and reinvest some of your attention, energy, and time upon cementing your eternal bond with divinity and spirituality!*”

That night I received the biggest lesson of my life, and it further consolidated my belief that service to mankind is service to God.

“General Kapur... new life... go!”

In 2005, while I was taking a morning walk with my wife near my house in DLF City, Gurgaon, a mad bull smashed its horns into my

chest. I was unconscious for a couple of hours. When I opened my eyes, I was in the ICU of the Research & Referral Hospital with my wife and a few relatives at my bedside. I felt my end was just around the corner. My wife and daughter rushed to Guruji in the evening. After listening to the episode, he paused for a few seconds and then gave my wife *prasad*, which I ate the next day in the ICU. My wife then gave me a photograph of Guruji and placed it under my pillow. Even though I was delirious, whenever I gained consciousness I used to think only of Guruji. Sure enough by the grace of Guruji, I was discharged and advised bed rest for a fortnight. But I went straight to Guruji on the evening I got discharged. He blessed me and said: “*General Kapur, new life, go!*” On the way home, I told my wife that by the grace of Guruji nothing would happen to me.

Narrating this event reminds me of a conversation that took place between Guruji and me on the first day I had his *darshan*, in March 1999. Within just a few minutes, he beckoned me to his side with his finger and asked since when had I known of him. I said that it was as early as 1995. He gave me a naughty smile and asked me why I had not visited him then? I was tongue tied. I could not muster enough courage to reply. Guruji looked at me with a scintillating glow in his eyes. I sheepishly replied that I thought it was due to my destiny. Guruji then said that had I come earlier, I would have reaped more benefits, but the time was not just ripe for me at that point in life.

The lesson I learnt was that one can seek Guruji Maharaj’s blessings only when the time has come, which is governed by the karma of our previous and present births. But a visit to him opens the door for us to enter the kingdom of divinity!

In December 2005, after attending the *sangat* one day, I fell seriously ill and was rushed to the RR Hospital with severe pneumonia. I had a shooting headache and my entire body was in acute pain. The fever had climbed up to 104 degrees Fahrenheit and was reluctant to come down despite intense medication. Even though the deputy commandant at the RR Hospital was a close friend of mind and I was getting the best of VIP treatment at the ICU, yet pneumonia was proving to be an indomitable enemy.

Yet again, I sought the divine blessings of Guruji, who for me provides the safest escape route from grave misery and pain. I clearly remembered that while I was recovering from the pneumonia at RR

Hospital, the retired and serving defence personnel and a few well-known disciples had, acting on Guruji's advice, organized a public programme to felicitate Guruji on a Sunday morning in December 2005 at Gurgaon.

It was just next to impossible for an ailing pneumonia patient on support machines to fly away from the hospital like a free bird. But, since I wanted to have Guruji's darshan and his healing blessings, I, like a stubborn child, begged my doctors to grant me permission to step out of the hospital for a couple of hours for the function. I promised to return after having the divine darshan of Shri Guruji Maharaj.

To my utter surprise, on that day I had the privilege of garlanding Guruji on behalf of the entire sangat. On top of it, I was immersed in his love when Guruji gave me coconut water to drink from his own glass. I could not control myself and my tears rolled down unabatedly. I touched the glass on my forehead as the ultimate prasad and gulped down the entire coconut water that Guruji was consuming. I thereby quenched the eternal thirst of my parched soul. Honestly speaking, my taste buds had never ever savoured anything sweeter than that coconut water before; for me, it was a nectar of heavenly blessings. I could only pay my humble tribute to Guruji through offering him the garland of my overwhelmed emotions. Needless to say, I recovered much faster than expected and got back to work as fit as a fiddle. All these magical episodes have convinced me that Guruji is the ultimate truth. He expects nothing from his disciples except unconditional surrender. Complete surrender means complete healing and partial surrender means partial healing.

Guruji has also blessed my daughters Puja and Aarti. He had even advised a suitable match for my elder daughter Puja, now happily married. He told my wife to visit the US though it was a distant dream for us at that time. We told Guruji that Aarti was in Ghana, but he insisted that we take the trip. Sure enough, a couple of days later, Aarti gave us the wonderful news that she was in the family way and thinking of going to New York, as her husband had got a new job there. Without hesitation I told them to pack their bags and that my wife would also join them at the time of delivery in New York. True to Guruji's words, we not only travelled to the US on three occasions, but also had a whale of a time there.

Incidentally, on the first US visit, my wife was rushed to a New York hospital due to diabetes. I again went to Gurgaon to seek Guruji's blessings for my wife, suffering miserably in the hospital. Guruji simply smiled and said there was no cause for worry: my wife would return home in a couple of days. Two days later, thanks to his blessings, she came back home.

Blessings at his lotus feet

The holy blessings of Guruji can make the blind see, the lame dance, the barren bear children and the mentally and physically challenged spring back to life with smiles. He has cured his followers of the stubborn AIDS and heart and cancer diseases. Those who are kept alive by state-of-the-art ventilator systems in hospitals get a new lease of life. No power other than the true incarnation of Lord Shiva in this Kal Yuga can give to his disciples holy prasad in the form of simple yet blessed tea and langar. His disciples partake their prasad religiously as a sacred medicine to cure all diseases and insist on the concept of healing through sangats (devotional congregations) where satsangs take place.

For a soldier like me, my *brahmastra* (panacea) to help the ailing and disabled, the needy, the deprived and the deserving but handicapped, the talented but traumatized is to simply show them the gateway to the majestic spiritual durbar of Guruji. An unfathomable ocean of spiritual peace, serenity, chaste happiness and enlightenment flows like a gentle river of blessings from the lotus feet of Shri Guruji Maharaj himself in the form of positive healing vibrations and divine blessings.

It is our good karma and unseen fate that make us relish this magnificent ocean of blessings from Guruji.

Either you can immerse yourself in this blissful ocean of love or you can swim across to the ultimate destination of *moksha*, by the blessings of Guruji alone based upon the karma of your past and present births. All one needs to do is to wholeheartedly surrender and take a holy dip in this vast ocean to see the magic of Guruji's blessings one birth after another. Today, my whole world revolves entirely around Guruji, who is not only God, but the last word when it comes to revealing the unknown realms of my spiritual odyssey en route to salvation or *moksha*. For a mortal soul like me

the invigorating fragrance and benign presence of my Shri Guruji Maharaj are a blessing in themselves. His holiness Shri Guruji Maharaj is omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent. He knows in detail the previous, present and future births of all his followers. He helps each of his followers in attaining spiritual elevation and divine bliss, quite akin to God himself! Believe me, miracles do happen but only to those who believe in them.

One needs to keep the windmill of good karma consistently churning out positive vibrations and have an unshakable faith in his holiness. And above all, like me, one must be a true soldier and fighter in pursuit of spiritual salvation and excellence even under testing climates in alien and forbidden terrains.

My soulful salutations to his holiness Shri Guruji Maharaj in utter humility and surrender to his lotus feet.

—Satsang of Lt General (ret'd) C.K. Kapur, PVSM, AVSM



The guru and the chela: in a divine embrace

I WONDER how a devotee, who is but a drop in the ocean of Guruji's being, can express her feelings about Guruji. However, I will try to articulate what the guru's grace has meant for me.

When we meet the guru, he turns us godward. During this journey of the soul towards God, the guru submerges us and exalts us in his love—as disciples who have surrendered to him know. In the guru's divine earthly form, the disciples find the mother's love, the father's guidance and the brother's protection. One finds all these forms of love as a distilled essence in the Satguru.

Guruji is God on earth and he is showing us the way to him with the light of knowledge. To shepherd his disciples on the right way, the guru has to occasionally be harsh on them. He is like the potter, one of his hands hammering the pot (that is, the disciple) into shape; the other supporting it from the inside. Only the guru can do this because he wants the highest for his disciples. Yet his heart is full of compassion, mercy and grace for disciples.

Indeed if one wants to have darshan of God within one's heart, if one wants to be enlightened, then one has to earnestly seek the presence of those mahapurushs who have attained the *parabhakti* (supreme devotion) of the Lord. Only the seeker or disciple who

enters into a process of osmosis with the Satguru and follows his teachings can swim across the ocean of *samsara* and win liberation from the cycle of birth and death. This is the true relationship between the Satguru and his disciple.

Guruji is our living God. His love knows no bounds. The more we love him, the more blissful our life gets. From time to time, Guruji alerts us about our goal and shakes us up from the slumber of our humdrum lives. He wants us to recognize the divine potential within and not to keep sleeping in ignorance.

A dream transfer takes place

I met Guruji nearly a decade ago and I was his forever at first sight. Before coming to Guruji, I was a devotee of Shirdi Sai Baba. I had great faith in him. Then a dream transfer took place! In my dream, I saw the marble statue of Sai Baba that was kept in my drawing room. It disappeared and Guruji was sitting in its place. I was so happy that I embraced him.

The next day when I went to Guruji's, He said that I had squeezed him with a tight embrace the previous night. I was surprised: how had he known of my dream? Instantly, I understood that Guruji is God incarnate. Nothing is hidden from him; he knows everything about us, our past life and the future. But he does not reveal these details. Once when I was pressing Guruji's feet he told me that after three years I would know why he had called me to him. I was perturbed and wondered what the reason could be.

I forgot what Guruji had said.

Then three years later, my husband had heart and kidney problems. We took him to Mumbai and he was in the ICU for 15 days. During all those troubled days, I kept Guruji's photograph in my hand and prayed to him incessantly. My anxiety mounted. I told my daughter in Delhi to go to Guruji and apprise him of my problems. Guruji, however, pre-empted this, saying that aunty (that is, me) was connected to him. I learnt anew that Guruji knows everything and there is no need to tell him anything.

Thanks to Guruji's grace, my husband's condition improved and we returned to Delhi. I went immediately to Guruji and tried

to thank him repeatedly. Only then did Guruji point to the reason behind us being called to him: he said he had to give a new life to my husband.

We all know that life and death are in the creator's hand and if Guruji gives a new life to a person, it just goes to show who he is—God.

Pain therapy with betel leaves

I had had quite a fall and my leg had to be operated upon. After the operation, my leg used to give me constant and agonizing pain. Medical treatment had had no effect.

I put my problem before Guruji. He blessed some betel leaves and asked me to put them on the site of the pain. After I did so, the pain increased. I went weeping to Guruji. He said he was taking out all the pain and sure enough after some days the pain eased; I took no medicines henceforth. For three years, there was no pain, then suddenly it reappeared. Guruji was in Jalandhar at the time, and I did not know what to do. My sister took an appointment with the doctor. I inwardly prayed to Guruji and told him that had he been around, I wouldn't have gone to a doctor. I also asked Guruji to be with me at the doctor's clinic.

With much trepidation, I went to the doctor. I told him of the problem and also that for three years I had not been taking any medication. He asked me who had been treating me and I told him all about Guruji. The doctor reached for his briefcase, took out a photograph and asked me whether it was this person. Before me, in answer to my prayer, was Guruji. I was overwhelmed and started crying. The doctor reassured me, saying that when Guruji was my doctor there was nothing left for him to do. I returned home and my pain eased away. One might wonder if this is possible. But this is actually a slight instance of Guruji's overpowering grace. In Guruji's durbar, science itself fails. Guruji can even take your suffering away in dreams.

One of my knees started paining and I went to my family doctor. He asked me to get an x-ray done and have painkillers. That night, Guruji came in my dream and asked what was ailing me. I told him about the knee, and he just kept his hand on it. The next morning the pain was gone.

Guruji is so intimately one with his devotees that he can read their minds and hearts. One sangat evening, when Guruji was giving out photographs, he gave one to me too. As I was taking it away, he called me back and gave me six more photographs. I was reflecting on the fact that one of my sisters had died, and he immediately called me again. He took back one photo and gave it to a lady devotee sitting next to me.

The rope of faith

If you want to attune yourself with Guruji, if you want a heartfelt intimate relationship with him, you will have to sow the seed of faith. The seed will sprout the bud of trust. Then, holding on to the rope of your faith, surrender yourself to Guruji. You will then find that you are truly in touch with divinity and through the Satguru's grace, the impossible becomes possible.

The aarti (prayer) of Lord Ganesh mentions four blessings: "The blind get eyes/ the lepers get good form/ the barren are gifted with child/ the poor are enriched." In Guruji's durbar, I have seen all these blessings being showered upon devotees. Cancer has been cured, the childless have been blessed with children and no one who has come to his durbar has gone empty-handed.

All you need to do is to never abandon your faith.

Guruji is the avatar of Lord Shiva. He has come to earth only to bless us. But, Guruji has cautioned devotees that he has not opened a shop, where one will come, touch his feet and their work will be done. If we wish for his grace, we must learn to be worthy of it.

Guruji sometimes confesses to feeling sad. He feels sad that everyone asks him for worldly things, no one wants the real blessings—the love of God, devotion, unflinching faith in the guru, total surrender and complete trust in him. I request you with folded hands that if you want something from Guruji ask for the dust of his lotus feet, crave his darshan and remember him with every breath.

The rose of love

Occasionally with great love in his voice, he calls me Meera. I believe that whoever sees him falls in love with him at first sight. The effect of his darshan on me is such that I start weeping in his durbar. Once

my daughter scolded me about this habit, saying the rest of the people think I carry a burden of grief. I told her that I do not cry, but the tears fall of their own accord when I see Guruji and my heart fills with love. My daughter would have nothing of it. She told me to control myself and not to drop a tear.

A minute later, I found my daughter crying. I asked her why she was crying, but she didn't know. I told her that Guruji had made her too feel his love.

On a Valentine's Day, I lit the lamp in my puja room. I told Guruji that I had not loved anyone more than him ever since I had met him. I told him, he was my valentine and that gifts are exchanged on this day. I added that I had nothing of my own that I could give, since I owed everything to him. Would he then accept my tears of love? But I told Guruji that I would expect a gift from him. Soon I got busy with my chores. That valentine night, Guruji came in my dream. He took off a garland of pink roses from his neck and put it on mine. It was the perfect gift. Come to him and experience him for yourself.

By Guruji's side

Some time ago, Guruji had gone to Meerut and we were lucky enough to accompany him. Guruji was to return to Delhi that night. As he sat in the car with a few devotees, I wondered whether I'd ever get the chance to sit with him. Those sitting next to him were really lucky.

The incident vanished from my mind. Once there was a wedding in Delhi and I attended it with both of my daughters. Guruji came, called me and asked me to have langar with him. I dared to ask him where and he told me at Empire Estate. I was delighted and told Guruji I would reach there with the children. To this, Guruji replied that I would go with him in his car. I cannot express how overwhelmed I was.

There is no limit to Guruji's love and grace. The nectar of his love keeps blessing us. All these incidents are but a drop in the ocean of his being. I only pray to Guruji that he always keeps me at his feet and that I keep remembering him till my last breath.

Have complete faith in Guruji and understand that our betterment lies in whatever he does. If we keep faith in him, no worry can lodge itself in our brains. He knows all about us. He is merciful and

graceful; then why should we worry? Only he is worried who has no faith and whose mind wanders among subjects.

I have seen nectar or amrit falling in Guruji's durbar. The fragrance of his love makes you fragrant. With these words and with pranams (salutations) to Guruji, I rest my pen.

—Satsang of Mrs. Malhi or Meera, 'the dust of his lotus feet'



A lady is healed at Bade Mandir

I WAS suffering from an unknown disease. Doctors could find nothing, and I had to be discharged from the hospital without any cure. Our family was a follower of Maharaj-ji, who possessed supernatural powers, and I was taken to him. Maharaj-ji said I was getting frightened because of evil spirits, and was not suffering from any disease. But though he tried his best he could not cure me. He told family members that he could not cure me, only *Thakurji* (God) could.

I was a distant relative—was it chance or choice?—of a family devoted to Guruji. The families had satsang, and we came to Delhi and visited Bade Mandir. I was about to step into the mandir, when I began screaming. I am told I went on crying for minutes together. As soon as I stepped inside the mandir, I stopped crying. I was calm and quiet and fell asleep for three hours. My family knew that I was sleeping for such a long time after years.

In the evening, we went to have Guruji's darshan, had chai prasad and langar. Ever since, I have no problems because I had Thakurji's darshan. Even *siddha purushs* (saints who have siddhis, or powers) have limits. They cannot bestow life or banish death. But Guruji is a Mahapurush. He is Lord Shiva. He is God himself.

—*Satsang of Manju Gupta, a devotee based in Alwar, Rajasthan*

A healing current passed through my arm

I HAD heard my brother Harminder Singh praise Guruji no end. In 2003, when I was posted at Jaipur, I went with my brother to Guruji's sangat. I heard of many experiences that showed how Guruji had converted the impossible into the possible.

Gaining hope, I prayed to Guruji to cure my right hand, which had been severely damaged in an accident and used to pain during winters, or after exertion, especially while writing. I received his blessings and was told to bring a copper tumbler. I was sitting with the tumbler in front of Guruji when I felt strong waves pass through my hand and it gain strength. I was able to move my hand without pain.

I travel a lot and am prone to accidents, but after I met Guruji I felt quite safe. Once while coming from Ajmer to Jaipur at night, I was relaxing on the rear seat of the car. Suddenly someone woke me up. I shouted at my driver to alert him that there was a truck parked on the road. The driver applied the brakes, and we averted an accident.

I realized that Guruji had put the words in my mind. I always feel that Guruji has blessed me and has given me a lot of happiness and satisfaction. I also feel privileged that I can visit Guruji's temple in Jalandhar every day.

—*Satsang of Manmohan J.S. Kukreja, Indian Oil Corporation,
Jalandhar*



For couple returning home from US, Guruji is sole anchor

THE JAUHARS returned to India five years ago from New York. Their re-entry was not without friction—the homecoming was not as warm as expected. And Meera Jauhar often griped in those days that they had no one to guide them. That changed in August of 2006. For quite some time, their neighbours, the Bhatias—who like them were in the real estate business—had been persuading them to meet a person they only referred to as Guruji. Anil Jauhar did not know quite what to do with the proposition.

However, the couple decided to take up the invitation one evening. As they set out with the Bhatias, Meera wondered about the children—twins aged eight—the couple was leaving behind. She told her husband that they should go in good faith, listening to the Bhatias' well-meant suggestion as they would have to their parents'.

Meera was a diabetic—a fact not known to her neighbours, who had told her that it would be unwise not to drink the tea or have the langar served at Guruji's.

It was thus with some trepidation that the couple entered Guruji's durbar in Empire Estate. Meera had her tea and then the langar that, apart from chapattis and dal, had laddoos. The sacred meal over, her stomach protested with pain. She endured it for the next hour. When

the time came for the Jauhars to take their leave, Guruji spoke to them: “*Aya karo, Aish karo.*” Outside the Empire Estate residence, the Bhatias told them they were fortunate: Guruji had spoken to them on their first visit. Mrs. Jauhar was not impressed; she wondered when the pain would cease. At night she could not sleep and kept thinking of Guruji’s place, intuiting that they had been to a ‘special’ place. In the morning, she immediately checked her sugar level. It was down to 100, and she knew it couldn’t be, for it would rise even if she ate a wheat chapatti at home.

Meera kept checking the level after each of the next two-three visits. Every time, her level would be down. Even her triglyceride levels, that had mounted to 700, plummeted to 120, the normal level. Finally, she stopped testing herself and Guruji, realizing that Guruji’s blessings were bringing down her sugar levels. She felt as if her blood had been filtered and purified, and it was not just a feeling. It could be seen in fact. Usually, her blood tests would proceed with difficulty, there being much to-do over finding a vein and the blood that was drawn out was always thick. After the visits to Guruji, the needle pierced the vein at the first attempt and blood spurted out

Interestingly, the Bhatias had not known that the Jauhars were unwell. Anil Jauhar had a sinus problem and it was so bad that he couldn’t sit with the air-conditioner on. After they had been to Guruji’s for two-three months, Anil found that his sinus was a thing of the past. He had been so preoccupied with his wife’s health that he had failed to notice it.

Safe safari on a flat tyre

In January 2007, the Jauhars and a couple of other families went for a trip to the Jim Corbett national park. They were bundled in two jeeps and drove inside the wilderness, hoping to spot some wild game. They were disappointed, the children pointing out that they had seen more animals in urban Gurgaon.

They returned to their accommodations, stopping before the guard. He pointed out how fortunate they had been not to sight any animal. A long nail had punctured the rear wheel of their jeep. They had not realized it; yet the punctured tyre had not proved to be a hindrance as they made their three-hour journey in inhospitable terrain. Guruji had saved the Jauhars from an untoward calamity.

A love letter to Meera

The couple had been going to Guruji for some time when Meera noticed that Guruji always addressed her as Mrs. Jauhar even though he called every other lady auntie. One evening, mulling over the distinction, outside the darshan hall, she told her husband that she felt Guruji didn't love her and that she was not in his favourites' list. Minutes later, when it was leave-taking time, Guruji extended an envelope towards Meera, and said: "*Meera auntie, love letter.*" The omniscient Guru had read the thoughts of his devotee. By endearingly calling an invite for an evening concert a 'love letter', He had answered her call. Meera's doubts melted away in his love.

It dawned on her that a relationship with Guruji was not dependent on words. It sustained itself through inexpressible love. She felt that it was not necessary to be with Guruji. He is present everywhere. That he is the sole giver, wishing nothing from himself. His horizon is unlimited because he is God. He only wants love and devotion. His blessings are for everyone.

Sacred satsang at the Jauhars

His omnipotence was on full display when the Jauhars were honoured to host a satsang at their Gurgaon residence. As Meera tells it:

"We planned the big occasion in the basement of our house. A day before the satsang as I was eagerly preparing for the event, I told my husband that it would be great if the sangat felt Guruji's presence during the satsang. Guruji heard me and he fulfilled my wish.

"The satsang was from 5 pm to 7 pm; however, some people came in at around 4.25 pm. With the arrival of the sangat, we smelt a whiff of Guruji's fragrance all over the house. We cheered up. But, this was just the beginning. Guruji had planned a beautiful and memorable evening for us.

"A photograph of Guruji's had been put up at the basement hall. As we all surrounded it for his darshan, a prominent trishul (trident) appeared on his forehead. The trishul was three dimensional and glowing with light. We were wonderstruck. We had been blessed as God had bestowed his holy presence in our house.

“Soon, the sangat started pouring in. Guruji’s aarti (ceremony using a lighted lamp to honour divinity) was performed. Everyone participated in the satsang with love-filled hearts. The blessed langar was served and the sangat started dispersing. Late in the evening, when only a handful of people were left, we again witnessed a miracle; a beautiful and distinct shivlinga appeared on yet another photograph of Guruji’s that had been kept on the ground floor of the house. Another speechless, memorable and special moment for us.

“O God! O Guruji! Always bless us and guide us to and through the right path in our lives.”

—Satsang, as narrated, of Meera and Anil Jauhar



Blessed with a child after a decade

MY YOUNGER sister Geeta was married in 1995 and was childless till Guruji decided to bless her with a boy in May 2006. We had first gone to Guruji in 2001 and after Guruji had cured my son, Shantanu, of epilepsy we added an item to our swelling list of demands—that Guruji bless Geeta with a child. Geeta, based in Canada, had been taking treatment in infertility clinics there and in India for the last five years. Guruji asked me to tell her to start observing a fast on Mondays and give up eating any fruit she could. I told Geeta of Guruji's wish and she gave up eating guavas, which she doesn't like.

Within a couple of months of her fasting, she conceived. The family was excited and looked forward to the child's birth. But she ended up eating guavas in a party—it was Guruji's maya. She immediately called me up. Within weeks she had a miscarriage and lost the baby. I told Guruji and he said Geeta should come here on Shivratri day, falling in less than a week's time. With Guruji's blessings she could make it to Delhi. Guruji told her to return to Canada, as he had blessed her.

She returned and resumed her fast. A year passed, it was 2005, when one evening while we were at Bade Mandir, Guruji asked me

if I had a photograph of Geeta. Since I did not, he asked me to carry one whenever I came to the mandir.

Within a month or so of that conversation with Guruji, Geeta called me to say she felt she had conceived but would know for sure after she went to her doctor in a couple of weeks. The doctor confirmed the pregnancy and she was blessed on May 22 with a healthy boy. This could have been possible only with the blessings of Guruji, as medically she had given up hope. It shows how Guruji controls birth and death.

—Satsang of Meenu Sharma



Meera meets Guruji and becomes his

WHEN MRS. Meera met Guruji she had an acute problem in her spinal cord. The vertebrae had fused together, creating gaps within the cord. She felt as if a nerve was being pressed from the spine to the right leg, causing great pain. Doctors also noticed that her right leg had started weakening, losing muscle weight. Meera began wearing a belt to support her back, but even then she could not sit for more than 15 minutes at a stretch.

During initial visits to Guruji, Meera would carry some pillows with her to sit for the entire satsang. But Guruji noticed her bringing the pillows and asked her not to do so. She tried to smuggle them in, but was reprimanded sternly. So she sat down on the floor—and could do so for hours.

Meera met Guruji on 3 April 1995 at Greater Kailash, New Delhi. Guruji asked her what she wanted cured. Apprised of the problem, he immediately said, “*Let’s do the operation.*” Meera was frightened. Guruji only took her to a room, placed a spoon on the affected body parts and bent her neck with great force to the left and right. Meera felt agonizing pain. As she recovered, Guruji said he would treat her leg in Jalandhar.

After Guruji’s treatment, Meera’s spinal cord problem vanished. But she still had pains in her joints. The fingers of her hands had swollen and the joints looked like big knots. Meera told the Satguru about the problem one day. Guruji talked to her and began rubbing her hands. Meera, engrossed in talking with Guruji, did not notice this.

She kept on talking about what a problem her hands were. Finally, Guruji interrupted her and told her to take a look at her hands. They were all that she could have wished for: the fingers had become lean and tapering, the joints were not paining—and all this had occurred without her noticing it!

Guruji had once told Meera that he would not let her die; that he had given her 10 years more of life. He would keep saving her and would transfer her diseases. His words have proven true innumerable times.

Removing a stone-filled gall bladder

Meera suffered from severe pain in the abdomen. A medical investigation revealed that Meera's gall bladder was packed with stones. The large ones were more than half an inch thick. Doctors started her medication, but told her that surgery was the only lasting solution.

Guruji was in Jalandhar and advised Meera to go for the operation when he returned to Delhi. She told him she could not bear the severe pain. Guruji put his hand on the spot and the pain ended. Meera waited for Guruji to return to Delhi and then got the surgery done. Her gall bladder was removed successfully.

A host of health problems afflicted Meera. Her sugar level remained in constant flux, going up and down whimsically. As a result, her left eye began to get affected and there was significant vision loss. Meera went to the Sir Ganga Ram Hospital and got an angiography of the eye done. It showed leakages. The doctor said the eye should be operated upon within a week.

It was a Tuesday and Meera, not wishing to take any step without Guruji's approval, told doctors she would ask her husband about the date. The attending doctor said it was her eye that mattered, not the husband's. But steadfast Meera went to Guruji. The Satguru picked up one of the many garlands lying at his feet and gave it to her. When her eye was tested, the doctors were stunned. It had healed of its own accord. No tests were required; there was no question of surgery.

Cancer patches on x-ray disappear

Guruji's grace fell on Meera's husband, too. There was a white patch inside his mouth. Doctors strongly suspected cancer, but waited for

a biopsy to confirm the diagnosis. The couple meanwhile went to the Safdarjung Hospital, where doctors said more or less the same thing. Meera hurried to Guruji with her problem and he said: “*Mauj kar (be carefree)*.” Meera was surprised, but Guruji’s words were meant by way of bestowing a blessing. The biopsy showed no patches in the mouth. Yet, the previous x-ray, done at 2 am the night before, still showed the patches. Doctors were confounded: the patches had disappeared overnight. Meera’s joy knew no bounds. Guruji does everything immediately for her, says this lady of faith.

A return to consciousness

Meera’s husband, Mr. Kapoor, who runs a wholesale garment business, had to travel to the Punjab to collect some payments. He booked his to-and-fro ticket for travel on the Shatabdi. But when he reached Jalandhar railway station with money in hand, there was too much fog. He abandoned his plan to travel by train and decided to take a bus to Delhi. He phoned up his home and said he would reach by 10.30 pm.

The next phone call that Meera received was from the Kashmiri Gate Police Station at 1 am at night. The policemen said her husband had been found lying unconscious inside a bus that was going to the depot. Meera asked her brother-in-law, who was with her, to confirm the identity of the caller. The policemen said Mr. Kapoor was in no condition to talk to her and they were taking him to Hindu Rao Hospital.

When the distressed family arrived at the hospital, they were disappointed at the care being provided. They decided to shift him to a private hospital. He still did not gain consciousness. Meera approached Guruji, who told her that nothing had happened to her husband and that she should not worry. After the Satguru’s statement, her husband tried to speak a few words at the hospital. Doctors tried to shake him up. When he regained consciousness fully, doctors told Meera to stay by her husband’s side for three months continuously, as he could have temporary black-outs. Meera knew this was an impossible request to meet because she had to be at the garments shop they ran. Guruji, however, told her that she was not required to be at his side and that her husband was fully ok. So it was: he suffered no black-outs at all.

It turned out that Kapoor had been befriended by a fellow passenger on the bus. The passenger had given him some biscuits and had some himself, too. The next thing Kapoor knew was the hospital room. The family was disappointed they had lost a lot of money. But Guruji said their problems had gone and they shouldn't worry, he would provide more. Meera says time has proved that his munificence has exceeded expectations and met more than their needs.

Miracles on pilgrimages to Guruji

Kapoor, Meera and her mother-in-law were going to Chandigarh to have Guruji's darshan. They reached at night and Guruji told them to return that same night. They left for Delhi at around 2 at night, apprehensive because of the prevailing terrorism. Their anxiety increased as the Chandigarh-Ambala stretch of the highway had been closed and they had to go through Panchkula. It was an eerie night with not a soul being seen on the dark, unlit road that cut a swathe through the fields.

Meera prayed hard to Guruji for directions. Her mother-in-law was mildly caustic, wondering how Guruji could help them out in the middle of nowhere. Just then two men emerged out of the fields. They were on a motorcycle and had huge beards. Meera asked her husband to stop the car so that she could ask them the distance to the highway. They said it was just 13 km away. Meera protested that there was no signboard and it was such a lonely road: how could the highway be only 13 km away? She asked the question again. To her and her mother-in-law's fear—the latter was suspecting these men to be terrorists—one of the men came close to Meera and repeated in a deep voice that it was indeed 13 km.

Hardly had they travelled more than 200 metres when they came across a signpost, saying 13 km. And exactly 13 km later, the road came out in front of Prince Hotel and they were on the highway. Who had came out of the fields in the dead of night to tell them the distance to the highway?

Guruji goes to have chaat

Though Guruji's help can be obvious at times, mostly he works in mysterious ways his wonders to perform. It is quite futile to cudgel

your brains to understand his actions or his words. The following experience shows that his outer actions are connected to working out his disciples' karma—at least that is what he would have us understand for now. Who knows what he truly does!

Guruji had asked Meera and Mrs. Subberwal to go to Bade Mandir, a distance of around 20 km from Gurgaon, where they lived. They were doing so regularly. One evening as they were travelling to the temple, they noticed Guruji's white Contessa car parked outside Bristol Hotel. They rushed over to him. Guruji was in an affable mood and they pressed their advantage, talking to him for over half an hour at the spot. Then Guruji expressed a desire to have chaat, and the sangat was taken to Manesar at Haldiram's, a popular eating joint.

Guruji chose to rest on the lawns at Haldiram's. He lay down, with the sangat making quite a fuss over him. They took out their handkerchiefs and fanned him; a *chunni* became his pillow. A doctor, standing nearby—such is Guruji's sport—came over to the group. He wanted to know if the group needed any medical help for the man lying on the ground did not seem okay. He was assured that everything was all right and turned away.

Meanwhile, chaat had been brought. As it was being rapidly consumed, Guruji called Meera. She remembers being questioned quite closely and in great detail about all her family members. Where were her daughter and son-in-law? When were they expected back? She told Guruji that the couple were in Manali and would return soon. Soon, the excursion was over and everyone went home happy. It was a month later that the real reason for the Haldiram visit became known.

Meera's daughter and her son-in-law had an accident while their new car was at a red light. A truck rammed the vehicle from the rear. The car was smashed. Meera's daughter called her mother up and prayed that she communicate the mishap to Guruji. Meera rushed to Empire Estate late at night. She found Guruji standing inside the hall as if waiting for her. She told him that an accident had occurred and Guruji told her where it had occurred—at a Greater Kailash roundabout. She told him that her son-in-law was being taken to AIIMS, when Guruji gently reminded her that they were going to the Vasant Kunj-based spinal cord injuries centre—as indeed her daughter had called up to tell her at the last minute. A worried Meera was slow to realize that it was Guruji who was giving her all the details of the accident!

The Omnipotent Master had let no hurt come to his devotee's children. Though her son-in-law's face had swollen, he had no pain and there was no internal injury.

Meera was told that at the time of the accident, Guruji kept walking inside his room. She says he took her son-in-law's pain upon himself. And he told her: "*I am with you; don't be afraid.*" Meera says that Guruji had foreseen the accident a month ago during the chaat excursion and that by merely asking about her family he had prevented certain disaster.

Queer appearances at a garment shop

Guruji puzzled Meera by showing up at their shop in Karol Bagh. He came to take away their troubles or to give them something, but never did he come in the form they so loved. He took money to take away bad karma and showered prosperity on them. To Meera's never-ending consternation, they could never recognize him.

The Kapoors ran their wholesale business from a first-floor shop at Karol Bagh. One morning, a stranger came in. He offered his visiting card and said that he wanted some change. Meera, who was sitting at the shop, said they were wholesale garment dealers and didn't keep change. However, Mr. Kapoor decided to help out and sent one of his employees to a nearby bank with a Rs. 6,400 cheque that was to be encashed. The man went inside the bank; the employee waited outside. And he kept on waiting, returning only when the guard at the bank told him that he had never seen the man go in. The employee returned to the shop. When he gave out the details, Meera felt exceedingly foolish that they, experienced business folk, had been cheated by a stranger. She told Guruji, who said their problems had been taken away. He even admitted that it was he who had taken away their money.

Another time, a tall man whose head nearly touched the ceiling, came and preened inside the shop. He was wearing a rough belt on his waist. Taking him for a vagabond, Meera asked him to go away. Her employee said that he looked like *Bholenath*—the Lord of the Innocent, a title of Lord Shiva—and Meera deigned to give him two rupees. She repeated her command that the man go away. He did. The entry and exit of the stranger went unnoticed by the guard.

In the evening, when Meera went to Guruji's, she was embarrassed. The Satguru told her that she had given him only two rupees when he had come to her shop! It was Guruji's hukm that Meera sit at the shop. Though she felt she was not trained to do so, she followed his order. Later, Guruji went to Jalandhar. Meera would remember him a great deal and weep in front of his photograph. She also used to read the holy Shiv Purana and tell her beads, chanting *Om Namah Shivay*, *Shivji Sada Sahay* and *Om Namah Shivay, Guruji Sada Sahay*. Whenever they would feel Guruji's rosy fragrance pervading the shop's interiors, the couple would get a change of clothes from their house nearby and leave for Jalandhar.

During one such visit to Jalandhar, Guruji told her not to remember him so much and not to cry. He also advised her to do more of the *Shivji Sahay* mantra.

Thanks to her constant remembrance, Guruji continued to visit her shop. Once a man dressed like an ascetic came to her shop. He said he wanted to give her a rosary or *mala*. When she put out her hands, he asked her to bow and put the mala on her neck. He also advised her to always keep the rosary with her.

Later, when her grandson was born, Guruji paid them another visit in disguise. This time it was to give a bangle for the newborn. He gave a similar bangle to Meera. When Meera had started going to the shop, she had put up Guruji's photo there. But Guruji had not allowed it, she says, and she had put it back at home. After five months of her going to the shop, he allowed her to put the photo in her shop. Meera says their shop started doing well and their earlier losses were made up. Guruji even helped Mr. Kapoor keep his word. One day, Kapoor promised a certain man that he would pay him the Rs. 3 lakh due to him that day itself. Meera pointed out that the shop didn't even have one-sixth of that amount in cash, but her husband said that he had also been promised two payments and they would make up the sum required.

Kapoor went to collect the money. One man asked him to come back a week later; another postponed the payment for a day. Moneyless, Kapoor petitioned Guruji while walking in front of the Karol Bagh Gurdwara: if he could not keep his word, it would be a matter of disrespect for Guruji, not him. Firmly turning over the matter to Guruji, Kapoor returned to his shop.

After some time, the shopkeeper above their shop sent them a customer. The man was from Jalandhar and needed certain things. All these were to be found in Kapoor's shop, and the customer happily made payment of these without even bothering to check the raw material he was buying. The sum easily covered the payment Kapoor had to make.

That evening, when the Kapoors came for the sangat, Guruji addressed Meera. "*What's the matter,*" Meera recalls him as saying, "*Your husband prays to me on the footpath!*"

With rose garland, shop is fireproofed

Once when Meera had gone with her sister-in-law to Guruji's place, he asked the sister-in-law to pick up a rose garland from the heap of flowers offered to him. He then instructed her to sanctify some water with the garland and sprinkle the holy water all over the shop.

But the next day was a Monday and the sister-in-law was loathe to open the shop for the express purpose of sprinkling some water on it. Meera told her that it was best to act as directed by Guruji rather than apply their own logic to his words.

A month later, a fire raged over the Karol Bagh market. All the shops were burnt. Meera says the flames singed the shop below them; the blaze was so fierce that the ceiling fans melted. But the devotees' garment shop was safe. The fire had seemingly recoiled from near the garment shop, as the wind started blowing in the opposite direction. The rose garland, blessed by Guruji, had protected their shop.

Kapoors switch business on his advice

The Kapoors' business wasn't doing so well. Mr. Kapoor had a plan to turn his fortune around. He wanted to import material from China, which would help him cut costs. Guruji was approached for approval. Guruji told him not to start right away and that he would tell him the right time.

After three months, Guruji gave Meera prasad of cardamom seeds and misri (crystallized sugar lumps). He told her to eat it while sitting inside the shop. They were also permitted to start the new business after they told Guruji the name of the man in China with whom they were to do business. Guruji said he was a good man.

They did business worth crores with this man sitting in China over the last five years and till date they have not met each other. There has been no loss either.

Another time, Mr. Kapoor was in Chandni Chowk, one of the most congested areas in Delhi, with a great deal of money in his briefcase. He kept the briefcase on top of another car while trying to enter his own vehicle with ease. Then he came home. At home, he discovered that he had not brought the briefcase with him. He was distraught since it contained a lot of money. He immediately went back though he knew that the briefcase would have disappeared by now. To his amazement, the case was still on top of the car that he had put it on. When in the evening, he met Guruji, the Master simply said: “*Did you find the bag?*”

Reaching out with grace

It was not just Meera who benefited from Guruji’s care and protection. Her family did. So did a worker in a nearby shop. So did the head of a department of medicine.

The Kapoors had gone to a nearby shop and they started doing satsang. Guruji’s tales so impressed the worker of the shop, a devotee of the Mother, that he made up his mind to go to Guruji, who was then in Jalandhar. He took directions from the Kapoors and after shop hours, set out. He reached Guruji, who wanted to know who had sent him. After he was told of the same, Guruji hugged him—for reasons best known to him. He then sent the man back to Delhi.

Now, this man led a troubled domestic life, as his brothers fought among themselves. When he came back home, he told his wife that he felt as if all his problems would go away. And that was what happened. The brothers squabbling over property did exactly as he suggested. A locker that contained the family jewellery was opened and the treasure divided among the brothers. The shop-worker found a pearl garland. A brief note attached to it said it should be given to one who most deserved it. The worker immediately thought of Guruji. He went one day to Jalandhar and sat at the sangat, wondering whether to give the garland to Guruji or not. He was quite taken aback when Guruji came before him and asked why he was vacillating. Guruji then asked him to hand the garland over to him!

Every one had been impressed by Meera's quick recovery from her joint problems. The doctor treating her, head of the department of orthopaedics in Safdurjung hospital, had seen the recovery take place. She herself suffered from severe joint pains; she found it difficult to do her rounds. Meera suggested that she go to Guruji. She did and returned with his blessings.

Soon Meera heard from her. The doctor was calling her up to tell her that she had just taken a round of a ward without feeling any pain. The doctor said she was still wondering whether it was she who had taken the round.

As Meera tuned in to Guruji, she found that her entire family was getting blessed. Her sister-in-law was among the first ones. She had a tenacious cold that would usually be accompanied with a migraine. Even her ears would give off water. Her hearing had already been damaged. Meera and she went to Guruji together. And the cold and the migraine vanished; her hearing improved. But, at the same time, the sister-in-law's son Ankur was losing his vision. He was only four years old. The problem was put before Guruji and he gave his blessings. He asked Meera's sister-in-law to put honey in Ankur's eyes. The mother knew that applying honey to the eyes hurt a lot and was reluctant. She was prevailed upon and found that Ankur felt no pain at all when the honey was applied. Guruji told them to get Ankur's eyes tested. Sure enough the eyesight had improved by leaps and bounds.

One who grants God's darshan

Meera's brother had retired from the army. A devotee of Shri Ramakrishna Paramhansa, he used to visit the saints with only one hope in mind: that they grant him darshan of the Lord. After Meera had been to Guruji, she called him up and told him about the Satguru. He willingly came to the sangat. Guruji immediately called him 'mama' (maternal uncle) and asked him to wish for something. The spiritual aspirant asked for Guruji's mehar or grace. Guruji again insisted that he ask for something, and the aspirant revealed his great desire to see God. Guruji merely said okay. Three days later, Meera's brother had a vision at home. His lifelong quest was realized. He had seen God. At a devotee's mere request, Guruji was able to grant him the darshan of the almighty. Who then is he?

One answer comes from Meera's father himself. Meera reports that her father used to say that Guruji is not an ordinary guru or saint who gains control of some powers (siddhis) and then displays these to astonish the world and win over devotees. Guruji is a form of divine light.

Mr. Kapoor too had Guruji's darshan. Kapoor who was educated in Banares, the city of Lord Shiva, saw in a dream that he was at Banares's Vishvareshwara temple. The door of the temple opened and he saw Guruji. His gaze fell to his feet, where he saw Brahma, Vishnu and Mahesh. Guruji was told of the dream; he told Kapoor that the devotee had had his darshan.

Master of home affairs

Meera had been living all the time in a joint family in their Karol Bagh home. But Guruji insisted that the Kapoors move to Gurgaon. So on 25 March 2003, she did. She wondered whether she should have a religious ceremony to sanctify the new house, but Guruji did away with all that. The Satguru simply asked her to enter the house with his photograph first. Since then, his presence has been more than amply felt in the Kapoor household. The very first time it happened was when Meera was complaining to Guruji in her mind that she was lonely. Though her maidservant had told Meera that the neighbour adjacent to her flat was interested in striking up a relationship, Meera did not make the first overture. But, the neighbour came in one day and they began talking. The drawing room conversation soon focused on Guruji. Soon, Meera had a friend. Guruji was in the know of what was happening. He immediately asked Meera on her arrival at the sangat whether she had made a *saheli* (lady friend). Meera was amazed that Guruji knew what was happening at her home. And it was not just the drawing room that was visible to Guruji's omniscient eye.

Once, Meera and her husband were having a trivial early-morning dispute. In the evening, Guruji phoned up the couple. He spoke to Kapoor, asking him why he had fought with Meera in the morning. Before a stunned Kapoor could frame a response, Guruji said the same to Meera. Though it was a minor disagreement, Guruji had pounced on it, proving how intimate his knowledge of home affairs was.

Always, Meera felt his presence, as if Guruji was reassuring her in her new home. Once she was sleeping when someone pressed her shoulder blades strongly. She turned her head to look back—no one was there. Another time, she was doing her puja, when she felt someone touch her from behind on one and then the other shoulder. She wanted to dismiss it as her imagination, when she saw the curtain in her puja move slightly—as if a breeze had passed through. She asked Guruji mentally whether it was him. Sure enough, during the sangat he told her not to worry, it was him.

Snakes in the house

Meera was thrilled every time by Guruji's visitations, but she was terrified when she found snakes in her bathroom. It is a highly improbable occurrence for the Kapoor home is located in a modern apartment complex. All the three bathrooms are tiled, and no one has ever reported sighting snakes in the area. Yet, day after day, as soon as Meera would go for her bath in the tub, the snakes would be there—very small ones, nearly four of them every day. She was terrified. She would pray to Guruji before stepping into her bathtub, but the snakes would still come. And she would stamp them out. She wanted to get the bathtub removed and asked her husband to do it. And there the matter hung. So, she mentioned the affair to Guruji, who said she was a very lucky person. She replied that she was a very frightened person. Guruji then asked her what she wanted. She said she wanted to remove the bathtub and the snakes to disappear.

With Guruji's permission, she ordered the removal of the bathtub. Those who came to remove the tub were cautioned that there were snakes inside the bathroom. They laughed it off. Meera kept checking to see whether the snakes were appearing as the tub was being removed. But the snakes had completely disappeared. The phenomenon has not been satisfactorily explained to this day. How come there were snakes in a modern housing complex? Why did only Meera see them? What did their appearance suggest? Where did they go? Only Lord Shiva knows.

— *Satsang, as narrated, of Meera Kapoor, housewife and businesswoman*

Guruji Maharaj is great!

WE WERE extremely fortunate when in June 2004, with the grace of Guruji Maharaj we were admitted into his sangat. Since then life has taken a new turn for us, having become blissful and reassuring. Being with Guruji in the serene environment of his mandir, one is fully charged with positive energy. With his kindness we have gained immensely on the spiritual path, have begun to lead a far cleaner and humble life full of happiness. In fact, we no longer know unhappiness. The odd discomfort that comes our way also brings happiness with the knowledge that our beloved Guruji has helped us get over some of our karma, an experience that without his kindness would have been far more painful.

There is also a special bonding with Guruji's sangat since we feel we are a part of one big family in which the ego has been replaced by total humility. We look forward to interacting with the sangat because we derive utmost satisfaction speaking and listening about Guruji. This itself is a great learning experience, besides creating greater bonhomie within our big family.

During such satsangs, we have learnt that there is no need to speak with Guruji. A simple *ardas* (prayer) within the heart is enough to grant us the Mahapurush's blessings. We are also conscious that

one should avoid asking Guruji for anything, because though he may give what is wished for, it may not provide us satisfaction. True satisfaction and happiness comes only when our beloved Guruji gives on his own. Despite this knowledge we are tempted to ask for Guruji's mercy whenever we are in trouble (we are only human). And, like I said earlier, he is kind enough to shower his blessings on our request. My wife, son and I began attending Guruji's satsang at the same time. My wife and son came to believe in him quickly; I had doubts.

An attempt at conditional acceptance

On the second-third day of my attendance, I made a mental challenge to Guruji: "I will accept you as my guru only if you can get me back my Rs. 5 lakh which have been locked up with a businessman in Chandigarh for the last three years." But after a few more days of satsangs, I felt I had done a great wrong in laying down a condition for Guruji over such a trivial thing like money. I then repeatedly prayed to him, apologizing and telling him that I did not want his help in getting back my money. A week later, while I was on a duty trip to Bangalore, the Chandigarh businessman called up to say he was ready to return the money and pay Rs. 30,000 as damages. Guruji Maharaj is great!

Guruji's fragrance

Initially, every time we entered Guruji's temple my wife and son would get a strong whiff of Guruji's fragrance. I never smelt it. I suppose I was not a true believer. One evening, about a month or so from the time we started attending the satsangs, I was lying in bed while my wife had gone to sleep. I was looking at Guruji's photo on the wall and feeling guilty for continuing to have doubts when everything I had seen and heard was in Guruji's favour. I kept looking at Guruji's photo and fervently prayed to Guruji to forgive me. I promised to be his true bhakt. I had never prayed with such sincerity ever before in my life. Suddenly from my pillow, I got a strong fragrance, which my wife confirmed was the same as she got

at the mandir. My magnanimous Guruji had heard and accepted my prayer and I had become a true believer. I would never look back again. My Guruji is great!

A laddoo for my absent son

My son Samar, who is in the merchant navy, had gone off to his ship. Guruji would often ask my wife Babboo about his well-being. One evening we were at Guruji's mandir till late at night and Guruji had gone out. He returned after some time, around 1 am, and began distributing laddoos to the sangat. While he gave everybody one laddoo, he gave my wife two pieces. She was thrilled and came to me saying that Guruji had given an extra piece for our son.

Just as she was saying this, Col. Joshi, one of Guruji's sevaks, came up to me and handed me his mobile, saying my son was on the line. We asked him how he was ringing up at this hour and that also not on the home telephone on which he always rang up. He replied: "I don't know. I just got an urge to talk to you and I thought you must be at Guruji's mandir." Guruji is great!

My wife's illnesses go away

My wife has benefited from Guruji's healing power at least thrice. She had Maniers disease (an imbalance caused due to the fluid in the inner ear) since 1989. She would get spells of dizziness and migraine-type headaches. No amount of medical treatment in India or even the US could cure her. In 1992 a homeopathic drug helped suppress the problem. As long as she took the medicine the problem was reduced a bit. After about a month of joining Guruji's sangat, she prayed silently to Guruji: "I am not going to take the homeopathic medicine ever again. My problem is in your hands for you to cure." Immediately on leaving the medicine, Babboo's dizzy spells and migraine headaches were back, with a far greater intensity than ever before. But Babboo did not waver and refused to take the medicine. This continued for 15 days, at the end of which the spells stopped as suddenly as they had started. She has never had them again. Our Guruji is great!

In April 2005, Babboo suddenly started getting black spots in her eye. A visit to the eye specialist revealed that her retina was inflamed

and that if she did not start immediate treatment with steroids she was likely to go blind. But having steroids would activate her otherwise latent tuberculosis (TB), for which she had tested positive. Therefore, she would have to take a course of TB medicine also. This terrified her. Since we were hesitant to ask Guruji for help directly, one of the ladies in the sangat, Guruji's bhakt for a very long time, went ahead and told Guruji. Yet when Babboo was leaving the sangat that day, Guruji did not say anything. The fright of the disease got the better of Babboo and she told Guruji that she did not want to take steroids. Guruji smiled and told her to bring the pure honey from Firozpur lying at home. The next day Babboo brought the honey. Guruji blessed it and told her to apply it to her eyes every day.

A few days later we visited our family eye specialist at Chandigarh. He prescribed medicines, both tablets and eye drops. He told us not to put honey in the eyes since it will negate the effect of the eye drops. We followed the doctor's directions, but we also put in the honey. After two weeks or so, the eyes were absolutely okay and she tested negative for TB as well. At this stage, the doctor told us that there was another girl who had been coming to him with the same problem—though with a lesser degree of the same—but had not yet been cured. He said that Babboo's case was a miracle. God almighty had cured her and not his medicine. He asked Babboo if she believed in God. Was there any doubt? Guruji is great!

For the last nine years, Babboo had viral warts on her face. Skin specialists, medicines, even the burning of the warts could not end the problem. Finally, Babboo was treated by one of Guruji's bhakts (Col. D.R. Chauhan) in March 2006. Within a week, the warts disappeared never to come back again. Guruji is great!

Surviving an accident

In December 2006, at a Chandigarh road crossing, an Ambassador going at 80 kmph hit our Zen from the side. The Zen was pushed four feet sideways. Doors, mudguards, the windscreen, window panes, even the dashboard were smashed. Yet, all four of us came out without a scratch or muscle pain. I did not have to pay anything for the repairs since the Ambassador owner footed the bill. This was possible only with Guruji's grace. Our Guruji is great!



Light of Divinity

We are grateful to Guruji for his blessings. Guruji often said the world will be going through very difficult times ahead. No one will care for each other, no matter how close he or she may be. Only the big family of Guruji's sangat will matter. Needless to say we are lucky to be blessed by him and to be a part of his sangat. *Om Namah Shivay, Guruji Sada Sahay.*

—Satsang of Major General and Mrs. M.P.S. Sandhu



Alcoholism spirited away

AS A child, whenever I used to go to Jalandhar with my family, we used to stay at my maternal grandparents' place. They would visit Guruji. And during one such visit, I met Guruji with my family.

When we entered his mandir, we could smell perfume all over as if some one had sprayed the room with scent. We would sit down and watch as people poured in to get Guruji's blessings. Later, he would bless glass water with his mala and we would drink it. The water would have a distinct aroma. Even as children, we could sit in one place without fidgeting and did not even realize how time flew by.

My Dad does not believe in any one beyond God himself. He told Mom and me to avoid going to Guruji, stating that he did not like it. We stopped going. For around eight years we did not approach Guruji, but my aunt and my cousin sisters were regular visitors. Guruji would tell them to ask us to meet him. Then, Guruji shifted to Delhi.

In 2003, I also shifted to Delhi to do my MBA. I took to drinking, as I used to live alone and enjoyed having alcohol. I went through a liver function test on my parents' insistence. I had taken the test earlier and it had shown bad signs, but I had ignored the results. According to the test results, a normal person should have a total of 40 IU/L (international units per litre); I had 347 units. It was clear that if I did not stop drinking, I would have fatal liver cirrhosis.

My mother was staying with me as we were planning to shift our residence from Vasant Kunj to Dwarka, and she had come to set

up the new place for me. My mother, a very religious person, went regularly to Guruji for his blessings and for my health. Then one day, Guruji told her that her child was suffering and asked me to come. I did so. My father was not aware of it. I used to reach Guruji's place directly from work in the evening, have tea and langar at his place and then return home. A couple of people talked about how Guruji had helped them and taken away their suffering. There were people who had been cured, among a host of things, of cancer, heart problems, monetary problems and now they were happy. Guruji asked mom to come for 10 days continuously and asked her to get a copper tumbler, which he blessed and I drank water from it. I would sit at Guruji's at only one thing in my mind—his blessings.

During this time, I consulted a doctor referred to me by a friend being treated for the same problem and taking the same medicines. For more than four months, he had been taking these medicines and his results had still not normalized.

As for me, one day Guruji just told Mom she need not worry about her child as he was cured. He also asked me to get the test done again. To my surprise, I found my result totalling 40 IU/L, which was normal. I could not understand the miracle. I went to Guruji to thank him for his blessings. Guruji only asked me whether I had got my tests gone and I said yes. He said: "*Thek hai na, ja aash kar (The tests are all right; be carefree).*" At that Mom and I touched his feet and my heart said thanks.

My grandmother survives her heart problem

The same night my mother and my grandmother told me of another miracle that had happened ten years ago. My grandmother had suffered three heart attacks and the doctors refused to help further, saying she would not survive. My mother and her brother had gone to Guruji for help in the middle of the night. He told them to get betel leaves and then prayed in the room next to where my grandmother was lying. The betel leaves were put on my grandmother's chest. Ten minutes later, my grandmother started urinating, a positive sign, after which the doctors rushed her to a hospital in Ludhiana for a bypass. Without Guruji, my grandmother would not be alive today.

Some things cannot be explained, but they do happen. You can only understand and acknowledge them. Since my cure, my faith in Guruji has doubled and I wish his blessings are always with my family and me.

—Satsang of Muneet Jakhar, sales and marketing manager with a real estate firm



I smelt roses!

I MET Guruji in 2006, thanks to a close family friend. The first time I went to the mandir, I did not know what to expect. There was a hall with large pictures of Guruji, lots of people sitting on the floor and Guruji on his throne. I too went and touched his feet and sat against the wall, looking around. Every time I would look towards Guruji, I felt he was looking at me. I closed my eyes and was listening to the beautiful bhajans. Once or twice I tried to open my eyes, but I felt I was unable to. Suddenly, I experienced something very strange: I smelt roses! It was not an essence or an incense stick, because there was none around. It was the smell of fresh roses. There were waves of that fragrance coming and all I could do was to sit and absorb it. I suddenly opened my eyes, looking around for roses, but other than the artificial ones, none were there. I looked at Guruji and he was looking at me. He said: “*Hun dus practical aae ke see (Tell me, can you explain what you have just experienced)?*” And I couldn’t. I knew not to question his ways.

I was taken to Guruji because the doctors had discovered a tumour in my brain. It was a pituitary adenoma arching above my optic nerve and if it grew any further I could lose my vision. I was on strong medication—three bromocriptin medicines a day, which would leave me miserable. I am a working professional who just could not give my best because of the side-effects.

I would go to Guruji, sit there and quietly pray, hoping there was a shortcut. I hoped that I could opt for surgery, get the tumour out and stop having medicines. Guruji granted me my wish. In spite of the medicines, the tumour was growing and in October 2004, I was operated on. Before the surgery, I went to take Guruji’s blessing. He asked me the date and the hospital and doctor’s name, blessed me

and said: “Go, my blessings are with you. Nothing can happen to you.” And I knew nothing would. It was a complicated surgery but I was on a high. I knew Guruji was with me throughout. My recovery was so fast that the radiation therapy, that was to begin two months later, could be started in three weeks! Nobody could believe it.

I came to thank Guruji the day I came back from the hospital and he said, “*Congratulations on your new life!*” And I knew that it was a new life he had given me. During my radiation sessions too, I had no side-effects. I would see people coming on wheelchairs and stretchers. Instead, I would go to work till afternoon, get my radiation done later in the afternoon and be roaming till late evening—shopping, dining out and leading a normal life. All thanks to his blessings. While I was going to Apollo Hospital for my radiation therapy, Guruji helped many other people who I came in contact with. I remember there was a nine-year-old child suffering from a malignant brain tumour. He had to go through chemotherapy, and the medicines were having an adverse effect. They had to discontinue his treatment for some time and his poor father, who had taken leave from his government job as they lived far, was very worried. The longer the treatment took the more time he would need to take leave and they would have much less money to manage the child’s treatment with.

I had a locket of Guruji in my bag—I always carry a picture or locket of Guruji with me. I told his mother to touch that locket to the boy’s eyes every day. I knew my Guruji would help him. I met them after a week after I had gone for my radiation. The boy was back for his chemotherapy, looking much better. His mother told me that from the time she had started putting Guruji’s photo on his forehead every morning, the boy was getting better and the doctors were amazed at the recovery.

When my son was two and a half years old (just after my surgery), we discovered that he would bleed from his rectum while passing stool. He was clinically investigated. We were told that the colonography would take about 45 minutes to one hour. As we waited outside, I kept praying: “*Guruji, please be inside with Jai (my son).*” The procedure took nearly three hours! When the doctors called us in, they were concerned. They said they took so long as they had found a nasty rash in the biopsy sample.

I went crazy for those four days. I would go to Guruji and sitting there would just pray for his blessings. Guruji blessed Jai. The

reports came clear: it was just a mild infection, which was treated with a week's dosage of medicines. Since then we have forgotten about it.

Guruji has been there for me always—fulfilling my every wish—whether for material things or health issues. When you go to Guruji, he knows what we need but cannot see yet—he gives you both. You do not need to ask.

I can carry on writing all the day to day happenings where Guruji helps us, but like he says: “*Short mein sunaie* (Tell it in brief).” Thank you Guruji for being there for all of us!

—Satsang of Nandita Chander



Saved from the three messengers of death

MR NARESH Khandelwal's wife, in her early thirties, fell ill. She was afflicted with dengue fever and her kidneys were infected. Doctors at Gurgaon refused treatment as her platelet count was below 9000. On top of it, on a Tuesday, a vein burst and unable to contain the flow of blood, doctors advised a discharge. She was shifted to Max Hospital in Noida.

Naresh's brother was a devotee of Guruji. He and his wife were perturbed by the sequence of events and called up another devotee to ask if they could visit Guruji on Tuesday and convey the problem. They were told not to worry; that Guruji is God; that he would not let anyone who had come to his sharan suffer.

In the meantime, the doctors at Max Hospital had also given up on her. Thursday came and Naresh went to Guruji. As he was touching Guruji's feet, he could not help himself and told Guruji that his wife was suffering from dengue. Guruji's response was in itself a promise. "Dengue...dengue ki honda hai? Chal, ja kuch nahin hoye usnu. (What's dengue? Go, nothing will happen to her)."

As soon as Naresh came back to the hospital, the wife's platelet count started going up with every test: from 12,000 to 30,000,

50,000, 100,000, 150,000, she was responding to the treatment with Guruji's blessings.

One night at the hospital, she woke up screaming. Every one around her asked what had happened. The lady said she had had a nightmare. She had seen three short black men dragging her away. The people around her were not able to stop them even though she was pleading to be rescued. Then she remembered Guruji and prayed to him for help. Guruji came and the yamdoots went away; the lady was saved. She saw the same dream twice and started feeling that it was only Guruji who had granted her life, because only he can do so. Within a week, she was discharged. She recovered and was put on dialysis in order to make her kidney functional. Today, she ably performs the roles of a mother, wife and daughter. Guruji shooed the messengers of death away from her. Who else can do this but God?

—Satsang, as narrated, of Mrs. Naresh Khandelwal



Master of life and death

GURUJI'S INTERVENTION in matters of individual destiny—when he sorts out his devotees' karma to protect them from perils they are unaware of—can be highly difficult to comprehend. Also, the divine power he uses to dissolve bad karma is nothing less than his omnipotence at work, revealing the Satguru's authorship over matters of life and death.

Guruji's energy casts out evil spirit

The family of Narindar, a General Electric executive now based in Ahmedabad, had been hounded by a problem. His wife had come under the possession of a powerful female spirit. Then, Narindar's mother met Guruji during a new year function at Patiala and brought home Guruji's photograph.

The family tried to meet Guruji at Panchkula, but could not. They went to Mansa Devi instead. Narindar, meanwhile, scoffed at the women's easy trust, saying they could find two gurus beneath a single brick. The family got the opportunity to meet Guruji at Chandigarh on the occasion of Shivratri. Narindar listened to a lot of satsangs and heard Guruji say that he visited the house of whosoever came to him with shraddha (devotion). At 4.30 the next morning, those words came true. Narindar saw the bedroom door open and Guruji's shadow fall inside it.

Guruji also left proof of his visit. While the house was being swept, the couple saw a few gold-like wires glinting in the sun. They did not know what these were, but kept picking them up from the house for the next 20 days. These were wires used in the embroidery on Guruji's attire.

Narindar decided to go to Guruji and went to Chandigarh on a Saturday. He told Guruji of his wife's problem, but Guruji just said: "*You have been blessed.*" Narindar was disappointed. He wondered why the guru had not asked him about his problem or said anything more. He had not realized till then the full power of Guruji's statements: Whatever he says inevitably comes true and even his casual remark directs the trusting person to safe harbour in times of trouble.

Narindar then went to Guruji's birthplace at Dugri. As a memento, he brought back a brick from the house where Guruji had taken human avatar. After washing the brick, he kept it at his home shrine, or puja room. At night, Narindar had a vivid dream. He saw that the female spirit who was troubling his wife had possessed him. Through his mouth, she said that she could never have been tamed but that the single brick placed in Narindar's house was so powerful that she could not stay for even a minute and was leaving the house. The family's problem was solved—thanks to the holy brick obtained from Guruji's birthplace. That single brick was sufficient reply to Narindar's sarcastic statement that women could find two gurus beneath one brick.

Try as he might, Narindar could not remember the details of his dream sequence clearly the next day. But Guruji removed the last shreds of doubt. Two-three days later when Narindar went to have darshan, Guruji told him: "*You have been blessed through a brick, haven't you?*" In his next few, always-sparse sentences, Guruji also revealed the nature of a true guru: "*You don't have to tell the guru anything,*" He said. "*Don't bring the guru down to that level. The guru knows and solves your problem himself.*" Time and again, Guruji's words were proved right.

Guruji liberates Narindar's daughter...

In January of 1998, Narindar had gone to Dugri to get some dung-cakes for use during festivities connected with his nephew's first lohri.

He met Mataji, Guruji's mother, who insisted that he take a sackful, but Narindar took only five pieces in the boot of his Maruti 800.

Three days later, Mataji was with Guruji in New Delhi and he asked her whether anyone had come to Dugri. Mataji, who did not know Narindar's name, told him that 'a boy with spectacles' had come in a car and taken some dung-cakes. Guruji asked whether a sack of dung-cakes had been given and Mataji replied in the negative. Guruji then said: "*Will it happen? Will it not?*" He repeated the phrase twice and added, "*When it happens, then I will see to it.*"

Soon Narindar's wife conceived. When she was eight months pregnant, Narindar asked Guruji to give him his dress to wrap the infant in. Guruji denied the request. The infant was delivered through a Caesarean section. She developed an infection of the lungs on the very first day. Narindar informed Guruji and was told that everything will be okay. On the third day, however, the infant passed away.

The stitches on Narindar's wife formed pus. Within 21 days, the pus developed into a sack inside her stomach. Narindar's wife was sorely grieved. She berated Guruji in front of his photograph. She had already lost her child, she bemoaned, and on top of it she was facing this problem. Late that night the answer came. Guruji gave darshan in her dream, and instructed her to do an aarti. This was to be done after 21 days. Guruji also gave her a remedy. He predicted that the pus sack would remain as it was till the forty-second day of her delivery and then go away. The grieving mother took the remedy as instructed. She performed the aarti till the twenty-first day. Thereafter, she promptly forgot it. Soon a hole developed near her stitches and the pus passed out of it. Narindar's grief, however, had still not been assuaged. He was lighting a lamp in his home shrine when he started weeping.

That night, Guruji came in the deeply distressed father's dream. He took Narindar to the grounds where Narindar had buried his little one and asked him to dig up the grave. He then asked Narindar to place the infant in his hand—which suddenly looked huge—and with his other hand, Guruji sprinkled water over the infant. She immediately cried out.

Then, he asked Narindar twice: "*Do you want this daughter?*" A stunned Narindar could not respond. Guruji revealed that had Narindar taken an entire sack of dung-cakes as Mataji was insisting,

these incidents would not have come to pass. The infant then would not have taken birth. Guruji explained the daughter's life had meant certain death for either of the parents.

In a dream that was truer than waking reality, Narindar refused to reclaim his daughter. Guruji proceeded to grant his daughter moksha. Narindar saw a beam of light come from his daughter's form and merge into Guruji's lotus feet. Guruji said that she had got a type of liberation that even those who did penances for thousands of years find difficult to attain. In a burial ground, due to the Guru's grace, a human soul had achieved holy liberation.

...and extends his son's life

Akshay was an extraordinary child. Till he was a child of three years, his body and even his urine used to have Guruji's fragrance. One day, his father Narindar showed Akshay's planetary birth chart to an astrologer. The astrologer predicted that his son's life was just eight years. His troubled wife asked Narindar to pray hard to Guruji. It was December 2001 and Guruji was in Jalandhar. Narindar went to the temple there and apprised Guruji of the problem. Guruji reserved his comments, commenting only that astrologers take people on the wrong path.

A few days later, a devotee had arranged for a function at Jalandhar. Guruji asked Narindar to attend, but the disciple said it would be difficult to since he had an official meeting at Chandigarh. Guruji insisted, and Narindar reached Jalandhar after his meeting, at 10 pm. Guruji was distributing prasad as he came in and gave some to Narindar. Narindar then had langar and sat down with Guruji in the hall. The Satguru again distributed prasad and giving some to Narindar told him that he had extended his son's life. Narindar remembers Guruji telling him: "*Only Rab (God) can do this and God is in front of you.*"

When the time came for Akshay to go to school, the parents filled the required forms in three schools. Two of them demanded hefty donations and were rejected. In a dream, Guruji instructed Akshay to put his photograph on his dress and said he would be granted admission. On the morning of his interview at the third school, though his parents were not convinced about letting him carry Guruji's photograph for the interview, Akshay wore Guruji's photo to

school. His father was worried: Out of 5,000 young applicants only 250 had to be selected. But, Akshay's faith paid off. He was fifth in the admission list and no extra money was taken for the admission.

Keeping Narindar out of death's way

In January of 1998, three saints came to Narindar's house. One of them started making predictions and told Narindar's mother that her eldest child should have been dead. At this, the mother called Narindar's wife out. The saint told her that this extended life which her husband was enjoying was due to the grace of the Mahapurush they were devoted to.

The wandering astrologer then predicted that Narindar would die by Jan 30. He promised to ward off this calamity if only the family would give them some new clothes. Narindar's wife was worried and she sent her husband off to Guruji in Delhi so that he could be under his divine protection as the date neared. Narindar was with Guruji on Jan 30.

That very night, Narindar's wife had a dream. She saw that Guruji and Goddess Kali (the Black One, consort of the *Purusha* or male principle, also known as Shiva) were together and Guruji was telling the goddess to give her blessings to the couple. The Goddess had a silver stick in her hands and it was suggested that the couple put out their hands. Narindar did so and she hit his hands with the stick, but his wife was afraid and refused. Guruji said that with the strike of the stick, he had cut Narindar's bad karma.

He told Narindar's wife that what she was witnessing was not a dream, but real. At this point, his wife woke up. She saw that Guruji's photo kept in the home shrine had changed colour. Whereas Guruji's attire used to be a deep red in the photo, it was now black—the colour of Kali. After five minutes, the colour changed back to red.

Washing away the handprints of death

The gate to the family's house in Ludhiana had the imprint of two hands. Narindar's wife suspected something was amiss and sent her mother-in-law to the Naina Devi temple. While she was away, she set about washing the house to clear the imprints from the cement wall. She tried rubbing the prints off with her hands.

By night, her hand was paining a great deal and had swollen. In another four days, the left limb was paralysed. Doctors started her on medicines and enjoined her to do exercises. Narindar was stationed at Jalandhar. He came to know of the paralysis afflicting his wife and wanted to go home.

But his wife phoned him up and told him not to worry. As usual, Guruji had taken care of things. She related that she had been making her complaints known to Guruji before his photograph. Those under his refuge are immune to all grief, she had protested, why was she suffering? Hardly had she addressed her complaint that the omniscient guru materialized before her. Easing the shock of his sudden appearance, he sat down on the couple's bed. He told her that the imprints had meant the death of the mother-in-law and he had converted it to a mere paralysis of the hands.

Guruji rubbed his devotees' affected hand and instructed her to move it. When she could not, he rubbed her hands again and repeated the instruction. Immediately, she was able to move her hands. The paralysis had vanished. Guruji advised her to get her mother-in-law to pour water on his photo and splash the holy water thus obtained on the imprints on the wall. As soon as the drops of holy water hit the imprints, they changed from brown to red. Guruji said, "*You have been blessed.*"

Invited to Nainital, and made to study

There were plans for Guruji and the sangat to go to Nainital in June 2002. Narindar's wife wondered whether Guruji would ask their family to go along with him. Narindar told his wife that neither was he an old sangat member nor among the rich, so Guruji might not invite them. He was soon to find out how wrong he was. In Guruji's sangat, no distinctions are observed and before him and his regal majesty all are poor. He is the sole giver, the rest, no matter what their worldly status, are beggars.

Within two or three days, Guruji asked Narindar to come to Delhi for urgent work. When he reached Delhi and had had langar, Guruji invited him to the Nainital trip. When Narindar returned, he told his wife that Guruji had out of mere formality asked them and he would not remember their names. But three days before the trip, Guruji called him and invited him, instructing him to take along woollen

clothes. Guruji had responded to Narindar's doubts. Narindar says he knows everything about your life, what you have done, what you think.

In Nainital, Guruji asked Narindar to go for a post-graduate diploma/degree. Narindar said it was not possible for him to start studying after a decade's gap. Guruji again told him to enrol for the degree. Narindar entered a diploma course, but was not sure whether he would pass. During the examination, he asked Guruji to write the answers. He cleared the diploma in two years with the blessings of Guruji and hastened to give Guruji the news. Guruji wondered why Narindar was going to the trouble of telling him—after all, he said, it was he who had given the papers and cleared the exams! Thanks to Guruji, Narindar begun studying for the MBA.

Everyone is blessed

Guruji takes you under his refuge as you are. The past does not matter before the Satguru. He requires no pious ejaculations of faith; an honest self-examination would serve better. For the Guru is the last person to be deluded. The Satguru does not distinguish among men, between the virtuous and the sinful, the good and the wicked, leave alone the poor and the rich. His protective umbrella covers your family, friends, and relatives. But to be truly in tune with the Satguru, to be one with him in spirit no matter where you are requires that the disciple disarm his ego and surrender himself. Then the Guru charts the disciple's course over the stormy waters of life himself. He saves the disciple from the malicious currents of his bad karma in the way he deems fit.

Narindar's brother, Sunil, was also an avid devotee of Lord Shiva and had gone to Amarnath on a pilgrimage with Narindar before. He made another pilgrimage to Amarnath in June of 2005. There was a landslide and their bus was trapped on a sliver of land edged by deep ravines. Sunil remembered Guruji, took out his photo, poured water over it and scattered the holy water in the direction from where the landslide was hurtling down. The rocks stopped falling; all lives were saved.

Later, when Sunil came to pay obeisance to Guruji in New Delhi, the master said: *"Tell the sangat the latest (experience). Didn't I have to save everybody to save your life?"*

This was not the first time Guruji had forestalled fate from cutting short Sunil's life. Around year 2000, Sunil had been operated on for an appendix. But, after he went under the knife, Sunil could not urinate—a serious matter. He also endured agonizing abdominal pain. Doctors diagnosed that he was not passing urine due to tension and gave him Valium tablets (of 2 mg dose). They did not help.

When Sunil went to Guruji in Chandigarh, he was made to have at least 17 cups of tea and two langar meals. As he was readying to leave, Guruji made him have another cup of tea. Since Sunil was protesting this rather large intake of fluids, Guruji made him drink it in front of him and then said he would be okay. Outside and almost immediately, Sunil urinated—for the next 10 minutes. Since that day, the appendix problem has not bothered him. Guruji's blessed cups of tea did what doctors' tablets could not.

In 1997, a relative's daughter, Madhu, fell ill. She had some nervous problems and her abdomen had been paralyzed. She was Guruji's devotee and expressed her desire to have Guruji's darshan before going in for medical treatment. She was brought to Chandigarh and seated outside the hall, near a window from where she could have his darshan. Madhu cried and prayed that she would get prasad. Testing her faith, the guru gave her prasad the last. He also told her parents to get her admitted to the Rajindra Hospital in Patiala.

Within two weeks there, her condition improved. Madhu returned from hospital and went for Guruji's darshan. She still had a bottle attached to her; Guruji got it removed. The doctors were surprised. Patients in her ward had shown no improvement, while she was ready to be discharged in three weeks. The divine healing power obtained through the darshan had again done its work. Yet another time Guruji's grace fell on a relative of Narindar's. Guruji's langar used to come from Malerkotla while he was in Chandigarh. A few families had been entrusted with the task of preparing the langar and Narindar's *mami* (maternal aunt) ardently wished to send some chapattis she had made to Guruji.

The day after she had expressed the wish, a crippled beggar came to her door. He asked her for some food, but she refused. The beggar then revealingly said: "*Last night, you were talking of langar, now you can't even give tea.*" Narindar's aunt remained oblivious to the hint; however, she brought the stranger a cup of tea and two laddoos.

The beggar told her she could ask him for anything, but she denied the offer saying her Guru had given her everything. The beggar immediately replied with: “Kalyan hoga (You are blessed).”

The aunt went inside, leaving the beggar to eat his meal in peace. She returned to find that the beggar had left and only the glass was there. The sudden disappearance—beggars usually badger householders for money—let her intuit that the beggar was none other than Guruji.

Even non-believers feel his grace

In January of 2004, Guruji's father fell ill at Dugri and the master sent Narindar to look after him. He was shown at the Malerkotla Civil Hospital. The attending doctor, Gurvinder, was told about Guruji, but he could not be less interested.

Guruji told Narindar to have satsang for an hour with Dr. Gurvinder. But, the doctor refused. Guruji then asked Narindar to get an appointment with the doctor. During Narindar's talk with Dr. Gurvinder, the man of medicine refused to have any truck with the supernatural and said everything was explainable through science. Guruji was, however, persisting with the doctor. He asked Narindar to ask the doctor to come to Delhi. He refused, but came anyhow for, as providence would have it, an official meeting was scheduled to be held in Delhi.

The doctor came to the sangat for two consecutive days and then Guruji sent him back, telling him he would reach Malerkotla in five hours. Though the time for the journey is usually seven-eight hours, the doctor was astonished to reach his destination in Guruji's appointed time.

In Delhi, Guruji asked Narindar to call the doctor up. The omniscient Satguru told the disciple to ask the doctor about his daughter's welfare. When Narindar asked the reason for doing so, Guruji revealed that the doctor's daughter had a mental problem. Narindar did as told. The doctor too asked him why he was concerned about his daughter. Narindar told him what Guruji had said and the doctor then admitted that his daughter's problem had been cured by 85 per cent after he had returned from Guruji's sangat in Delhi. His daughter had healed even though the doctor had stubbornly refused to believe in any supernatural power. Next week,

the man of medicine came for Guruji's darshan. Soon his daughter was fully cured.

As Narindar began to be with Guruji, he was lucky enough to have a few spiritual experiences. They not only showed him flashes of Guruji's cosmic being, they also impacted his spiritual practices and development. These experiences also serve to illustrate the rare occasions when the Satguru would give out a spiritual gem for the devotees' practice and observance.

In the Amarnath cave: "I am Shiva"

Narindar had been a devotee, or bhakt, of Lord Shiva since childhood. He was fond of telling his rosary beads and going for the pilgrimage to Amarnath, the holy cave where Shivji manifests in the form of a linga made of ice. After he had gone to meet Guruji, he had gone for yet another pilgrimage to the sacred spot with his younger brother, Sunil.

As he was standing in the queue of people going into the cave, Narindar fell into rumination. The entire scene of Guruji's durbar, or spiritual court, passed before his eyes. Lots of cups of tea would greet visitors. Devotional songs, or shabads, would steep the hall in holiness. Then langar would come to appease appetites and later amazing tales of faith would be recounted. The late evening would turn into a thanksgiving to the divine father with Punjabi folk songs or old songs and ghazals playing in the background. At the Shiva cave, Narindar, thinking over this scene, was forced to ask: "Guruji, who are you?"

Hardly had he uttered the words that a beam of light came out of the shivalinga, expanding to about a foot in height. Within this light, Narindar saw the figure of Lord Shiva, which changed to Guruji's, and then switched places again. A voice echoed in Narindar's inner ear: "*I am Shiva; I am everything.*" The cave was suddenly full of Guruji's fragrance. Narindar's younger brother, Sunil, could also smell it. On the same day, in her Ludhiana home at night, Narindar's wife dreamt of Guruji. She saw Guruji with a trishul in hand atop the Nandi bull, the vehicle of Lord Shiva. Within three months of going to Guruji, Narindar says, the master had shown the disciple his true form—Shiva himself.

Guruji proclaimed his identity on another occasion. Narindar and his family had gone to see the shivalinga near Samrala. Narindar's wife insisted he go again on Monday to offer his devotion to Lord Shiva with milk and other offerings. Narindar did not agree. He said Guruji is Lord Shiva and shivalinga for him.

That very night, his wife dreamt she was sitting in front of Guruji at Empire Estate. She gave a letter to Guruji. He immediately stood up and went to his room and came back with his photograph. It was a beautiful photograph but it disappeared within a few seconds. Immediately, an Aum appeared on the photograph. And within a few seconds, a shivalinga manifested from the Aum. She asked Guruji about it. Guruji told her to look at the photograph again and she saw Guruji sitting in the shivalinga. She was confused. Guruji then told her she did not have to go anywhere else because she had come to him. If you come to my place, Guruji said, *"You don't need to go anywhere else because I am God."*

'Your heartbeats will stop...'

Once Guruji was lying down and doing paath while a couple of devotees pressed his lotus feet and massaged his body. One devotee got tired and asked Narindar to come in instead of him. Narindar did so gladly. He had just touched Guruji's feet when he was asked to identify himself. Narindar gave his name and was told to strongly massage the master's leg. A while later, Guruji asked Narindar to shift his focus to the soles of his feet which, he said, were burning a lot and needed to be pressed hard.

After 10 minutes or so, Narindar was asked to put all his might into massaging Guruji's soles. He did so. The thumbs of the satguru's feet began squirting amrit (roseate nectar) just like a cow's udders give milk. The area within a foot's radii of Guruji's feet became wet. Guruji addressed Narindar: *"Have you seen now who the guru is? My entire body is full of amrit."* Similarly, when Narindar asked Guruji for the darshan of the Satguru's true nature, he was gently turned away. Guruji explained that he is like a 14,000-watt wire and the disciples akin to a zero-watt bulb.

"If you touch me, you will be annihilated," Guruji said. *"I am Shiva. Your heartbeats will stop...With time, I will give you the eyes to see me."*

Rosary beads broken with shafts of light

Some of Guruji's sayings pertain to individual spiritual practices as well, though he gave such advice rarely. It is Guruji's counsel that telling the beads inflates the ego of a spiritual practitioner. Now, Narindar had been fond of this spiritual practice since childhood.

One morning as he was telling the mala in his puja room, he fell into a trance or samadhi. He was transported to the Bade Mandir in New Delhi. He found himself sitting inside the hall in the lotus posture, his mala lying in front of him. Guruji was seated in his *asana* to the left and Lord Shiva's brass idol had taken a human form.

A shaft of light from Shiva's hands and another shaft from Guruji's hands fell on Narindar's rosary and shattered it. At that moment, Narindar came out of his trance. He was seated in his Ludhiana room and when he picked up his rosary, he found that it was broken. From that day, Narindar stopped telling the rosary. He now follows Guruji's recommendation that paath can be done anytime. No rosary is required and there is no special time to remember God. He can be remembered while eating, drinking, walking, cooking food, lying down or while working at home or in the office.

In fact, according to Guruji, the true test of the spiritual trance or a samadhi lies in the devotee's transcendental union with God. If such a union is there, the adept can be immersed in samadhi even while loud music assails the environment and his body is subjected to discomfort.

Bade Mandir: Where the Ganga herself will come

On another occasion, Guruji told Narindar and his family to stay at the Bade Mandir (or Shiv Mandir) for a few days. During their stay, Narindar and another devotee were giving final touches to their polishing work on Shivji's brass idol kept inside the hall. Narindar noticed amrit coming out of his Lord's feet. He cleaned the distinctively wet spot, but the wet oozing patch reappeared. The devotee with Narindar said it could not be happening. He suggested that Narindar must not have polished (using a cleaner, Brasso) the patch properly. Immediately, a wet patch of amrit appeared there, too. The devotee's realization was just as immediate.

Narindar had gone to the Shiv Mandir in December 1998 for the first time. Guruji had shown him and other devotees around the place. The group noticed that one half of the linga was wet. They wondered whether this was due to rain. Guruji, however, said amrit was raining on the linga.

He also predicted that the river Ganga herself would come and bathe this linga with milk. The linga, Guruji said, would be pre-eminent among the 12 jyotirlingas in India and those wishes that were not granted there would be granted here. A week after Guruji's statement, a devotee, R.P. Singla, had a prophetic dream darshan: He saw the Ganga bathing the shivalinga at the temple.

See Radha-Krishna in him, too

The family had been planning to go to Vrindavan and Mathura, the pilgrimage centres of Lord Vishnu's devotees, in year 2006. But try as they might they just couldn't get away and their plans were defeated as recently as April of 2006. Around this time, when the family had come to Delhi for celebrating Baisakhi at the Bade Mandir, Guruji gave one of his dream darshans to Narindar's wife, asking her to press his lotus feet in the dream.

As she was doing so, an idol of Lord Krishna emerged from the Satguru's feet. Guruji told her to just place the idol on his stomach. As soon as she did so, it disappeared inside.

Guruji then went to his room and Narindar's wife saw the room change into a temple. A Radha-Krishna photograph was inside the room. The devotee who had desired to go to Vrindavan to see the Krishna idol asked Guruji about the photo and he said: "*Did you have darshan? No need to go to Vrindavan. Everything is here.*"

Narindar also narrates an incident in which the Satguru proclaimed his true identity. In a dream, Narindar was taken to a hall. Guruji called him and pulled his ears thrice, then touched him on the point between the eyebrows thrice with his own fingers. Guruji then said: "*Kalyan ho gaya (You have been blessed).*"

After a few days, Narindar found the sacred Aum and the figure of the sheshanaga scratched on the locket of Guruji that he always wore. The Aum and the sheshanaga can still be seen on the locket. Narindar mentioned the incident to Guruji. The satguru replied: "*Only God can do this. Can anyone call himself God? I am God.*"

And so indeed he is. His form though is mysterious and wondrous. Narindar tells of a time when Guruji gave him his *jootis* as a blessing. The disciple says he found that the *jootis* were of three sizes—six, seven and eight—and they were all being worn by the same person. Many devotees have also noticed the scarcely changing features of their master. This mastery over the physical form can only be attributed to one who is above *maya*, who has won over Nature, who is in fact her Lord, who is Shiva, the one who has no beginning, middle or end, the one who was born before time and the one who has manifested in the form of Guruji to bless mankind. He takes care of his devotees with love, never making them feel worthless, and ever prompting them to discover the divinity of their souls.

— Satsang, as narrated, of Narindar Dhand



Guruji pours water over advanced cancer

*Guri meri puja, Guri Govind, Guru Mera Parbrahm,
Guru Bhagwant...*

*The Guru is my devotion, the Guru is my Lord,
The Guru is the Absolute, the Guru is God*

IN FEBRUARY 2005, my wife was diagnosed as suffering from Ovarian cancer. It was at an advanced stage, the cancer cells having spread to the tip of the liver. We went to all the doctors concerned. Ultimately, Anita was operated upon in Bombay Hospital. She was to have six chemotherapy sessions after every three weeks.

Like heaven-sent deliverers of mercy, my sister and brother-in-law, staunch followers of Guruji, visited us. They talked about Guruji and advised us to visit him for his blessings. On the coming Thursday, we went for his darshan.

We had just entered the hall when Guruji spoke to my wife. He identified her not only by her name but also by her nickname, saying, “Anita... Lucknow wali, Bubbli aunty.” We were taken aback, and Anita was filled with new belief and courage. She felt that all her problems were over and that Guruji’s blessings and protection would always be with her. Guruji asked Anita to bring a copper tumbler, which he blessed. Anita would religiously drink water from it every morning. Cancer is not an easy illness to deal with: the chemotherapy and its side-effects—loss of hair, nausea, and a sinking feeling—take their toll. But with Guruji’s blessings, during the six chemotherapy sessions, Anita never lost her self-confidence. Her hair loss affected her family more. She was strong in spirit through all the sessions and never complained. This was all due to Guruji’s blessings. In fact, the Satguru would often communicate his confidence to Anita. He would, for example, urge Anita to have a peg of whiskey, telling her she had been cured. During these darshans, Guruji would tell us our son would have a love marriage. His words came true. Our son proposed to the girl he liked; we took them to Guruji for his blessings and they got engaged.

It’s been three years since Anita’s ovarian cancer was detected. She shows no trace of the disease; she is back to her jovial self. Guruji has blessed her and told her that she has been cured. Her family, friends and even doctors couldn’t be happier seeing her enjoying the new life Guruji has given her.

How timely was Guruji’s descent into our lives! Just seven months after Anita’s cancer was diagnosed, there was more bad news for me. I had three blocked arteries in the heart. Guruji treated the condition in his own way. Though I had gone to him after my angiography, he did not allow me to have an operation right away. Even before I could utter a word, he asked me whether I had got the test done. When I said yes, he asked me to go for a thallium test. To my disappointment, the result was positive. Very upset, I turned again to Guruji. He simply told me to get the operation done. I guess he was gaining some time for me; perhaps earlier it wasn’t the right time to have the surgery. Since I was a diabetic, the operation and the recovery had added risk. Anita regularly went to have Guruji’s darshan. He blessed me and my recovery was timely and problem-free. When I could visit Guruji, He said: “*I have given both a new life.*” And that is true. Anita enjoys perfect health, my son is married to the

girl he likes and both are happy, and I am back to my normal self. Who else but Guruji and what else but Guruji's divine grace would have fashioned this? Guruji occasionally told Anita that she was cured, she can enjoy life. Due to his blessings, we have become more confident, stronger and happier, as we always feel Guruji's presence. For us, he is God. All those who approach him with sincerity and faith receive his divine blessings.

— *Satsang of Narinder Taneja*



On his birthday, a gift for us

EVEN AS I write this, tears blur my eyes. I can see my son Shantanu wants to know how much time it will take me to finish my office work. He doesn't know that this work has nothing to do with my office, but with him. For it recounts how he got well ever since year 2001, when he was just three and a half years old and having seizures. Doctors assumed these were due to "night terror" and gave them no further thought.

However, between December 2001 and early January 2002, Shantanu suffered two more such fits. Neurophysicians got a plethora of investigations done and it was established that my son was suffering from some form of epilepsy. Immediately, his treatment began. Despite the medicines, Shantanu always appeared lost and fearful.

Then on 7 July 2002—we had learnt it was his 'birthday'—we had Guruji's first darshan. We got his photographs. Whenever it would seem that a seizure was imminent, we would keep Guruji's photo near Shantanu. The danger would pass the moment we did so.

Then Guruji left for Punjab. We were helpless and miserable in Guruji's physical absence. We decided to visit him at Jalandhar in the middle of January. After darshan, he invited us to join the sangat at a house-warming party of a guru bhai. It was then, at the door of the mandir, that my wife told Guruji about Shantanu's illness. He just said "*Kyon (Why?)*" and added that everything was okay. He then gestured to us to follow the rest of the sangat to the party. We felt

he had not heard us properly. Later when that glorious evening was ending, we took courage and decided to approach Guruji. On my insistence, my wife went to Guruji. She had not got more than a few words in when Guruji warned her that we would be dismissed if we mentioned our problem again. We were frightened. But, before the sangat left, Guruji got it announced that the Delhi sangat could stay back and come to the mandir the next evening as well. We took heart and felt he had forgiven us.

On our return to Delhi the next morning, we decided to stop the medication of our son—much against the advice of the neurophysicians treating Shantanu; my younger brother, a practicing psychiatrist; and his gynaecologist wife. We left everything to the will of Guruji.

Shantanu also played a part. He had by then turned four and would sit in front of a calendar which had Guruji's photograph and pray: "*Mujhe theek kar do (Please let me get well).*" Guruji answered his innocent prayers and cured him. By his blessings, Shantanu has never since suffered any epileptic seizure and is as fine and naughty as any eight and a half year old can be. My eyes again blur with tears.

—Satsang of Navin and Meenu Sharma



Blessings every minute of our lives

MY JOURNEY towards Guruji or God began in 1995 when I returned from Sweden after spending 13 years there. Since then, every visit to Guruji has been a blessing, an event to be cherished. When I started going to Guruji, I was seeking peace and stability. I had heard that Guruji had healed people with cancer, heart ailments and incurable diseases when doctors had given up. On one of my visits to Guruji, a miracle took place in my life.

Since childhood, I had suffered from eczema. No medicines would work, and the doctors would prescribe cortisone every time it flared up. My hands had become like sandpaper. Once when I was sitting in the sangat, I wondered what I would do if Guruji asked me to press his lotus feet; my hands are so rough. A couple of weeks later I realized my body and hands had suddenly become cleaner and soon I was cured.

Then one day Guruji asked my elder brother, who was in the army and posted in Jammu and Kashmir, to visit him. My brother had never met Guruji before. On my brother's next visit to Delhi, Guruji blessed him. The same month he returned to Jammu and Kashmir and was hit by a bullet in a terrorist attack. The bullet hit his arm, and he was saved. It was Guruji's blessing that saved him.

Once Guruji gave me his photograph and asked me to put it in my bedroom. Since childhood the only photograph I had in my

bedroom was of Lord Shiva. Today, whenever I have any problem, doubts or happy moments, I like to share them with Guruji in front of his photograph. And Guruji has always given me the answers. I have seen Guruji in my dreams when I have been away from Delhi and have missed him.

Today, I have so much faith in my Guruji that everything around me reminds me of him. Guruji has blessed me and my family. My two sons, whom Guruji blessed and sent to the US for studies, are his devotees or 'fans' as Guruji says. All of us whose life's journey has taken us to Guruji are very blessed. We just need to have complete faith in him and his blessings are with us every day, every minute of our lives. For me, Guruji is the Almighty Father who has given me more than I wanted or deserved. Thank you, Guruji, for your blessings.

—Satsang of Neera Oberoi



Almighty Father, he keeps giving

*“Gurur Brahma Gurur Vishnu
Gurur Devo Maheshwarah
Guru Saakshat Param Brahma
Tasmay Shri Gurvey Namaha”*

WE BELIEVE in the existence of an unseen and unknown supreme power which reinforces its presence through our faiths and beliefs. That supreme power has many times manifested itself in the form of various avatars in different *yugas* (ages). And that very supreme form has in this yuga taken a human guise in the form of our respected Guruji. Every human being in any part of the world is the recipient of his sublime benediction irrespective of whether the person knows him or not. There are myriad instances which speak volumes about us being blessed every passing second, but it is impossible to narrate each and every blessing in this constrained format. But there are a few that I would like to share with his blessings.

At first, we were sceptical about visiting his mandir, as we were non-believers in saints and yogis. But it is very true that one can soak in his divine presence only if and when he wishes it. Our call from Guruji thus came in November 1995 in Jalandhar. My husband had been suffering from a severe skin ailment, psoriasis. It had been over eight years, and we had tried all possible treatments. He was covered from head to toe with big red patches encrusted with a

thick, white itchy crust. His scalp used to feel hard like rock. Even his genitals were covered with patches. Apart from this, he had to face the mental trauma of dealing with people who would shrink from even standing near him.

With no other alternative but with some reluctance we went to Guruji. In retrospection, I realize how lucky we were: Guruji produced divine prasad (producing fragrant sweets from nowhere) in front of my eyes not once or twice but six to seven times during our initial days. But the telling blow to these uncertainties fell when Guruji blessed my husband on 1 January 1996. He told us to bring a copper tumbler, which he blessed. My husband had to drink water from it first thing in the morning and bathe with the rest. Miraculously, he was cured within a few days.

Ridding me of a hormonal problem

At the same time I was undergoing treatment for hypothyroidism. I was on two pills of Altroxin, a massive dose. One day I was sitting at Guruji's feet when he suddenly said: "*Neeru Aunty, tera hormonal problem theek kar diya (I have treated your hormonal problem).*" I was taken aback because I had never said anything about my problem to him. I experienced first hand that you don't have to say anything to him; he knows everything. Sure enough, I stopped taking medicines after tests were negative.

Moreover, when I was in Panchkula, I developed a severe gynaecological problem and began taking medicines, but in vain. I had to go to the toilet at least 10-12 times during the night and had several other complications, too. I couldn't sleep at all, and so was cranky the whole day.

Guruji was in Delhi at that time. Fortunately, my husband had a meeting in Delhi. I decided to accompany him so that we could have Guruji's darshan in the evening. We left our little daughters at home thinking that we would be back home early the next morning. But, on the contrary, in the evening after having Guruji's darshan, when we went to take leave, he told us to stay back for four days. We were thrilled and said an instant yes. We stayed there for four days, soaking in his divine presence and lapping up all that chai prasad and langar. On the fourth day, he gave us permission to leave.

At home, I slept calmly, realizing that he had cured me of whatever I was suffering from. After a week, we could visit him again. The first thing he said was: “*Neeru Aunty, su su theek ho gaya? (Has your urine problem been cured?)*” Everybody laughed. When I touched his feet, he told me he had cured me of a uterine tumour. Again he had healed me without being told anything.

My daughter's psoriasis

One day in June, Singla Uncle came to call on me on Guruji's command. I got up thinking that he might have wanted me to do satsang. But instead, Guruji told me to get some Ayurvedic medicine for him from a specific pharmacy, which only exports this stuff. With Guruji's blessings we got the medicine, which pharmacists normally don't give, without a prescription. Guruji took the medicine—one pill with milk—in the evening. After 15-20 days, he told us to return the same, saying it was too strong for him. We tried our best but couldn't return it because of the export problem. It was expensive and Guruji had asked for a substantial amount of the medicine.

Towards the end of August, Tanya, my younger daughter (then in Class VIII) developed patches on her face. The doctor diagnosed psoriasis. We were stunned. For one month we faced the dilemma of whether to tell Guruji about it or not. We told him in October and he again told us to bring a copper tumbler, which he blessed. But contrary to expectations and her father's recovery, psoriasis started spreading all over Tanya's body. In just one month, she was covered from head to toe. Although badly affected physically, mentally she was a pillar of strength herself. Such is his grace, that she remained positive and upbeat about it throughout. In the meanwhile, Guruji had gone somewhere and could not be contacted. Everybody from neighbours to Tanya's principal, out of concern for her, started calling up to do something for her.

But before we could say anything, she positively would say: “Only my Guruji is going to cure me when the time is right.” In the meanwhile, she endured so much that our hearts would go out for her. She couldn't even comb her hair due to the rock-like patches that had covered her whole body. It is in such times that his grace is felt all the more; here even a small child had been granted such a positive attitude. Guruji came back in January and the first thing

he told us was to give the Ayurvedic medicine that could not be returned to Tanya. We realized that the medicine was meant for her in the first place. The medicine's full course is for 40 days. Tanya completed her 40th day on Shivratri, and Guruji himself told us to stop the medication the next day. Divine calculation! Positive results started showing from the next day and by the time she went to her maternal grandmother's place during her vacations, Tanya was cured. She sometimes develops small patches around her face. I believe Guruji is finishing karma left over from her previous birth; he had told me that my girl would have remained affected throughout her life.

Saving 90 lives to save one

In 2002, my husband, then posted at Belgaum, rang me up one Saturday in August to say he was coming home. He boarded the Goa Express on Saturday and was to arrive on Monday morning. The same Saturday my daughters and I went to Guruji. That day everything was all the more pleasurable because Guruji made me sit near him for a long time and made me do a lot of satsang. During langar I also ate double or triple the amount of langar because of the red chilly chutney which was accidentally (that is what you think, otherwise nothing is accidental or incidental) served to me in quantities best reserved for dals (lentils) or vegetables. To finish the chutney, I had to eat a lot of chapattis and dal. While giving me permission to leave, Guruji said: "*Aunty, aaj tera kalyan kar diya. (I have blessed you today).*" I was elated.

In the morning, I was woken by a call from my husband. He abruptly said: "Everything is fine, don't worry." He then told me that his train had derailed and put the phone down. I connected the previous evening's happenings and the blessings that averted the mishap and was overwhelmed. I put on the TV and saw the breaking news: "Goa Express—7 bogies derailed, no casualties." I immediately went to the Bade Mandir, as I was feeling restless. Singla Uncle's daughter Aarti was the first one to meet me. Oblivious of my state of mind, she teased me about the amount of chutney I had to eat the previous night. I told her of the derailment and she was shocked. She called her mother and they both hugged me; tears were rolling down our cheeks. We spent the day doing satsang with others.

In the evening, when I went to Guruji, he asked me if I had come to tell him about the derailment. I could just nod. He told me that he had saved 90 other people to save a single devotee. This fact was corroborated (not that it needs to be) by Mrs. Subberwal, who was with Guruji on Saturday. At 1.30 am, Guruji was sitting silently, she said, when out of the blue he said he had saved 90 people. It was at 1.30 am that the train derailed. Sitting in Delhi, Guruji had saved so many near Pune. Who could have done this but God himself?

The power of prayer

With Guruji, no words are required. Silent prayers said from the heart reach him. One morning, I was reading the Shiva Puran, when I came upon lines that said that God does not hold or touch you physically, but if he does generations of your *kul* (family) are blessed. I thought of how Guruji gave blessings from a distance. In the evening when we reached Guruji's place, Guruji was in his room and calling us. We sat on the carpet, and Guruji started talking to us. Suddenly, he held forth his arm and told me to press his shoulders. Then, he purposefully held my hand, entwined his fingers in mine and repeated in chaste Hindi the lines I had read.

Another time we had to go to Haridwar from Ambala. A superfast train that takes two-three hours used to leave Ambala at 10.30 am. It was already 10.35 when we reached the station. My husband was keen on travelling by bus. I objected, telling him the UP roads were bad and that it would take five-six hours. We asked a passing porter about the train and he said that it was never late, but by chance it was running 10 minutes late that day. He added that the signal was down and it was about to leave. Absentmindedly, I prayed to Guruji that we catch the train. My husband agreed to give it a try and told me to run ahead and cross the bridge. He planned to buy platform tickets, as there was a big queue on the ticket counter. So I ran and, on getting down the stairs, I reached the place where the engine was. To my dismay, it started moving. Like a fool, I started waving at the engine driver to stop—as you would in case of a bus. And, can you believe it, the train stopped for us for a good seven to ten minutes till my husband came and we boarded it.

Free pizzas at home

On 14 August 2005, leaflets announcing an Independence Day scheme—one pizza free on purchase of one—were being distributed by Dominos. My younger daughter was excited about it. But I put a damper on her, saying we had already exceeded the month's expenses, so no pizzas. Mockingly, she said, "Guruji this is not fair; you know I love pizzas."

In the evening, we had friends from Guruji's sangat come over for dinner. I prepared the dinner in advance. When they came in the evening they said the children wanted to have pizzas so they had ordered two large ones. They were not aware of the scheme. So when the delivery came, two free pizzas were missing. The delivery person gave two pizzas and went back to get the other two. Meanwhile, when we opened the box, one pizza was non-vegetarian whereas the order had been for vegetarian pizzas. We rang up the pizza company; they apologized and offered to rectify the error. By this time, the other two pizzas had also arrived and the error had been repeated. At this point of time, our friend lost his cool and called up the manager. He came to our place along with his colleagues and was profuse in his apologies. He offered to return the money, but since our friends had already paid, the free pizza offer was extended at our discretion, i.e., we could have four extra large pizzas whenever we wanted. Since we couldn't finish the four pizzas for dinner, we had them for breakfast too. We had a great time gorging on free pizzas for the next few months.

My husband gets a corporate job

My husband has been a marketing person in the pharmaceutical industry. He has always had a field job, with no office and no fixed timings. Three years ago, when he was posted in Karnataka we missed him badly. Once I was at the Bade Mandir sitting in the hall, eyes closed. I was thinking that it would have been nice if my husband had a routine office job where I could pack his lunch. Suddenly, a lady from the sangat came to me and said your wish is granted. Surprised, I opened my eyes and found her equally surprised. Within a couple of months, my husband had to resign, and later, thanks to Guruji, he got a corporate job that has no field

work when he is in town. It's a 9-to-5 job and I have to pack his lunch (which I sometimes resent). He even travels in comfort and luxury. On the other hand, I use sandals. In fact, on 14 April, after Baisakhi, when we reached Guruji's, the sole of my sandal came apart. I couldn't do anything. I let it be, thinking that I would pick them up and walk barefoot while going back. When I came out, I couldn't find the torn sandals. As I looked for them, I found a pair resembling mine; but they were fine. I picked them up and checked the tag and sure enough they were mine. But to our utter surprise, they were as good as new.

Daughter gains admission in law school

Although my elder daughter Megha had taken up the non-medical stream in Class XII, Guruji casually mentioned the arts stream for her future. Somehow through a satsang he also gave us a clue about her taking up law as a subject. She filled the form duly, and when she went for her entrance exam, she was astonished to find that other students had taken up special coaching classes and were armed with law books. She took Guruji's name and sat for the exam. Out of thousands who had appeared, only 900 qualified for the next level which comprised a group discussion and interview. Finally, only 250 had to be selected in the university. Due to Guruji's grace, she was.

In the evening, when we told him about the admission he was very happy and said: "*This is just the beginning, just wait and watch.*" And sure enough she is doing very well with his countless blessings.

One could go on and on extolling Guruji's virtues and blessings, but still be clueless about who he actually is. As he is in a human form, we tend to take him as somebody with supernatural powers like many others on this earth. But he is just not like anybody else. He is as unique as Lord Shiva. Lord Shiva is Guruji and Guruji is Shivji. He is the ultimate.

But that doesn't mean that all is hunky-dory here. He takes you through the roller-coaster ride of life with its share of ups and downs, according to one's karma. He shows you like he did to me the futility of all relationships, however close. And when you think that there is nobody for you in this world, he shows you his presence in a very subtle way. And thereafter even if he doesn't speak to you, yet he makes his presence felt with an all-pervading fragrance. Although

it is very difficult, yet according to me the easiest way out of this illusionary world, is to surrender to him. Entertain no ifs and no buts, just follow his lead. Life becomes so simple and beautiful. One has to just accept life as it comes with positivity and faith, which is his true blessing to us all. Last but not the least he sees, he listens, he acts without even our knowledge for he is omnipotent, omnipresent and omniscient. My daughter, Megha, writes thus for him:

Thank you, Guruji

*Why do we fall and then rise again?
Why do we laugh in that unbearable pain?
Why is it that we smile in that incessant rain?*

*The reason is the priceless blessings that we have gained,
The reason is the love of our Guruji which our life sustains*

*You are the ultimate strength of our lives,
You are the supreme force in that human guise.
You are the final answer to every doubt,
You are eternal happiness like the benevolent,
rain-giving cloud.*

*We love you, respect you. We bow and we pray
That you take us in your heart,
And forever there we stay.*

—Satsang of Mrs. Neeru Bhardwaj



Guruji gets my life back on track

THE WORLD had come crashing down for me. Everything was a blur. Life seemed bleak and unsteady. I didn't know where it would take me from here. I had lost my confidence, my interest in and zest for life, and forgotten what it would take to start off again on the same note, with the same fervour. Precious years of my life were just slipping away.

I went through a terrible ordeal. A car accident of the severest kind left me on a lonesome road. Being in a coma for two months, surviving on a heavy dose of steroids, heaps of medications, endless tests, innumerable incisions, glucose drips, and long physiotherapy visits—life in a nutshell.

I was a victim of ruptured carotid arteries, blood loss, weakness and paralysis. Getting the right treatment 14 years ago for such a case was a task in itself. I did not see the face of my school for a year. My friends broke down and cried in front of me, and I did not see a mirror lest I be shocked.

While I was going through this, the entry of the Almighty in the form of my Guruji turned the chapter of my life. I entered a world of bliss and happiness. I was showered with love and warmth from God himself. He was standing in front of me and his hands were stretched out in front of me, engulfing me in his protective fold, sheltering me from the world.

Guruji has ever since held my hand and taken me higher and higher. Guruji opened my eyes to the world and bounced me back on my feet within no time.

My Mom and I were the first ones in our family to meet Guruji. That one visit changed our life. The first step into Guruji's ashram in Jalandhar was as if we were stepping into heaven. Our first darshan of Guruji told us that we had met God. Guruji just put the whole story of our life in front of us: the past, the present, the minutest details that could only be known by the person concerned himself. He made us realize that he is the one who has come to earth to bless us all. We were only too dazed with the Almighty's presence in front of us.

Day after day, Guruji kept blessing us. As Guruji directed, I buried the basket of medicines, never visited the doctors again, and never went through the operations I had to undergo. I surrendered to Guruji. And yes! I did return back to normal health and sailed out of the mental agony I was in. The doctors had pronounced a four- to five-year span for the recovery. With my Guruji, it was just a question of about two months.

So two months after meeting Guruji, my recovery signalled itself. I went from being completely bald to getting normal hair; my paralysis and weakness disappeared; my hearing returned to normal; the double vision went away; my haemoglobin climbed to 12 from six; I began playing sports much against doctors' advice; and excelled in my academic curriculum as I began doing well in my boards.

What do you think this can be termed? Complete divine intervention after I completely surrendered to him, my Guruji.

The master plan for me

I moved out of this phase and entered the next phase of my life. Guruji had my career and education in mind.

After dealing with the pain and horror of my accident, after making countless trips to numerous hospitals, I too wanted to make a difference to the world in my own way. I wanted to select a career that would give me an opportunity to lessen people's suffering and develop empathy. Guruji, however, had chalked out my future years well in advance...as he does for everyone.

With Guruji's blessings and direction, I got a seat in a physiotherapy course in Bangalore without any formal preparation. I completed my course with ease and managed to get a seat in the prestigious Sir Ganga Ram Hospital in New Delhi for my internship, too. I worked with the best orthopaedician in India, who was a former director of AIIMS.

With such a neat career in front of me, clearly Guruji had me close to him all the way through. Before I could think or plan out more for myself, Guruji gave me the green signal for pursuing my masters in physiotherapy. I did my masters in sports and orthopaedics.

I was sent for my masters with Guruji giving me the aadesh (command) to do so with only three days left for me to react. I followed his direction and found I was going absolutely in the right way. There was a time when my parents were not there with me and I was alone at home. I developed a boil on my hip, which worsened to the extent that it crippled me and I found myself in bed. Alone and bearing excruciating pain, there was not a thing that I could do. I held on to the belief that Guruji is always with me. Guruji's sangat, our closest family, visited me regularly. I would do Guruji's satsang and the wound would heal, the infiltrates getting removed slowly. The doctors, who had suggested an incision, were stunned since the healing was happening in a miraculous way not known to them.

Finding a soul mate

This was a topic that I would never go near and it never ever crossed my mind. I had so much to do, so much to achieve.

But Guruji, my God, had my life all planned out for my good without me knowing about it. So at the tender age of 23 (according to standards nowadays), Guruji gave me only a month's notice to get married. That deadline was stunning. From a point where I was not even thinking about such a major decision to getting married in just 30 days was a mountainous task.

However, in the most amazing and astonishing manner, all things started falling in place, guided by Guruji's blessings. My family approved of the boy, who happened to be known to me and was in many ways sent by Guruji to my world merely 20 days before we got married. Within this short time, the preparations for the wedding, which would require some two-three months, were completed with

ease. With Guruji's kripa, the wedding was a grand affair and every bit of it carried a distinct flavour of Guruji's blessings. Everyone who attended it was left admiring the ambience, the food and other aspects of the arrangement. As we got married, Guruji sent me a message through a sangat member that we were meant to be together for life. What bigger gift can you get in life than this. When Guruji has blessed the biggest decision of your life, there is no worry.

The wedding venue deserves a special mention as well. In Delhi, it is advisable to decide on and book a venue at least a month in advance, as availability is always a problem. In my case, the notice was short, but it never became an obstacle. The venue that was finalized, Ashoka Hotel (a top hotel in Delhi) was exactly the one which Guruji had told me about 12 years ago! At that age of 11 years, I had paid no attention to it. But those words, put forward in a casual conversation, just show Guruji's omniscience and his immaculate planning for his devotees. Further, I learnt that even his apparently casual words carry an unfailing impact and thus are not to be taken lightly.

My life is Guruji and will always be Guruji. I needed someone who would understand this always and be with me in this. I wanted a family who would be with me in this. Guruji made it possible. My sister-in-law, mother-in-law, my husband—all believe in Guruji. This has made things simple for me, thanks to Guruji.

Guruji is constantly showering his blessings on my family. Be it my husband and his profession or be it keeping the peace in a family, be it my sister-in-law's life or my in-laws. He knows all and is constantly there with them.

Getting our visas without going to the embassy, directing us on our property dealings, paving the way for my husband's profession: Guruji has never left our side and he never will.

Taking care of my family

After the accident, my parents were a wreck mentally and emotionally. Their life was devastated. Their daughter had gone through a traumatic phase, and they had seen it.

My mother's life had come to a halt. Everything now revolved around me and my condition. A woman of elegance and vivacity had now become emotionally torn. My Guruji pulled my parents out

of their shell, gave them the push they so desperately needed and showered their lives with bliss.

My mother's aches and conditions to which she had submitted herself disappeared in no time. My father, an army officer, was in the thickest of situations and times, fighting in Punjab or Srinagar. He would be out there in the battlefields to serve the nation, exposing himself to constant life-threats. My mother would be worried no end here, but our Guruji would assure her that everything would be fine. Be it in the form of some darshan or a dream or his heavenly aura. He was there all the way through—with Mom as a reassuring force, and with Dad as a protector, safeguarding him from all troubles.

My younger brother's heartfelt desire was to join the army. Guruji welcomed it with love and pride. Guruji also made his dream a reality. Getting through the medical round was not a piece of cake. He was rejected twice. Doctors diagnosed colour blindness—which never disappears or gets cured. Guruji had, however, assured us that my brother would get through and so he did. The colour blindness had just disappeared by the last medical round.

Amazing, amazing

We had all come to visit Guruji in Delhi from Bikaner. We were slated to go back by the nine o' clock train to Bikaner, which would see us reach there by 8 am. However, we never think of leaving the mandir without Guruji's aadesh. We were sitting in front of Guruji knowing he knows; however, time was running out. Guruji finally told us to leave by the eleven o' clock train, which would reach Bikaner by 10 am. We asked for our official vehicle at some station before Bikaner to save us some precious seconds.

With all these preparations, we were speeding into Bikaner by 8 am. We were delighted at having made up so much lost time. In fact, we saw the eight o' clock train chugging into the Bikaner platform at only around nine o' clock. It had been delayed on account of fog. Now we knew why we were sitting with Guruji all the time.

Guruji took care of my father's career and will always do so, too. Guruji is with Dad whenever he needs him. There are slips in one's career; often it is the deserving people who suffer the most. Also,

with Dad being in the army there were issues regarding postings and settling the family.

On my Dad's first visit to Guruji after the accident, Guruji stated everything that was running in Dad's mind at the time of the accident. He told me exactly how Dad had tried his level best to halt the accident. This was something that was innermost in my Dad's mind and only he knew. Guruji, our God, had to know since he was there with us even at the time when we hadn't met him in person.

My Dad was suffering from low back pain for many years, and he was finding it extremely difficult to sit down and get up from the ground. As we had gone to Guruji for graver problems in our life, no one mentioned this trivial issue. Since God knows everything, Guruji called my Dad one afternoon and said: "*Come uncle, I'll cure you of your spondylitis.*" He used a steel spoon from the kitchen and touched him on either side of the spine. He then patted him and said, "*You are cured of your back pain.*" My Dad has never since had the problem again.

When Dad was a colonel in 1994-95, with all the love possible, Guruji said: "*I have made you a general.*" However, one of the important courses the army has for a colonel is the Higher Command/Long Defence Management Course (LDMC). Dad didn't get nominated for either course, though he was an outstanding officer. He was then posted as Deputy Commander of a brigade in Leh. His brigade was moved to Kashmir for counter-insurgency operations. His tenure there (by Guruji's grace) was so outstanding that it laid the perfect foundation for his promotion to Major General. He was also nominated for the National Defence College (the only brigadier to have got through this without having done the LDMC).

His promotion was also miraculous because from the artillery only three brigadiers have made it to the rank of major general. Dad was posted in Jalandhar, and his regiment got orders to move to Nasirabad. Guruji made a single statement: "*The family need not move anywhere for six months.*" Being only too human, we didn't pay heed and used our own mind over God's and went forward to get admissions to the schools there—only to find that the schools were depressing. We had to come back without any positive work being done. Soon after that, there were the heaviest rains Punjab had ever

seen. My Dad and his regiment were held back for six months. What do you call this? It's a miracle through and through.

Amazing continued

One night we were driving back from Guruji's to our house in our new Indica, when the car stalled due to a gear failure. Since none of us knew much about the car, Dad tried driving it till where it would go, with the gear stuck in third, requiring the speed to be maintained at least at around 40 kmph. Our destination was about 13 km from where we were and we started off with only Guruji's thought in our mind. And sure enough we covered that 13-km stretch dotted with innumerable red lights and diversions and reached home without having to drop our speed below 40 kmph even once. Just before reaching home, we came upon a herd of cows sitting on the road. At this point, Dad thought we had reached the end of our luck, but since we were travelling with Guruji's blessings, the most amazing thing happened. The cows just got up, quickly moved aside and returned right after we drove past.

Reaching the land of the rising sun

The greatest day of my Mom's life was when she had Guruji's darshan. For her, it remains the most unforgettable day. It so happened that after the car accident, our well-wishers who used to go to Guruji would keep telling us to come to him. But my mother was not a religiously inclined person, so she never went. One fine day, one of her friends, a devotee, was on her way to him in the early morning. This raised all kinds of thoughts in my mother's mind: "Doesn't she have anything better to do? How can she leave her house and walk out like this early in the morning? How can she go and visit *babas* in this age?"

But, since the friend used to pester my mother to come with her, my mother thought she might as well get it over with that day. My mother went to Guruji knowing the two things her friend had told her: 1) the need to have faith; and that 2) he knows everything. With these two things in mind, Mom followed her friend to the land of the rising sun.

When she saw Guruji sitting on the throne, my mother saw a most loving person who didn't fall in the category of mortals. She gave a sigh of relief after months of agony. My mother had been beckoned, and found herself unburdening herself before him. That day was a magical and mystical day. There has been no looking back.

My Dad's experiences: on a ghost train

We used to come to Jalandhar and have Guruji's darshan and move back at night on Sunday to be present for work on Monday morning. Since the bus service at night was unavailable in Punjab in those days, we would generally catch a train, the last leaving at 2.30 at night.

One day while we were at Guruji's, my father needed to be at the office at 8.30 the next morning. But, Guruji told us to keep sitting well past the time for the train and told us to leave at 3 am with the rider that we must catch the train from Jalandhar Cantonment station. The next train was due only at 4.15 am, which would be far too late for my father to reach office in time. However, we obeyed him and reached the cantonment station at 3.15 am. My father strolled into the station's inquiry window, which he fully expected to be shut at the time. It was open though, and when he asked the person behind the counter if there was any train for Ambala before the 4.15 am one, the person told him, to his surprise, that a special train was waiting outside the station for a signal and would probably go towards Ambala.

My father quickly called everyone in, and as we moved onto the platform, so did a completely vacant train. We got a full compartment to ourselves. It was a bit frightening to be the only ones in the compartment (and probably on board that train, too). We latched both the doors of the compartment to ensure safety. As the train rolled over, our anxiety rose further, as nothing about that train seemed usual, including the way it ran.

On its way from Jalandhar to Ambala, throughout the journey, instead of rolling on the track, we could feel that the train was floating in air, as it cruised towards the destination. When we reached Ambala in a couple of hours, we breathed a sigh of relief. My father went up to the station-master to enquire about the train's

whereabouts, but he knew nothing about it. Just imagine a station-master not knowing where a train is heading!

We thanked God and our journey continued. As we got out of the station and looked for a bus, we walked right into one. What good luck! We were in Chandigarh in another 40 minutes. Before we knew it, the driver decided not to take the bus to the main bus-stand and instead dropped off the passengers at a circle with not one of them making a fuss over it. This detour presented us with an opportunity to get down very close to my father's place. When my father approached the bus driver, he promised to drop us off at the Chandimandir gate and sure enough we were there in another 15 minutes. Finally, when my father made a call to the transport cell for his vehicle, he expected a prompt response that would locate and bring his driver to him immediately, as he had no time to spare. To my father's surprise, the person who picked up the phone was his driver himself!

With every step falling right, my father considered himself lucky to make it to the office well in time. However, normal beings as we are, we thanked Guruji without making a big fuss of it. Next week, when we returned to Jalandhar, the first thing Guruji asked us was: "How did you find the ghost train?" That was when my father realized how our travelling time had been the bare minimum that day—with Guruji's divine intervention. Guruji is great!

This is my and my family's story in a nutshell. What did it require from our side? Only faith and surrender. Was it too much to ask for? God is there in front of us. Guruji is our God. It's time we realize it and recognize it—for our own good.

There is a miracle every minute, every second. I could go on and on. Everyone must come and enter the blissful world and receive the love of God. He is calling every one of us. What are we waiting for?

—Satsang of Nikki Malhotra



With Guruji, the real treasure is hidden

IF YOU could penetrate the worldly facade he presents, if your gaze can see beyond it to him, then you shall be blessed with an all-encompassing shelter. For me, this is the focus, when being with Guruji.

There is a wall—made up of your ambitions and desires—that keeps you from getting to the real him, to achieving his bhakti. With Guruji, your desires and ambition are put into perspective and fulfilled (though you get what is right, not necessarily what you dream of), but it's beyond this facade, the wall, that the true fruits lie unexplored. If you can scale the wall, you get to the real treasure. It's not easy; he puts you to the test, and will *"squeeze you like a lemon and shake you like a tree"* [His words].

I have been blessed with tremendous past karma and *sanskars* (hereditary qualities) that his divine will gave me a chance to come into contact with him. It's impossible for me to describe Guruji: thoughts overwhelm my mind. If Lord Ganesh could not describe him, who am I? We began going to Guruji's place with no expectations, hope, or troubles and it was his magnetic charm that got us back again and again to him.

Drop your pretensions here

I used to take breakfast for the *sewaks* in the mandir. Guruji was usually in *paath* at that time. My parents used to keep the Friday fast. This typically means not eating anything that's sour, not even touching it. It was a Friday, and my mother had strictly instructed me not to consume any such thing.

That day, Guruji was out early, and as I came in, he instructed another devotee, Sudama, to get me a cold drink. I was more than happy to have Guruji's delicious *prasad* and left contented, thanking my stars for his *darshan* and the unexpected *prasad*. But I was scolded at home. I was dejected, but brushed the episode aside.

In the evening, we went to the mandir again. Guruji was in a good mood and sat down for *satsang*. We were all listening intently. He made a comment about the fasts people keep, remarking that such a practice was bogus. As was his wont, he didn't say it directly, but the point drove home: "*You are in the house of God, do what he tells you and forget the humdrum practices that pretend to reach God in silly ways.*"

A laddoo the size of two cricket balls

Guruji blesses some people with the *sach khand prasad*, *prasad* that he produces by divine will and which is referred to as a 'miracle'. I have been fortunate enough to experience many such instances: Gold ear-rings in dollar notes, hot *halwa*, misri-cased *burfi*, chocolate and vanilla *burfi*, *motichur* and *besan* laddoos, Himachali *hat*.

One day in Jalandhar, Guruji had gone to a devotee's house for dinner. *Langar* was served and, as usual, the *sangat* ate before Guruji. Seeking an extra second of his divine presence, I finished off early and sat next to him while the others were eating. He was sitting straight, with his wrist resting on his knee and his fist closed. I felt Guruji would give *prasad* (nothing happens without divine will: that's probably what he wanted me to take note of), so I was concentrating on him.

As the *sangat* gathered around after *langar*, conversation started. I was looking at Guruji's fist. Just as he opened it, a laddoo as large as two cricket balls appeared—as if you had a piece of sponge that enlarged as you opened your fist. At first, nothing seemed extraordinary and then it sank in—a laddoo had not just been

produced out of thin air, it had grown in size as Guruji's fist opened up!

My father, a *fauji* (army man), had been posted out of Jalandhar, so Operation Packing was going on at home. There were wooden boxes, trunks, gunny bags—all of which had to be numbered—lying around the house. In the evening, Guruji visited our house. As soon as he entered, the lights went out and he said: “*Emergency light packed in Box No. 13.*” Guruji's mannerisms and speech are such that they make us believe that he is just like us (they are a part of the façade) until the gravity of what he says sinks in. Often it takes a while for that understanding to develop. So, no one heeded his comment. The boxes were not even numbered. A week or so later when packing was complete and our helper was numbering the boxes with paint, it struck me. I looked at the freshly painted Box No. 13 and lo . . . the emergency light was staring at me. I had forgotten what Guruji had said until that very moment. Guruji knows our past, present and future. Do not pretend; do not hide.

God Almighty himself

My mother was down with fever. My father and I had put ice-packs on her all day, but to no avail. Medicines did not work either, and her fever was not coming down. Suddenly, we received a call from Guruji that he would be arriving at home with the *sangat*. He came in only with a couple of people, went into the room where my mother was lying down and said: “*Chal, aunty, kuch nahi hoya (Come, nothing's happened).*” He grabbed her hand and led her to the drawing room. I was at his feet, pressing them. Five minutes later, Ma's temperature was normal. But, his temperature had risen. He takes our illnesses on himself. Can anyone in this world do it? Our karma decides our suffering and well-being, and someone who can take my suffering can only be God Almighty himself.

—Satsang of Nitin Joshi, software professional, son of Col. (retd.)

S.K. Joshi

“I have brought her back from heaven”

MY WIFE had been suffering from rheumatoid arthritis and joint pains for a number of years. She had undergone treatment at AIIMS for about six years and homeopathic treatment thereafter, but without any lasting relief. Due to joint pains, she found it difficult to walk. She also needed support while sitting down and getting up.

One day in May 1998, our daughter told us about Guruji and asked us to come over with a copper tumbler to seek his blessings. The next day we had Guruji's darshan for the first time and paid our respects. Guruji very kindly blessed the copper tumbler. My wife was instructed to fill the tumbler with water every night; to drink half the water in the morning; and to use the other half for bathing. After some time, her condition improved. With time, her joint pains subsided. By Guruji's grace, the stiffness and pain in her joints decreased considerably and she can sit, stand and walk on her own.

In April 2005, Guruji again came to my wife's rescue. During a routine fitness check-up at Sitaram Bharatiya Hospital, she was found to be having abnormally high blood pressure (230/120 mmHg). She was kept under observation for a few hours and advised to take medicines regularly. After two weeks, she had a severe attack of bronchitis. As she had a breathing problem, she was also advised to use a nebulizer.

One afternoon, she was suddenly uncomfortable and breathless. By the time the nebulizer could be fixed, she had lost consciousness. She came to after a few minutes, but was restless and said:

“Something is wrong with me today.” Soon she calmed down and fell asleep. Late at night, our daughter called up to say that Guruji had told her that her mother was very sick and should be admitted to the Aashlok Hospital the next morning. Accordingly, she was admitted. With Guruji’s blessings everything went off well and there were no complications. She made a speedy recovery and was discharged from the hospital after a fortnight.

After she had recovered fully, she went for Guruji’s darshan and blessings. A devotee named Mrs. Mehta enquired about her health. We were near Guruji and he said to Mrs. Mehta: *“I have brought her back from heaven.”* Immediately, we knew that Guruji was an incarnation of God. Guruji has showered his blessings on our entire family. Our son and daughter are also his devotees and with Guruji’s blessings are doing well in life. The entire family is grateful to Guruji for his blessings.

—Satsang of N.L. Sapra



The devotee whom you befriend can't perish

WE COUNT ourselves lucky to have come under Guruji's sharan. We came in contact with him through the marriage of one of our cousin brother's daughter, which was being celebrated at Meerut Cantonment in November 2005. We and our cousin sister Pinki had no plans to attend the marriage, but found ourselves somehow together at Meerut. There, Pinki expressed her desire that we should attend Guruji's satsang and related some of Guruji's miracles.

One Friday, while returning, we happened to pass by Empire Estate, but thought of having Guruji's darshan some other day. We continued on and had barely crossed the Estate, when our car came to a sudden halt. We were taken aback and decided to have darshan and receive Guruji's blessings. The moment we made up our minds, the car started and we reached Guruji's place at about 7.00 pm. There we were told Guruji's *sthan* would open at 8.00 in the evening.

Instead of waiting for an hour, we decided to return some other day. Just then Pinki, our cousin sister, arrived and pressed us to attend the satsang. We attended Guruji's satsang and right from that

day we have been most regular. Before coming to Guruji, we were astray. With his grace, we have reached the right place.

Our daughter goes abroad for studies

Our daughter Rakshita had to join an MBS course in a US university by 15 January 2006. There was some problem with her documents, and they required a court clearance. It so happened that the court was closed due to holidays. However, with Guruji's grace, a special court opened and cleared her papers. She was able to fly to the US and report to the university on 18 January 2006. With Guruji's grace, the university staff accommodated her though she was late by three days. Guruji's grace was evident. At Delhi airport, Rakshita's baggage was declared overweight and we were asked to remove some articles, or pay \$180 as charges. We were in a fix. We removed the luggage; suddenly Rakshita felt that Guruji wanted the baggage weighed again. On the next weighing, the luggage fell within the weight limit. After three months of joining the US university, Rakshita called us to say the university was not allowing her to join the second semester and she might have to return to India. We asked her to pray to Guruji. After a few days, Rakshita gave welcome news: the university had allowed her to join the second semester, thanks to Guruji.

Our son turns into a believer

Sudhanshu our son was a non-believer and we took him to Guruji's forcibly thrice. Every time he came back without attending the satsang. Today, however, with Guruji's blessings he has had a change of heart. Whenever he comes back from the hostel, he is keen on having Guruji's darshan. The incident that brought about this change is worth mentioning. Sudhanshu and three of his friends had hired a taxi for going to a friend's house in Kalka. They had hardly gone a few kilometres when their taxi had a head-on collision with a truck loaded with wood. The taxi was badly damaged and the front wheels of the truck broke and it fell on the road upside down. But miraculously all the five occupants of the taxi were safe. They

received minor injuries. To save Sudhanshu's life, Guruji had saved the lives of four other people.

Omnipresent master

Guruji even takes care of minor troubles. To effect some treatment, Guruji had told us to go to the Yamuna Bridge early in the mornings during the winter of 2005. Once our car, parked on a slope, stalled. We tried to give it a push and then prayed to Guruji for his help. Immediately, two Sardars appeared and offered to help us. They pushed the car and then disappeared.

Guruji has often blessed us in our dreams as well. One early morning, my husband Anil dreamt that Guruji had given him prasad of sweets; these turned to money when Anil opened his palms.

Guruji is omniscient and omnipotent. For instance, he has revealed to us about our families and our past lives. He told me about my husband's major operation at AIIMS, which proved to be a life-saver. Moreover, Guruji has many times saved the lives of those whom doctors could not cure. He has also cured cancer patients and others suffering from dreaded diseases. In fact, Guruji's treatment of patients begins when doctors fail to cure them.

Whosoever comes to receive Guruji's blessing should drop the ego, and come with patience, a clear heart and mind and absolute faith to derive the most out of his darshan and satsang. Guruji's primary mission is to alleviate mankind's suffering. And he renders good to all, without any distinction. He is omnipresent and knows the past, present and future. In him who is possessed of all joy and is salvation itself, all the learned men find their ultimate resort. Through the blessings of the Omnipresent Lord, we obtain wealth, both material and spiritual. It is through his grace that his devoted sangat can attain abundance of all that is desired. We are fortunate enough to have the privilege of the presence of Guruji, who removes our sufferings and protects us from all inimical influences. It is said: "Thy devotee whom Thou befriendeth cannot perish." *Aum Namah Shivay, Guruji Sada Sahay.*

—Satsang of Nutan and Anil Berry, residents of Gurgaon

Whosoever comes with faith will be blessed

IN 1999, when my husband Col. Davinder Singh was posted at Delhi, one of our friends based in Panchkula told us about Shri Guruji. We could not keep ourselves from seeking his blessings and soon came to Guruji's durbar at Empire Estate.

At this point, we were facing many problems: First, my husband had undergone two kidney transplants and was fragile and ill. For him to even continue in service was a difficult proposition. Second, all our savings had gone into the second renal transplant, which had taken place at a civilian hospital. Thus, we were facing considerable financial hardships. Third, to compound it all, my husband's medical reimbursement claim of Rs. 2.5 lakh was returned by the authorities.

On the very first day we met him, Guruji gave us bundles of love. We felt that all our problems were over. We had found God and heaven in Guruji's person. Guruji told us to bring a copper tumbler and a silver bracelet the next time we came. He blessed these and his blessings started to flow into our lives.

For one, my husband's health started improving. His medical reports showed normalcy and he started attending office. Then, the Defence Accounts Department okayed our Rs 2.5 lakh claim without

any delay. I soon got a telegram from the department informing us the claim had been passed. The next day when we came to Guruji's durbar, he said: "*You have got the money.*"

My husband had been on steroids; one side-effect was that a nerve at the hip-joint got clogged. Doctors advised immediate surgery. We went to Guruji for his blessings. Guruji told us not to get the operation done; the condition would become all right. True to his words, the condition improved gradually and till date no surgery has been required.

It is my experience that Guruji need not be told about any thing. He comes to know of whatever you wish for in his durbar and whatever happens to you, good or bad, is in his knowledge.

I have a son and a daughter, and I was keen on having one more son. I wished for the same while I was present at Guruji's durbar. Omniscient Guruji came to know of this. When I was going to him to take his permission for going home, Guruji told me in Punjabi: "*La jholi kar.*" He was telling me to unfold my dupatta and hold it before him, so that he could shower his blessings upon me. I did so, scarcely realizing what was being given to me.

But six months later I came to know I was pregnant. I was not able to detect the pregnancy for such a long period but Guruji had blessed me with a son that very day. Even the doctors were amazed. Guruji came to our rescue again when unscrupulous people in connivance with some politicians had forcibly taken over our partially built residential plot. We were harassed and felt depressed. We told Guruji about the situation and he said: "*Don't worry; they will automatically run away.*" After he had given this blessing, things took a positive turn by themselves. Soon, the keys of our house were handed back to us.

Guruji is God. Our happiness and our well-being are all due to him. We want to express our heartfelt feelings of love and thankfulness to him. Whosoever comes to Guruji with faith will be blessed.

—Satsang of Parminder Kaur

“Do you want one more son?”

I STILL remember when I was blessed with a chance to have Guruji's darshan: it was the last week of June 1998. We had waited quite a while to have Guruji's darshan ever since we had heard of him from my husband's maternal uncle. But my husband was posted in Srinagar and we could not go. The chance came when his posting got over in 1998.

My husband's uncle had had a wonderful experience with Guruji. Uncle had been advised to go for bypass surgery by several cardiologists, when he fortunately met Guruji. Guruji, in his usual simple way, asked uncle to tell him about his problems while uncle pressed Guruji's feet. By the time, uncle had related his problems, Guruji told him that he did not need to go for the surgery as he had completed the bypass. Several investigations by the same cardiologists who had advised surgery verified that the condition and working of uncle's heart had improved beyond what could have happened through surgery.

As for us, we had been childless for about seven years. We were worried about this issue and had practically given up. But, when we heard of people's satsangs, of the miracles that had occurred due to Guruji's blessings, we renewed our hope: we had a chance, if Guruji wished.

We reached the Empire Estate residence of Guruji late in the evening and had his darshan. We also ate the langar. Guruji asked us to introduce ourselves and then invited us to his birthday

celebrations on July 7 at The Ranch, a farmhouse near Empire Estate. I came and was amazed at the number of people there. Each one had an experience to narrate about what Guruji had given them. Hoping to one day become the recipients of Guruji's generosity, we started visiting Guruji regularly. We wanted to tell Guruji about our problem, but were restrained from doing so by the sangat, who told us to bide our time till Guruji himself mentioned the problem.

One day, Guruji asked me the purpose of our coming to him and I told him that we were childless. He said that I would have children, and also fixed the days on which we could come to the sangat. I was pleased by Guruji's words but had concerns too: Does he know enough about our problem? Does he know about all the treatments we have undergone and that have not worked? I wondered whether Guruji knew doctors had pointed out that I had defective tubes and my husband a low sperm count. They had suggested expensive IVF (In Vitro Fertilization) that too with little chances of success. But, we continued to visit him on the days he had fixed for us. Things started to improve on other fronts: my job became permanent and my husband's employer gave him a chance to do an executive MBA.

But, on the medical front, there was no cheer: doctors were still not giving us any hope; they maintained we needed to go for the IVF after we had tried out the simple and less expensive IUI (Intra-Uterine Insemination).

It was May of 2000. My husband had been informed of his selection for the MBA course and would be away from the family for one year. It meant that no treatment could be taken. We took what doctors had specified as a last shot at the IUI and were dissatisfied. We visited Guruji and I informed him of my husband's selection. He smiled and said: "*Phir toh Kalyan ho gaya (Then you have been blessed).*" I was miserable. What sort of kalyan was this? My husband would be away for another year, no treatment would be possible and I would be childless for at least another two years. But Guruji saw and knew what we could not even think of...

Yes! The pregnancy test I took a few days later revealed that I was carrying. This was something beyond our combined beliefs. We repeatedly kissed Guruji's photograph, with tears rolling down our eyes with gratitude towards the One who had changed our destiny. We visited Guruji that evening. I went to him to convey the news.

Guruji smiled and signalled that I was not to speak. “*I know*,” he said. “Yes,” I thought, “only *he* knew.”

I went through my pregnancy with ease in spite of my husband’s absence and gave birth to a boy. I was eager to take the infant to Guruji, to get him blessed by the one with whose blessings we had got him. The tradition of not taking the baby out for 40 days stopped me from doing so.

Finally, at end of 40 days, we took the baby to Guruji. Guruji smiled and asked me: “*Do you want one more son?*” I did not answer. After that on every visit, Guruji repeated the same question. I took it as a joke and did not answer. I thought: “Who would go through that medical process, once again, that too with such a small child to look after?” One day, during our visit, Guruji repeated the same question. Somehow, I uttered, “As you please.” Within a week, I found I was pregnant again, this time without any treatment, any medicines, any medical procedure and with the same defective tubes. It could only be Guruji’s blessings. I gave birth to another boy.

Both of them are growing up; naughty boys, always up to some mischief or the other. Not big enough to understand that it is only because of Guruji that they have come into this world. Medically, we were undeserving parents. But then, there is somebody, the only one who can fulfil the desires of human beings, change destinies and never fail to enthuse devotees with positive hope. Thank you, Guruji, for letting us into your sangat and changing our lives as nobody else could have.

—Satsang of Poonam Sethi, lecturer in Hindu College, New Delhi



Lifting a family out of grief

THE COUSIN of my wife, from a remote village in Punjab, Sidhwan Dona (Dist. Kapurthala), became the father of twin sons, who were born to him after two daughters. But both kids died within four-five days. The family was shocked. The mother went into a depression, and no one was able to focus on the family business.

One day this man called me up, and I advised him to visit Guruji. After listening to satsangs, he was motivated to seek Guruji's darshan. The father must have had an overwhelming darshan. He was filled with positive energy when he emerged out of Empire Estate in joyful tears and said he had seen God. He then went back to his native town.

Today, without his ever having asked for it, he is the father of a healthy, handsome son. When the man came the next time, Guruji told him to leave, as he had been granted what he wished for. Such is Guruji's grace. He has not only blessed a father with a son but has raised the whole family out of grief and pain. For grace knows no bounds. The rain of mercy, says a *shabad*, falls on everyone yet only those who are humble can retain it, just like low valleys retain water while it slides down the face of towering peaks.

—Satsang of Pradeep Sood

Depression disappears on hearing Guruji

AS MAY be the case with many of us in the sangat, I came to Guruji when I was in trouble and all other help had failed. I was under acute depression, which was getting worse despite medication and every other form of help. Now when I look back, I truly believe I was called to Guruji. How else does one explain the miraculous overnight cure?

My depression was severe and I was at an all-time low. I would cry in desperation and get suicidal thoughts. I braved going to work and tried to be as normal as I could on the exterior. I would wait to get back from work to get to a temple and sit there and pray for peace. This went on, and my condition seemed to only get worse. One day I remembered that a close family friend had mentioned Guruji to my mother years ago. I immediately called my mother and asked for directions to reach Guruji.

I came to Guruji in 2000. I remember my first day at the mandir: I was among the first to reach and sat in the front. It was the first time in many weeks that I felt calm on entering a mandir. I remember sitting there and hearing of people's miraculous cures of serious illnesses. I said to myself, "I will believe only when I am cured."

After the first day I became a regular and, thereafter, started coming every day. I would feel calm all through while I was at the mandir, but the heavy feeling would come right back as soon as I left. It was on my fourth or fifth day that Guruji spoke to me when I was at his feet taking permission to leave. He said: “*Teri gharwali Citibank me kaam karte hain (Your wife works in Citibank).*” At the time no one in the sangat knew me nor had I spoken with anyone, but at that instant I felt something lift. I returned rapidly to my normal state. I remember coming out and calling my wife and telling her what Guruji had said. I told her now I know I am all right. Since that day I have never ever had depression again!

Further, I remember talking to Guruji in my thoughts and praying to him to bless my wife and me with a child. Exactly a month later my wife took a home test which came positive. That evening when I came to Guruji, He said: “*Gharwali expect kar rahe hai—ja kalyan hooa; tujhe munda hoga (Your wife is expecting; you are blessed with a son).*” We were blessed with a healthy nine-pound boy. Guruji blessed us again with a second son in 2004. Whatever we do today, we always know that Guruji is right with us, holding our hands in times of need and giving us direction.

—Satsang of Prithviraj Singh, Travel & Procurement Manager,
Microsoft



With a blessing, her kidneys grew in size

AFTER SHE had an operation in a renowned hospital in New Delhi, Mrs. Promila Mehta found herself battling for life. She had been suffering from high blood pressure since 1995. She had to undergo a hysterectomy, the surgical removal of the uterus, in July 2000. The doctors operated on her but neglected the blood pressure factor. After surgery her blood pressure climbed to 180mmHg/120mmHg and remained at this peak for two weeks.

Her kidneys were damaged—irreparably so, as it turned out. Her creatinine level went beyond 1.8, the high-end value for a healthy individual. Promila had entered hospital hoping she would get cured, but came out with a bigger threat to her life. She developed chronic renal failure, which meant both her kidneys, the primary blood filters of the body, were malfunctioning.

Promila did the round of doctors. She was treated in Bangalore, at AIIMS in New Delhi and at Kailash Hospital in Noida. She also went through ayurvedic, homeopathic, and acupuncture therapies. Doctors said a kidney transplant was the only solution.

Five years after her problems had become acute, she came to know of Guruji through a colleague. It was April 2005, but she reached

Guruji's only on 21 July 2005. He must have willed her to come on that particular day for it was Guru Purnima.

Guruji asked her to bring a copper tumbler, which he blessed. She drank water from it every morning. She was able to visit Guruji for all of the four sangat days (Thursday to Sunday) from July 2005 to December 2005. As soon as she started drinking the holy water and bathing with it, she noticed that her skin, which looked aged, especially around the neck, began to improve. One day, she was sitting next to Guruji. She told him that there was no blood in her body and that she felt miserable all the while. Guruji just smiled at her and she kept quiet.

On December 13, she was suddenly woken up at 5 in the morning. Her nose felt sticky. She did not switch on the light, but wiped her nose with her nightgown. She soon realized that water was still flowing from her nose. She switched on the light. To her surprise—her nose was bleeding, and freely. One handkerchief was soon drenched with blood. She woke up her son, and mother and child rushed to Kailash Hospital, Noida. Doctors tried to control the blood flow, but could not and had to admit her.

Promila called up her husband, who was in Bangalore. It was 6:30 in the morning and she asked him to come to Delhi immediately. She had Guruji's photograph with her all the time she was in hospital. It was found that the blood flow was related to the malfunctioning of the kidneys. To control the problem, Mrs. Mehta had dialysis three times in four consecutive days. Three bottles of blood and two units of plasma were also transfused into her blood stream. The colour of her skin turned red—as she had wished for a few days ago while sitting before Guruji—from pale yellow. If you ask Guruji for a thing and if it is for your good, says Mrs. Promila, you will get it.

The devotee came out of hospital in a week and could come to Guruji for his blessings again. He told her that both her kidneys were okay now; and she had been blessed with a new life.

She continued coming to Guruji and having the langar, a very important part of Guruji's blessings. Guruji's langar has tasty vegetables, chutneys, pickles and sweets. All doctors prohibit such a diet, but Mrs. Promila found that the food was easily digested and the whole of the next week passed comfortably.

In February of 2006, she again fell sick and had to go through dialysis three times in Kailash Hospital. She managed to get an

appointment with the Head of the Department of Nephrology in AIIMS. He suggested an ultrasound scan, revealing that if her ultrasound report was similar to the one obtained in August 2003, the doctors would pursue conservative treatment. Otherwise, if the kidneys had shortened further, then a kidney transplant would become essential. Mrs. Mehta got her ultrasound done from a local lab on a Saturday. The report showed both the kidneys had become very small.

She came to Guruji and requested him to do something, even though according to the doctor the only solution was a kidney transplant. Guruji again blessed her.

Promila got her ultrasound done again the next Monday from the lab which had done it in August 2003 as well. To her surprise, the size of the kidneys had increased; they were the same size as the August 2003 ultrasound showed. Hence no transplant was required. While she was in hospital, Guruji's devotee also gave out his photographs to other patients. They got cured and were released from hospital.

After Promila was cured, Guruji asked her to come to him only once a week. Coming to Guruji everyday had been wonderful, but Guruji wanted new people to be blessed. But seeing him even once a week fulfils her. She says a single langar meal is sufficient to bolster her for the week and her batteries get charged during that one brief visit.

—Satsang, as narrated, of Mrs. Promila Mehta



He protects us every step of the way

*‘Tere Kavan Kavan Gun Kehe Kehe Gavaan
Tu Sahib Guni Nidhana’*

MY PARENTS started coming to Guruji in Empire Estate in June-July 2001, and we started experiencing subtle changes leading towards our betterment. I was unhappy with my posting in Germany. But with Guruji’s blessing I was posted to India for seven months and settled down at the job. Around this time, my sister’s marriage was going through a turbulent phase. We consulted astrologers, who ruled out a happy marriage for her. But with Guruji’s blessings, her domestic life became better.

I also faced a very bad phase from year 2000 and only through his blessings have I overcome difficult situations. Once while in Europe, my bag—which included a passport, credit card and keys—got lost. I just remembered Guruji and suddenly was informed by airline staff that they had found my bag. Nothing had been stolen.

In 2006, I wanted to travel to Pakistan and visit all the gurdwaras there. After a delay of over three months when I had given up all hope, with his blessings I suddenly got the visa. He also made it possible for me to travel to Gurdwara Panja Sahib, which falls in Rawalpindi district, though my visa was limited to Lahore district only.

During the last two years, I was in Singapore and went through tremendous work-related issues. I had a difficult time with my colleagues. But Guruji helped me sail through. Guruji also helped me secure admission in one of the best universities in Asia for an MBA program, though I had no hope of getting in whatsoever.

One day I escaped a serious accident. My foot missed coming under a fast-approaching bus. As I came home unhurt, I saw that the frame inside which Guruji's photo was kept had shattered into tiny bits, but the photo was intact. I knew he had saved my life.

My father was diagnosed as having a tumour, which turned out to be malignant. My father had to undergo chemotherapy and surgery, but he responded to the treatment and recovery has been speedy. Guruji blessed him with a new life.

At every step of our lives, he has been our protector. If I go on narrating his innumerable miracles, I guess I will fall short of pages and words. Not only has he blessed my parents and sister, we also sought his blessings for my cousin, who had met with an accident in Chandigarh two years ago. Guruji knows everything we wish for and grants it at the correct time, which only he knows. He is constantly there with and for us. I thank the Almighty for bringing us under Guruji's protection to receive his infinite mercy and grace.

—Satsang of Puneet Singh, management consultant with Siemens



At times, in my
heart the flow of
love is so strong...

MEETING GURUJI has been the most wonderful experience of my life. The divine call came in March 2005, when I was very unwell. I had been in and out of hospitals. My feet were so swollen that I could barely move; my daughters would lift my legs from the bed and put them back. I could not even think of walking, leave alone sitting on the floor.

The very first day when I came to Guruji's—I was taken to Guruji by my 96-year-old aunt and her son and daughter-in-law—I could barely walk and I was breathless, but after I had langar and I went home, I slept soundlessly for the first time in ages. When I came to Guruji, my sugar level was high as were my blood pressure and cholesterol levels. I also had problems of the thyroid and kidneys. I also suffered from sleep apnea, that is, lack of oxygen during sleeping. I was without any energy, and my body was so swollen that apart from lying on bed I could do nothing.

Guruji has pumped life into me, a better quality of life that I could never have imagined. It's like being reborn and finding a new meaning in life. I have not only received physical healing, but I have received mental healing as well.

During my second or third darshan of Guruji, he made us sit after langar. The flow of his love for the sangat is so strong that I was in total bliss and forgot everything: all your problems just fade away and he makes your life so easy and simple that you feel like living your life and being in his protection forever.

He is my ultimate in every way; he comes first in my life because I cannot and I do not want to see anything beyond him. The trinity is one and he is the divine power who has come down to save us. To be able to reach him is a miracle by itself. We need him in our lives and the only thing which we can give him is our unconditional love and faith. For us to be with him shows that in our past lives we were a part of him and we belong to him. That is why in this life we are together as well. We should see the sangat as part of one family.

I have been in contact with Guruji only for a short while but I feel and realize that every time I faced death, he has pulled me out of it.

Back in 1994, my husband got involved in an extra-marital affair. I felt shattered and cheated upon, yet I thought one day everything would be fine. I had had a love marriage. In fact, I am a Hindu married to a Muslim and I converted to Islam. But in 2006 my husband married his mistress; yet, believe me, I am more at peace with myself. For that peace to come, Guruji intervened and stopped me from self-destruction, for I was in a state of mind where I could have done anything except committing suicide. In 1998, I went through a major surgery that lasted seven-eight hours. After the surgery, I was sinking and Guruji saved me.

Recently, around Holi time, my foot got blisters and somehow they turned gangrenous. The wound began smelling foul. When the doctor examined my foot, he said the toe had to be amputated. That day was a Thursday and my day for visiting Guruji is a Friday. Needless to say without his *agya*, I would not allow the doctor to operate upon me. Guruji said it would be all right; just get a minor incision made. And that is all it took to be cured. In about a month I was fine. I still have to know of anyone being saved from gangrene.

At times I feel guilty that I have been so careless with myself and have not taken proper care of the body. If I knew that one day I would be in front of my master, I would have tried to take care of myself and not burden Guruji with my illnesses because he takes all your suffering on himself. I feel so helpless when he suffers for us. What can we do?

I do not know whether I have surrendered completely to him or not. Do I doubt him or do I love him unconditionally without holding back? I do not know what love is. All I know is that ever since I have met him, I want to feel his divine presence. What more can I ask for? May the love for Guruji always bloom in our hearts. No matter what happens, I should be able to reach him. All I pray for is that he please help me build my karma in such a way that I can feel his presence all the time. That's how I want to be with my master. The more I see him, the more I feel the thirst; and to quench this thirst, one life is not enough. The soul has an undying hunger and thirst that only my master can take care of.

I always used to worry about what would happen to my daughters, who are still minors, if something happened to me. Even that has been taken care of. More than me, my daughters feel secure with Guruji, and the love which I and their father were not able to give the girls have received from Guruji and Guruji's sangat. This is bliss to me. What is moksha I do not know. Having his divine darshan is moksha.

This is just the beginning of my journey where the path is unknown yet exciting, but the goal is to reach the divine.

At times Guruji would glance at me and say your Allah could not heal you; what Guru has done no one could have done. During these times, I would just look at him dumbstruck wanting to utter but unable to even nod my head, not knowing what to say. Today, I feel no one but Allah could have said this. Very gradually, I have realized that he is the super energy of which we are a part. At different times in different forms he has been descending on this earth to save mankind and free them from suffering. You may call him Allah, Ram or Guru Nanak. I wish I could reach that state of mind where only he exists; may I be attached to his lotus feet forever. The love of the guru should be so strong that nothing comes in between me and my guru. Like a true devotee I should appreciate whatever he does, because he has given us whatever we require. We are too small to do anything for him; all we can do is to appreciate and thank him and keep thanking him for the rest of our lives. May he always forgive us for whatever sins we may commit. We are human and we are bound to make mistakes; so, Guruji, please keep us away from temptation and may our devotion to you keep on increasing till our last breath. After that we will need you even more. We are fortunate to be in

your protection, all of us feel so secure emotionally and so complete that there is no feeling of unrest.

I am so much at peace with myself. It is like a state of tranquillity. At times in my heart, the flow of gratitude is so strong that tears just begin to flow. And it is the most beautiful experience when tears just roll down without any other reason but love. After just two visits to Guruji, my desire to be with him started growing. I could not hold myself back. My husband would grumble and we would fight and I would be at Guruji's. Every time Guruji would ask me what excuse I had given and I would look puzzled, wondering how he knew. I thought to myself that I might look hassled. But now I realize that he himself is God Almighty and he knows everything and nothing is hidden from him. We are puppets on a string and we dance to his tune; we are nothing without him.

The task of writing on Guruji is not so easy: to be able to capture Guruji's charm in words is difficult. Even if all the oceans turned into ink and all the land became paper, it would not be possible. I would love to praise my lord and master and keep doing it for eternity. May he bless me that I may do so. I would run short of words, but not of my feelings for him. I would love to devote all my five senses at his feet and pray that he accept my offering.

—Purnima Ali, devotee; she passed away shortly after Guruji's mahasamadhi



First visit grants all desires

I FIRST heard about Guruji in 2001 from Col. D.S. Chatterjee who showed me Guruji's photograph and told me about some of his miracles.

I was then going through a rough patch in life with a new job in a new city. I was supposed to be deputed to the UK within a month of my joining, but even after nine months the overseas assignment was nowhere in the distant horizon, on the contrary I had to shell out a lot in settling down from scratch in an expensive city like Delhi in a rather unforeseen way. I was under immense financial pressure, and to add to our woes, my wife had a miscarriage. This left her with some symptoms and the gynecologist suggested surgical intervention if the condition did not settle down on its own.

We went to Guruji's sangat at Empire Estate in July 2001 but were greatly disappointed when we were told that he had left for Jalandhar. It was on our next visit later that month that we got our first darshan of Guruji. He spoke to us briefly and even ordered us to stay back for langar (those days people were selectively told to stay back for langar).

As we came back home, we felt an unprecedented bliss and calm and slept peacefully after a long time. Since that day everything in our lives started to fall in place. To begin with my wife's condition improved promptly on its own. Within a few months I got my first overseas assignment which was a spectacular success, followed shortly afterwards by a long-term overseas deputation which is

still continuing. Few years down the line we received his greatest blessings in the form of a baby boy.

Blood pressure

My wife had a history of high blood pressure and she was put on medication as hypertension could potentially lead to complications during pregnancy/childbirth, apart from other malefic effects, although the idea of life-long dependence on medication was not encouraging. She went off medicines for short spells but every time she had to fall back on them as her blood pressure started shooting up again.

One day in early 2003 at the sangat at Empire Estate, as my wife and I reached the end of the queue to receive prasad from Guruji, he looked at both of us and said something jokingly about us wearing matching colours (we were both wearing green). Then he asked me how I managed to get this 'kudi' from Chandigarh to marry me. This took us by surprise and obviously made us happy beyond words. This was reflected in my wife's blood pressure when she measured it the next day - for the first time in her entire life her diastolic blood pressure recorded a perfect 80 without medication. Since then she never had any problems until it flared up during the late stages of her pregnancy, but that did not cause any problem to the foetal growth and did not need delivering the baby earlier than her full term. She had to be on medication during late pregnancy and following childbirth, but was able to come off it shortly after.

Overseas assignment

A major factor behind my joining Siemens in Delhi in September 2000 was the associated prospect of long-term overseas placement in the UK, but the latter remained elusive - though with Guruji's blessings I had a couple of short visits to the UK. By 2002 hopes of a long-term deputation abroad were virtually dashed with the international depression in IT that followed the 9/11 attacks in the US. However I kept praying to Guruji both at the sangat and at home, and in April 2003 a UK deputation finally came my way. Though the assignment was supposed to be only for six months, I was very thankful as it came at the unlikeliest of times when companies all around were laying off people by the score.

As I was waiting for my work permit and making preparations to leave, I received an invitation card to a marriage reception of one of Guruji's devotees. The envelope that contained the card had the word 'England' written on it by Guruji himself. When we went to seek Guruji's permission just before we left, my wife was going to ask Guruji's blessings about her father and her sister (a Down's Syndrome patient) while we were away. But even before she articulated her concern about her parent, Guruji said, "*Sadde toh vadda parent kaun hai (who is a bigger parent than me)?*" and we realized that we had secured the maximum reassurance that we possibly could in this matter.

On my arrival at the site (Blackpool near Manchester) I was told that there was a distinct possibility of the assignment even ending in four months instead of six. However, by Guruji's blessing, not only did the deputation last out its full duration, my contract was further extended for another project at the same site. This project lasted for 10 more months, and when I was all set to return to India in August 2004, I was relocated to a different location (Telford near Birmingham) within the UK itself for another assignment, which lasted for one more year. Midway through this assignment we were relocated to Nottingham where my child was born just as the project completed. As we were making preparations to travel back to India in September 2005, I was transferred to London on an assignment at the prestigious BBC site in London. The initial deputation was for three months, but I have been here for nearly two years and it is still continuing.

Transfer to Nottingham

I was on deputation at a small town called Telford in Shropshire, England when my wife conceived. It was a nice and quiet place to live in, but seemed quite nightmarish in terms of medical facilities relating to pregnancy care. The obstetric unit in the local hospital was run by midwives and did not have a consultant unit. More complicated cases were referred to a bigger hospital at Shrewsbury which was located around 16 miles away, and it took more than half-an-hour each way by taxi (apart from the journey being excruciatingly expensive).

My wife's history of hypertension meant almost certainly that she would be referred to the Shrewsbury hospital eventually. We panicked even at the idea of having to travel that kind of distance in the event of any emergency during her pregnancy or when she went into labour, even though the ambulance service provided by the National Health Services is usually very commendable. Also, the hospital rules did not permit husbands staying overnight when wives were admitted for delivery, and I desperately wanted to be within a reasonable distance of the hospital even at night when my wife was admitted - but I could not see that happening if I had to go back all the way home.

We left everything to Guruji as usual (one night my wife had a dream that she was sitting at Guruji's feet and Guruji had told her to stop worrying as everything will be alright). Within a few days there was a communication that the unit in Telford was closing down and the staff was being relocated to Nottingham, a bigger city with much better facilities. Eventually my child was born in Nottingham in Queens Medical hospital which is rated as one of the best in the UK in terms of pregnancy care.

Nottingham house

While our relocation was welcome from the point of view of medical facilities, our project team was then snowed under with workload, and we were not allowed the luxury of visiting Nottingham (2-3 hrs by train) in advance to look up houses to rent. Instead our client was entrusted with the task of looking up accommodation for us. No exception was made even in my case despite my emphasizing to my manager the significance of the choice of this accommodation for us - as my wife would have to spend the rest of her pregnancy in there with no one else to look after her. A few prospective houses were looked up by the client and the associated documents/ internet links were sent across to me in the next few days, but they did not seem to work for us and I turned them all down.

Even before all this had started, I had casually gone on the internet and on the very first search that I fired I had hit upon a house that looked good and was reasonably close to the renowned Queens Medical hospital, where my wife was likely to be referred to for pregnancy care. However, I had absolutely no idea of what

the area was like, and even though the photographs posted on the site looked nice, it would have been too much of a gamble to go by them alone. But now, not liking the houses that were being looked up by the client anyway, we decided to go for the house that I had looked up myself at the beginning, without even asking the client to assess/evaluate the same on my behalf. This was somewhat to the discomfort of my own project manager as I was in a way over-ruling the judgment of his superior, but we put our trust in Guruji and went with our own intuition.

That house turned out to be the best one that we have stayed in while in the UK. The house as well as the furnishing was in excellent condition and it was 10 minutes walking distance (3 minutes drive) from the Queens Medical hospital. In a team of around 10 people that were relocated, everyone else ended up having serious issues with the accommodation that had been looked up for them.

Foetal heart rate

It was one of the regular visits to the Pregnancy Assessment Centre in the Queens Medical hospital and my wife was put on the foetal heart rate monitor. Usually it varied between 140 - 170, but on that particular day it was bordering 200 from the start, and then suddenly there was some foetal movement and the thumping just went crazy - the reading shot up to nearly 220 and stayed at that level. Up until then the mid-wife was putting up a casual front saying that 200 was very high but not an abnormal foetal heart rate, but now she quickly rushed off to seek advice from her superior. Fearing that the foetus was experiencing some stress, I placed Guruji's photograph (given to us by Guruji) on my wife's bump and chanted the Mrityunjai mantra silently. Within a few seconds the hear rate went down to normal and stabilised, and by the time the midwife rushed back with her senior colleagues things were normal.

Childbirth and following complications

In 2005, by Guruji's grace, we were blessed with a baby boy. He was born in the Queens' Medical Hospital in Nottingham, UK where I was then deputed. My wife had a very long and painful labour - at

one stage her diastolic blood pressure had even shot up to 132 despite repeated medication and she was delirious, leading the doctors to consider the option of performing emergency C-section operation – however, on praying to Guruji, her condition settled down and the baby was delivered normally.

Our joy on the birth of a healthy child was soon replaced by deep concern as initial blood tests on the child revealed some infection and the child was not passing urine in the first few days after he was born.

The doctors were not very sure about the source or the nature of the infection, as part of the investigation they attempted lumbar puncture a few times on the 2-day old child, but failed to get a sample of the spinal fluid. As a result they put him on a range of antibiotics which they expected would deal with the infection irrespective of its nature.

However, the doctors were more worried about the baby not passing any urine in about the first 4 days after birth despite being fed a lot more than the usual amount (at times using a drip) to overcome any possible dehydration. Some of them seemed to start suspecting his kidneys as the kidney-function test results were way off normal limits, while the others advocated ruling out dehydration as the underlying cause (by pushing more fluids down the baby) before writing him up for a kidney scan.

To add to problems my wife developed a severe urine infection with her temperature shooting up to 105 degrees. Both the mother and the baby being poorly, they were moved to a critical care unit. I was absolutely alone in an alien land with no family or relatives, even my colleagues had left as the project had ended. Guruji's photographs (the latter was given to us by Guruji himself and we touched it to the baby's body and placed it on his cot time and again) and his blessings were all that we had to look up to under such adverse circumstances, and we prayed to him more intensely than ever.

Very soon things fell into place - the baby passed his long-awaited first urine and we never heard about his infection again (the doctors now felt that probably the infection that showed up in the baby's blood stream was actually his mother's). My wife recovered after being treated with strong antibiotics and both were released nearly after a couple of weeks after childbirth.

Transfer to London

Though the deputation to Nottingham had ended following its successful completion, and all my colleagues had left, we had to stay back as my wife was into her ninth month of pregnancy then, and could give birth any day. Even after my child was born, we decided to stay in the UK for one more month before we flew back to India with the baby. However, we were strongly advised against doing that before the child was at least 3-4 months old as the flight could potentially damage his eardrums irreversibly. My line-of-business manager in India promised to speak to the UK operations to look up a back-to-back assignment for me in the UK itself, but the chances of anything matching my skill profile turning up at a convenient location looked very slender. We kept praying to Guruji to remedy the situation, and within a week of my child's birth I received a call from a business manager in the UK asking me whether I could move to the BBC site in London in a fortnight.

Despite the complications following childbirth and my wife still being in a lot of pain, Guruji's blessings enabled us to pack up lock, stock and barrel and turn up in London with our 3 week old child in time for the new assignment. The drive to London from Nottingham took 6 hours because of bad traffic instead of the normal 3 and was excruciatingly painful for my wife, but by Guruji's grace she recovered quickly once in London, which is where we still are.

*-Satsang of Sudeshna and Pushpal Das, Seimen's Executive, BBC
London*



A chilly type of healing

WE WENT to Guruji after we had heard about him from one of our friends. Guruji blessed us and told us to come twice a week. At this time, I was suffering from piles and blood sugar. At the sangat, we were served langar, which had a lot of chillies in it. I was afraid, because I knew the chillies could aggravate my piles problem. But since the langar was Guruji's blessed food I decided to have it anyway.

To my surprise as I continued to come and have langar, my condition began to improve and one day the condition—that had proved resistant to treatment for the past 10 years—went away. Now I even take extra chillies with my meals at home.

As for my blood sugar levels, they were at a high of 124 mg/lit (after fasting) and at 175 mg/lit (post prandial). Ideally, the maximum level should not be beyond 100/140 mg/lit. On top of it I was eating at least half a kilo of sweets as prasad at Guruji's whenever I was there. Normally, my sugar level should have increased but, on the contrary, it came down to 91/141 mg/lit.

In fact, these days I have to occasionally eat sugar to ensure that my sugar levels do not drop! I have also stopped taking diabetes medicines at night and have reduced the morning dose. Such has been Guruji's grace!

I suffered from another problem, a blockage of the urinary passage. Before coming to Guruji, a minor operation had been performed on the advice of doctors in Sir Ganga Ram Hospital. But two months

after the operation, the urethra again became blocked. The same doctor again suggested an operation, telling us that after healing the urinary passage narrows down. The second operation was done, too. But, I could not pass urine again after four-five months.

I reached out to one of Guruji's devotees and asked him to mention the problem to him. Guruji advised a remedy and after it was taken, I was well. Now, occasionally the problem recurs, but it gets treated due to Guruji's grace.

We lived in a rented flat in Rajouri Gardens in the main market. In 1999, the landlord sold the flat to a builder, who wanted to construct showrooms. The landlord put pressure on us to vacate the house. But it was not possible to shift to a new residence immediately.

One day while taking leave I told Guruji of the problem. Respected Guruji looked at me and listened but said nothing. I repeated my words; he did not reply. I decided that since Guruji was not responding, we should confine ourselves to prayer and the rest would happen by itself.

But, the reason behind Guruji's silence was revealed the next day. We were coming for the sangat when we got held up in a traffic jam at Dhaula Kuan. All of a sudden, the car's brakes failed. A mechanic came to help us, and the brake was repaired in a short time. Thankfully, the brake failure had taken place where it did and when it did otherwise we would have been in a serious accident. It was quite clear to me that the previous day while I was asking Guruji about my house, he was preventing a mishap from taking place. I was requesting his intervention in a minor issue while he was intervening even then to save us from certain death.

Moreover, his blessings did not leave us stranded at our old house. Within a month, with Guruji's blessings I was able to buy a new house!

Everyone is blessed

Every devotee of Guruji gets continually blessed. No one is left out from the Satguru's grace. Even those who have his photograph or those who pray to him or hear about him are recipients of his most munificent grace.

Such is the case of my brother-in-law Gurcharan Singh Mann and his family who live in Nabha. We used to narrate our experiences

with Guruji to them. One day he came to Delhi for darshan and Guruji blessed him, telling him to enjoy and be merry. His daughter-in-law asked for Guruji's photograph and it was given to her. A few days later she was lucky enough to have Guruji's darshan in a dream. She was pregnant at this time and with Guruji's blessings gave birth to a baby boy.

As with all children that Guruji blesses, the boy is very active and intelligent beyond his years. When the lucky couple asked Guruji for a name for the child, he christened him Gurbhajeet Singh. Once Guruji takes a family under his grace, they remain under his protection for all time. When Gurcharan had severe pain in his kidneys, he prayed to Guruji for his blessings. He was cured and relieved in no time. Then, after some time, my brother-in-law had agonizing pain in the urethra, due to a stone formation there, which was not getting relieved even with strong pain-killers. He asked me to put across his problem before Guruji. I prayed before Guruji and he just nodded. Soon, Gurcharan's stone and the associated pain vanished from the urethra.

Another problem cropped up before Gurcharan. He runs a private school and in 2005 the government issued orders banning unauthorized private schools. He rang me up and told me to pray before Guruji. We prayed at the Bade Mandir and told him to apply for recognition and pray in front of the photograph of respected Guruji. He did and applied for recognition for his school. Guruji was kind enough to bless him: his school was the first to be recognized, and the enrolments in the school increased.

Guruji keeps giving everybody his blessings. What is needed is devotion and faith; one does not even need to tell Guruji of problems and fears. Guruji gives us whatever we need, that is he generates whatever we need and gives it to us. Secondly, he rectifies whatever is not operating properly. Thirdly, he destroys whatever is inimical. For these reasons, Guruji is GOD. GOD means: 1) Generation; 2) Operation; and 3) Destruction. We are fortunate to have his darshan and the chance to speak to him.

—Satsang of Rajender Singh Kainth, devotee and Chief Sound Engineer

Guruji bails out devotee from murder rap

RAJINDER P.S. Randhawa was a promising young politician of Jalandhar when his life took a sudden turn. Randhawa, then president of the District Youth Congress, was going to a police station to thrash out a compromise with the ruling Akali Dal (Badal) group. A gunman had been granted to him by the state for his protection.

As the two groups were reaching the police station, Randhawa was attacked. His gunman came in between the Akali Dal politician and Randhawa. The politician tried to take out his weapon and in the ensuing melee, the gunman's carbine fired and the Akali Dal politician died.

Charges under Section 302 for murder—that carried an imprisonment of 10 years—were framed against Randhawa.

His distraught family sought help from saints and babas but to no avail. Then Randhawa's wife reached Guruji's door. Guruji told her that she had had a love marriage and love's power would bring back

her husband. He predicted that a compromise would take place between the two parties. Guruji then went to Delhi. Randhawa was meanwhile in jail, pending trial. He had Guruji's photograph with him in his cell and would clutch it as a lifesaver.

Soon, Randhawa was granted interim bail for a fortnight. He went to Guruji immediately and could not stop himself from crying. Guruji told him that he would become an MLA and a minister. All that Randhawa could think of at that time was that he was sitting in jail. After asking Guruji, Randhawa applied for an extension of bail for six months, which was granted to him.

During this period, as Guruji had predicted, a compromise was worked out with the family of the slain Akali leader. Randhawa clarified what had happened during the incident and explained how he was innocent of the charges framed.

As far as trial proceedings were concerned, the evidence was in favour of Randhawa. But the trial was getting extended, with the judge giving date after date. But a day before the final hearing, Guruji came to Jalandhar. Randhawa says that Guruji must have come to give his blessings. His wife went to the Satguru and he said that the judge would give a final decision that very day.

It went exactly as Guruji had foreseen. Randhawa was acquitted of all charges in the final order given out in its entirety the next day. After the court had declared him innocent, Randhawa went straight to Guruji's feet. The just-freed leader wanted to quit politics, but Guruji asked him to continue, for it was his duty. Thanks to Guruji, Randhawa found himself a free man.

Pet protection

Guruji is the embodiment of mercy. For him, there is no one high enough or low enough. Even the mute appeal of nature reaches his tender heart. Unsurprisingly, thus, Guruji's protection went so far as to even touch Randhawa's pets. Randhawa liked dogs and would keep them as pets, but the puppies would never survive.

It seemed his Rottweiler would go the same way. Randhawa took the sick dog to the vet and a drip was attached to the dog, but the pet began vomiting. Randhawa brought back the dog, which was clearly in its last stages. On a whim, he began taking it to towards

Guruji's mandir. Just then, he spotted Guruji with a few devotees on the way. It was afternoon and Guruji asked him whether he expected him to take care of dogs, too. Randhawa explained that he had happened to meet him. Guruji gave his blessings and the pet's condition improved. The Rottweiler lived for around six-seven more years.

—Satsang, as narrated, of Rajinder Pal S. Randhawa, Jalandhar
Market Committee Chairman



A bureaucrat gets justice

WHEN A man in distress begins to flounder like a boat without a rudder in the rough seas, Guruji's grace alone comes to his rescue. Nothing else. Though I have known Guruji for a longer time, I have been going regularly to him since 2000. During this period, I have come to know of myriads of miracles performed by Guruji and have also had the benefit of sharing the experiences of those who have benefited from Guruji's blessings. The rich and varied matrix of Guruji's miracles inevitably leads to the conclusion that Guruji is omnipotent, omnipresent, and omniscient.

Guruji is an ever-willing and unceasing source of divine patronage. He is an ever-flowing river of blessings, which comes to you unasked and unannounced.

I have seen people looking wide-eyed when Guruji calls them or their spouses by their names though nobody has informed Guruji about the same. This happened when my wife first met Guruji. Much to my surprise, Guruji said in Punjabi: *"Come, Prema aunty come."* When a senior colleague of mine came to have Guruji's darshan, Guruji called his wife by her first name—Sunanda—as well. He also told her of the ailment she was suffering from and she was surprised. She was also surprised to find that Guruji's profile matched that of a saint whom she had dreamt about the night before. On another occasion, a cousin of mine and his spouse met Guruji for the first time. Guruji looked at them, gave a smile and said: *"Love marriage?"*

The couple were a bit embarrassed but said yes. How does Guruji know of all this? Because he is omniscient.

Guruji's healing powers are also well known. He has cured a number of people of incurable diseases like cancer, psoriasis etc. To some, in fact, he has given a new lease of life. Women incapable of giving birth have been blessed with children. There are examples of young men and women, who had lost all hope of passing an examination or getting a job, of achieving success.

One day a friend from New York happened to visit Guruji. My younger son Shashi was sitting close by when Guruji casually remarked that Shashi would also go to New York. At that time, Shashi was associated with a Japanese bank in Delhi and had no plans to go abroad. But, later Shashi was inspired to do an MBA from the US after gaining some practical experience there. He took the required tests and prayed to Guruji for success. Guruji blessed him in all the tests. Results came one after the other, Shashi was successful in all of them. But the result from the New York school was still awaited. When it came and Shashi gained admission in the New York school. Guruji's blessings had come to fruition. Shashi went to New York, completed his MBA with high marks and joined JP Morgan Chase Bank in New York.

As regards my own case, Guruji rewarded me by compensating me for the injustice meted out to me. My date of birth had not been correctly written in the official record. Efforts to get the same corrected failed despite the authenticity of my claim. As a result, I was not only denied the rightful benefit of length of service, my promotion was also affected.

With Guruji's blessings, well before my retirement, I was appointed member of a National Commission, where I got a five-year term—later extended to allow me to continue till I completed 65 years of age. This enabled me to become Chairman of the Commission. I had no other links within the government, all this was a result of Guruji's blessings.

Another one of Guruji's qualities is his characteristic fragrance. The aroma, close to the smell of a rose, is Guruji's own. He is all fragrance from head to toe. Touch any part of his body for a few minutes and the fragrance reaches your hands. Another surprising feature of this fragrance is that it can be felt anytime and anywhere. After I started coming to Guruji, I felt his fragrance once in the lawn at my residence. The fragrance indicates Guruji's omnipresence.

Once a relative of mine felt Guruji's fragrance oozing out from one of the Satguru's photographs hung on the wall. Guruji was kind enough to give me a pair of his jootis (footwear). We kept them with respect in a small wooden temple. We take due care and pay obeisance to them daily. In fact, we treat them as Guruji himself in his absence. It is amazing that though this token of blessings was given four years ago, it retains Guruji's characteristic fragrance. Indeed, if you have faith in Guruji, you will get his fragrance anywhere.

Once my elder son, Sunjay, had gone to Oxford for a one-year course. He felt Guruji's fragrance at a particular point in the college campus. The phenomenon was revisited in New York, where my younger son Shashi felt his fragrance in Manhattan.

Our family considers itself lucky to be under the umbrella of Guruji's blessings. As a result, with his grace, good things keep happening, whether we ask for them or not. For this, we are eternally grateful to Guruji.

—Satsang of R.L. Sudhir, retired IAS officer



Blessings at the Master's feet

*“Charan kamal ki mauj ko, kahon kaise anuman,
Kahibe ko sobha nahin, dekha hi parman”*

THE MEDIEVAL saint Kabir refused to quantify the pleasure of being at the Satguru's feet, saying it can't be expressed, as nothing comparable to this pleasure exists in this world. I have felt the same in my life, too. For Guruji's blessing have changed my whole life, my perception of life and given it a new direction and purpose.

Intimations of omniscience

In August of 1998, I received a call one evening from a friend, Wing Commander Chopra, asking me to join him at Guruji's place. After stiff resistance, as I had never believed in saints, I agreed, thinking I would oblige my friend.

That day we left from Noida at around 6 in the evening and reached Guruji's place in about 45 minutes. Since it was my first visit, I knew no one in the sangat, except Chopra. We sat there, among a gathering of about 15-20 people, waiting for Guruji. When Guruji came out of his room, we all went and bowed to him. Normally at religious gatherings, as a gesture of their respect to the Almighty or for the cause of a religious outfit, this is the time funds are raised as people donate money. But, Wing Commander Chopra cautioned

me that I was not supposed to offer money at Guruji's place. The only things that could be offered to Guruji were either flowers or sweets. Flowers were used to decorate the satsang hall and sweets were distributed among the sangat as prasad by Guruji.

After Chopra had briefly introduced me, Guruji turned to me and straightaway asked: "*When are you planning your next visit to Chandigarh?*" It surprised me, since Chopra knew nothing of my plan and could not have told Guruji about it. Somehow Guruji knew more than what was conveyed by Chopra. Overcoming my surprise, I replied to Guruji. Guruji wanted to know where I usually stayed in Chandigarh. I told him that I stayed at the home of a friend, IPS officer P.P. Singh. Guruji remarked that Preet Pal Singh was his firm follower. He told me to tell Singh that I had visited Guruji and also ask him to come to Delhi to meet him. The mystery surrounding Guruji and his powers grew.

As we settled down, we were offered tea—chai prasad. Soothing shabads were being played and they filled the environment with divine bliss. After a short while, Guruji started distributing sweets and their quantity fascinated me. Guruji used only his right hand to pick and distribute the prasad, but it was hard for everyone to hold on to it with both hands. Physically, Guruji's hands may have been smaller than at least a few persons' in the sangat, but even these people could not hold on to it with both hands.

After Guruji had given two or three rounds of prasad, the cumulative quantity of which would have amounted to at least half a kilogram of sweets for each person, arrangements for serving langar were initiated on Guruji's instructions. At this point, it was hard to believe that any more food could be eaten. But by the time langar was served, I was feeling hungry again. It was only during subsequent visits that I realized that all these experiences related to prasad and langar were not a one-off, but a norm at Guruji's place.

For the last four to five years, I had followed a strict regimen. I would sleep by not later than 9.30 pm and then get up early the next morning. But Guruji would let the sangat go back at a time he deemed appropriate. So we were there till past midnight and left for Noida at around one o'clock at night. This was nothing less than a jolt for my body clock. Yet I found that I wasn't sleepy at all even when kept awake after my usual to-bed hours, and was fresh till I reached home.

Immediately on my arrival, I rang up P.P. Singh to confirm whether what Guruji had said was true. My friend took the call and was jubilant at learning that I had gone to Guruji's place in Empire Estate. It turned out that my friend was glad to know of Guruji's whereabouts since he had lost contact with him after Guruji left Chandigarh. We concluded our conversation—at a very odd hour—on a happy note. I then replied to questions from my wife about my first visit. After a brief discussion, a very eventful day came to an end.

Next evening, I again got a call from Chopra who wanted to know whether I would join him at Guruji's place. I agreed without hesitation. In Guruji's sharan, we again enjoyed shabads, prasad, and langar. Then Guruji called me, addressing me as "*Gupta*". Back home, I told my family of how Guruji had addressed me as "*Gupta*". My children thought that Guruji had got it wrong: probably, he had forgotten my name. But I took out a blood donor card of mine (from my college days) and showed it to my kids. They learnt, for the first time, that I used to write 'Gupta' as my surname in college and it was only after I had set up my business that I started using 'Singla'.

Guruji had once again proven that nothing is hidden from him. My wife and children insisted they would join me during my next visit. So we went.

A rosy journey to Chandigarh and back

Less than a week after meeting Guruji, He told me to go to Chandigarh with my wife and meet P.P. Singh and his family. Guruji's grace made the visit special. Guruji's body exudes a distinct, natural fragrance. Throughout our journey to Chandigarh, that fragrance was with us. In Chandigarh, most of our time with the Singh family was spent talking about Guruji. When we were ready to depart, a strong breeze redolent of Guruji's fragrance swept past us. Yet Guruji was 250 km away in Delhi.

Though understanding Guruji is a task beyond our reach, it is only with his grace that one develops at least a basic level of understanding. With whatever he has shown and allowed me to experience, I can assert that Guruji's fragrance is a sure indicator of Guruji's presence. Any time, anywhere, whoever calls upon Guruji for his support and protection, Guruji's response to the call is assured

as well as immediate. But, the call should be from the core of your heart. A few sangat members are lucky to have dreams of Guruji. You can never have Guruji's dream till he wishes it. In fact, Guruji's appearance in a dream is by no means a casual event and amounts to being in his physical presence. How else would one justify what happened a few years ago?

Guruji had come to Neemrana in Rajasthan to inaugurate my wheat flour mill. He was accompanied by some sangat members. One of them was Mr. Madan (a businessman, resident of Gurgaon) who had come with his family. As soon as his daughter Ekta saw the factory, she cried aloud that Guruji had shown her, months earlier, the entire set-up and the function that was to be held!

How a short seva took my suffering away

For any devotee, serving the Guru always means great joy and satisfaction. But, with Guruji there is an added dimension. Once, Guruji gave me an opportunity to massage his legs, instructing me to do so from below the knee to the ankle. The overwhelming joy and pleasure I derived is hard to express. After that short half hour of pressing his legs, my hands were filled with Guruji's fragrance. The fragrance decreased only after repeated hand washes, and remained for more than 24 hours. And something miraculous too happened.

The lower half of my legs was very stiff. In fact, it was my daily practice to have my son stand on the lower portion of my legs, his body weight providing me some relief. It took me a few days to realize that this problem of some seven-eight years had been erased by Guruji in that sewa (service) of half an hour on exactly the same portion of his body. Since then, I have never had this stiffness again.

So, apart from the bliss, whenever Guruji gives anyone a chance of sewa, it invariably benefits the devotee.

The Maruti miracles

Our Maruti 800, used to give an average of 12 to 12.5 km/ltr of petrol. On every fuel stop, I used to meticulously calculate the average. During the initial few car services, I asked the service centre guys to improve the average. They told me clearly that since the car was used only for city driving, any improvement

was improbable. When we started coming regularly to Guruji, I calculated and found the average to be a good 19 km/lt. This came in as a surprise and I anticipated a miscalculation. So, I kept the finding to myself. On a subsequent fuel recharge, however, I was amazed to get the same mileage. Unable to accept this, I decided to wait for the next fuel stop. I was befuddled when the same figure cropped up.

Guruji commented on the fact the next time I was in his presence: *“Singla, what happened? Totally zapped by the figure of ‘19’? Now you realize how the grace of saints can work its magic on not only humans, but objects like cars as well.”*

And Guruji’s remark was borne out more than once. Once while driving, I looked at the fuel indicator to see that it was touching empty, and turned to a petrol pump. Waiting in the queue of vehicles, I again looked at the indicator and was surprised to observe a sudden jump to the half-way mark. I decided to leave without refilling. A couple of days passed and the indicator was showing empty again after the car had run the expected miles—if we assume that the tank was half-filled on the occasion just described. A glance at the fuel indicator after taking a turn towards the petrol pump baffled me: the fuel tank was again half-filled. For a miraculous two weeks, our car looked like regaining lost fuel at the mere vision of a petrol pump.

On a trip to Punjab, we started out from Delhi expecting to just reach the destination with the fuel we had. But contrary to this, we visited that place and came back to Delhi without filling the car with fuel at all.

Not just the fuel efficiency, but even the space available inside our blessed car seemed to be increasing on an as-required basis. To start with, Guruji granted us the prized opportunity to bring langar to his place from where it was prepared. With Guruji’s grace, all the utensils containing the packed langar were fitted in and we rolled over to Guruji’s place. But with the sangat increasing daily, the quantity of langar also increased proportionally and so did the car’s capacity. Any increase in the size of the drums or the utensils was somehow accommodated in the car. One day Guruji’s seemingly casual remark that all the langar drums had fitted in the car saw the car become almost elastic.

Once, we had all the empty drums after the day's sangat and were going back to Noida. Just then Guruji instructed all the curtains of the temple to be taken off and given for dry cleaning (some 35-40 full-size curtains, each some 15-feet long). Since the drycleaner was located in Noida, I was asked to try and accommodate some of the curtains. With four of us and the drums, not much was expected to fit in. However, to the amazement of everyone, all the curtains adjusted themselves nicely in the car! What, except Guruji's grace, can explain something of this sort?

Sweet blessings for diabetic father

My father has been diabetic since the 1980s, needing to take insulin injections twice a day. He came to Guruji and was given burfi (a sweet) as prasad by Guruji. Usually, people come out of the sangat hall, consume the prasad and then go back in and sit down. My father also came out of the hall and asked us what he should do with the five-six pieces of burfi he had been given. I asked him to eat them all as Guruji's instructions are that whatever prasad is given is medicine if it is eaten immediately; it loses its effect if taken home or elsewhere. I requested father to polish off the burfis. He argued that the sweets would be poison for him. I told him that these are a form of Guruji's blessing and cannot have any negative impact. On my insistence, he ate the burfis and went back in. Guruji called him and gave him more burfi. Father was not willing to consume the sweets this time, since he thought he was toying with danger now. However, I insisted and he agreed, ate up the prasad and went back. But, Guruji was not done yet. He called him for the third time and again gave him burfi.

When he had eaten the prasad for the third time, father must have consumed at least half a kilogram of burfi and was sure he would fall seriously ill. He anticipated his blood sugar would rise sharply after he had had sugar equivalent to possibly his cumulative intake for the last 15 years in the past four hours.

We went back home and received a call from him at 5.30 am the next day. He was amazed to discover that his sugar, which stood at 130 the previous morning, had dropped to 120 after all the burfi he

had eaten the last night. The incident points out that anything given at Guruji's place loses physical significance and is prasad.

Guruji's blessings during surgeries

My father is not only diabetic but also a heart patient. He once had some chest pain at night. He did not think much of it and used hot bottles and massages to suppress the pain. Somehow he managed to get through the night, but with the situation worsening every passing minute, he finally called me up in the early hours next morning.

When I reached his place, we rushed him to Apollo Hospital, near Noida. Preliminary investigations indicated that the previous night Dad had had a massive heart attack and doctors were surprised at the laxity shown in our turning up at the hospital. However, after a complete case analysis, doctors advised a bypass surgery. It was expected to be a complicated affair given that my father's diabetic. It normally takes a diabetic more than double the time to heal than a normal patient. But, with no other options left, doctors proceeded with the surgery after taking the consent of our family. Within the short notice of just a few hours, making all the arrangements for surgery was quite challenging.

But Guruji's grace was evident in the way the hospital staff supported us. The surgeon was the first to set the ball rolling by offering his blood in the absence of sufficient units available. Moreover, a complicated surgery was carried out under the expert guidance of the head of the heart surgery department, a surgeon who is available in India only for 10-12 days a month. The availability of that surgeon is hard to ensure even with appointments made 15-20 days in advance. But in our case, without any intimation, he was available in a few hours.

My father's experience as he underwent the surgery was not traumatic at all. After he had gained consciousness, he enquired about the pre-operative results of the investigations, as he had no idea that he had been operated on! Everything that happened that day had an element that cannot be defined or explained and in fact shows that smooth sailing for my Dad would not have been possible without Guruji's divine intervention. Not just that, the pace of my father's post-surgical recovery was surprising even for doctors.

Doctors said it was better than that of a non-diabetic patient—a fact impossible to explain if analyzed medically.

We were to witness more of Guruji's power play in hospitals. This time, it was my cousin brother, Ashok Singla. With his heart trouble dating back to over a decade, he was prescribed a third surgery and, on my advice, he came to Guruji. A resident of Chandigarh, he was in Delhi for the surgery for about a week in advance and thus could go for Guruji's darshan on three-four occasions before hospitalization. Those few hours in Guruji's sharan were good enough to bail him out of any probable trouble in surgery and help his recovery. The surgery went off without any complications and the pace of recovery was also remarkable as compared with his own experiences on the previous two occasions.

Cannot be explained, only experienced

I would reiterate that understanding Guruji is beyond our capabilities. Similarly it is impossible to put your experiences with Guruji into words, as words that can do justice to the stature of these blessings just do not exist. Ever since I have been granted the association of Guruji, a sentence, which I have almost invariably used when telling someone of my experiences is: "What you feel and what you get as you meet Guruji is something that cannot be explained but can only be experienced."

Guruji employs various tools to hide his true nature and most of us are trapped at a superficial level of contact with Guruji, not reaping the potential benefits Guruji offers us. Guruji can give anything and everything. In fact, Guruji can give what even God would hesitate in granting you. In life, you are allowed to reap only what you have sown. But Guruji can grant what you desire and not only what you deserve. But that desire must be beneficial for us in the long run. Here, devotees have to admit that their vision is limited and can see only the present, but Guruji's vision can traverse through the past, present and future.

If you put your life's boat in Guruji's hands, you can rest assured of reaching the shore safely. This is where we have to develop the understanding that total surrender leads to total support.

Further, due to our human nature we cannot but try and ask for Guruji's blessings to get a favourable response. But the loss we

incur is unimaginable. For once we are in Guruji's sharan, we are sure to receive his blessings. If you go and ask for something, Guruji will grant the same and that's it. But if you don't ask and let Guruji decide, his grant is assuredly more than what we can conceive of.

Chana cures heart disease

The best way to get the maximum is to abide by Guruji's instructions. And it is a tried and tested fact that whenever he instructs something, all the resources to accomplish the said task are made available by him.

There have been innumerable occasions where Guruji has demonstrated this. One of my close friends, S.S. Goel, had a severe heart attack and was rushed to hospital. As I was leaving for Noida that night after the sangat, I mentioned this to Guruji. Guruji asked me to do something immediately, which required some 5¼ kgs of *chana* (chickpea).

By the time we left, it was already 1 am of a peak winter night. Since per Guruji's instructions, the activity was to be carried out immediately, I started looking for a general store from where I could buy the chana. Against all odds, I was relieved to sight a shop still open, just 10 km on my way back. I went to the shop and asked that shopkeeper to pack 5¼ kgs of chana. After checking his stock, the storekeeper told me that he only had 4½ kgs. Though the quantity was short of what I wanted, something is better than nothing. So I got it packed and while leaving casually asked the shopkeeper if he was always open at this time. He told me that he normally closes the shop by 10.30pm, but today he was reconciling his total stock, an activity he takes up only once in about three-four months. Though one might dismiss it as mere coincidence, when coincidences favouring you occur too often, one stops doubting the source making them happen.

But we were still short of the required quantity of chana, so we continued searching. No shop was open. We reached home a bit disappointed and immediately went ahead to check if some chana was available at home. A container with chanas revived our hopes. When we checked the weight, using a small domestic weighing machine, all of us were amazed to find that it was exactly ¾ kg, just enough to get the right quantity.

I did as Guruji had advised. Goel's condition improved dramatically and he was discharged within the next 48 hours.

Irrespective of how casual a remark made by Guruji might be, it carries deep impact. Each and every word from Guruji's mouth is aimed at providing his disciple a chance to have an improved tomorrow. His tools, so effectively disguised, often leave us without a clue about what could have happened. It is rarely that Guruji makes the pros and cons clear. This reminds me of my visit to Punjab with Guruji, who was invited to inaugurate a hospital.

After the inauguration, Guruji decided to extend his stay in Punjab for a few more days. Guruji himself ensures proper arrangements for the sangat's stay in such conditions. Arrangements for me along with three more sangat members were done at the newly inaugurated hospital itself, with the owner of the hospital taking special care of the four of us. We had a lot of fun, with rich and lavish Punjabi food for us throughout our stay there. Unforgettable hospitality by the staff made it a truly memorable experience. After four days of stay, with all the comfort and facilities at our disposal, we returned to Delhi. Guruji told one among the four of us that our stay at the hospital was to compensate for the coming bad time, which would have seen all four of us on hospital beds for four months!

Guruji's care for his sangat is endless and wherever and whenever you need Guruji, he is always there for you. Past years have given me many chances to experience his omnipresence and omnipotence. All that one can say is: 'Thank you, Guruji.'

Once in the month of December/January, I was driving back from the sangat and the fog was so thick that visibility was down to less than a couple of meters. It was taking its toll as the turns on the road were hardly identifiable. After driving seven-eight km of the 28 km journey, I gave up. My car was hardly rolling. Stuck in a helpless position, I prayed to Guruji and immediately a car zipped past me. I decided to follow the car, without knowing where it was heading. I blindly drove on, guided by that car. After about 40-45 minutes of the drive, in an area with lesser fog, I realized that we had reached Noida. The car left us at a turn about half a kilometre from my home.

Similarly once, on a hot mid-summer afternoon, I was driving on a highway when my car stopped. I was unable to identify the fault. Left stranded, I took Guruji's refuge. Out of the blue, a man on a

scooter came up to me and enquired if there was any problem. He was a car mechanic and within 10-15 minutes, he had identified the problem, but said two parts need to be replaced. He was back in the next 10 minutes with the parts and repaired the car in a jiffy.

Experiences with Guruji are endless. Every day we experience many big and small occurrences which clearly indicate Guruji's support to us, what to talk of those troubles which are averted without even coming near us. I would conclude with a humble request to Guruji, to keep all sangat members in his sharan, forgiving our mistakes and overlooking our flaws.

—Satsang of R.P. Singla, owns a wheat flour mill in Neemrana



He is the answer to my prayers

THE CREATOR, the Omnipresent, the invisible force is what I believed in. I felt he was watching over me and listening to me all the time. One day, I called out to him and pleaded with him to meet me in a human form and he did.

I used to have severe leg pain from the hip downwards. I tried all medicines, but to no avail. Then I came to know about Guruji, who cured people's ailments. I was sceptical but then the hope of getting relief from pain prompted me to go to him.

My son, all of seven years old, had grooves of pus in his tonsils and would get fever every 15 days. It would rise to 103 degrees Fahrenheit at times, and no doctor would be available at night. The child was allergic to all antibiotics except one and he would get a reaction if administered the Erythromycin drug that, in most cases, is effective. The scenario was repeated every month and both my husband and I would give him cold compresses at night to bring down the fever. It was a nightmare!

During those days, back in 1996, one still did voice a problem to Guruji. I started to tell him about my son's ailment. I had just about said, "My son..." when he interrupted me and said, "*First, you tell me about your ailment, what is your problem?*"

I mustered up the courage to say that my legs ached. And Guruji simply said, "*From now on they never will.*" True to his words, my legs have never pained in that manner ever since. The excruciating pain went even as he spoke to me and has never once returned. He then

asked me about my son. I never gave any details but simply said that his throat was sore. He blessed the child and told me to make him wear the symbol of Aum in a pendant and not to eat rice in the family. It flashed through my mind that a small boy of seven years would not be able to handle a gold chain around his neck. I need not have bothered to think this. That moment Guruji told me to make him wear the pendant on a yellow thread around his neck.

Guruji can see what lies in the future. At his will, he can avert disasters. He blessed me with a school of my own, without my asking, at the first meeting. In my youth I had dreamt of joining the IAS. Matrimony ended that. He asked me: “*You wanted to become an IAS officer, why didn’t you?*” I told him that my marriage to my loved one had become my priority. I felt that he knew much more than he showed and that he was no ordinary man. These incidents took place in Delhi. Guruji soon went back to Jalandhar, and my pain never returned. My son too became hale and hearty. It then struck me that he could be the human form of the creator that I was looking for.

I went to Jalandhar to thank him for the miracle he had worked on my child and me. My daughter, aged four, had wheezed during the winter. Knowing well how agonizing bronchitis or asthma can be, I was concerned for her. I was sitting with Guruji in the veranda when the little one went off to sleep on the floor by his feet. I could not muster up the courage to speak out aloud about her condition so I spoke to him via telepathy. He stretched out one leg and put it on the child’s back. I took that as an answer and felt I would never need to give her strong medicines ever again. My daughter has never wheezed since.

Prasad out of thin air

Guruji, I was told by old disciples, produced Sach Khand or divine prasad out of nowhere. Little did I know I would receive it one day. He summoned me to his seat, held out his palm and said: “*Take.*” There lay a beautiful cup-shaped misri prasad, filled with another sweet prasad.

My father was a heart patient, who had suffered two attacks before we met Guruji. I told him about it, and the answer I got was a flippant, “*Don’t worry!*” I was left wondering; little did I know that my father would collapse a third time. We rushed him to the

nearest hospital and were told that his chances were slim. I asked my husband to go home and get Guruji's Sach Khand prasad. I went into the ICCU and saw my father lying unconscious on the bed with tubes running around him. I put a little prasad under his tongue, hoping it would dissolve. The ECG taken after half an hour showed that he was just suffering from indigestion. It was not a serious case as the previous ECG, taken on our arrival, had showed. We went to Jalandhar as soon as my father was discharged. I walked in and saw Guruji calling me to a group of people sitting with him. He told me to narrate all that he had blessed me with, including my father's 'latest incident'.

I believe that when he asks you to narrate all the blessings that you have received; then you and the ones who hear it—and from now on anyone who reads about it—are blessed further. My father had been declared as having lymphoma, cancer of the lymph or glands. I went to tell Guruji, but could not. I had heard that he took away the ailment but bore the brunt of it on his own self, and that day I saw him uncomfortable in front of my eyes. I could not bring myself to say anything and went away. A week later Guruji told me that he had cured father's cancer. I was shocked, even though I knew he could read minds. The reports that earlier diagnosed cancer soon came clear and confused the doctors.

In a single day, mom joins the faithful

My mother was diabetic. She is an obese woman who had no diet plan and often did not take her medicines on time. Her blood pressure once rose to 200mmHg and she was bedridden. I told Guruji about her condition and he told me not to worry about her and said: *"I will show your mother in one day what I am all about."* Years passed and she remained hale and hearty though she was not taking the insulin shots prescribed for an acute diabetic state. One day Guruji told me that he had saved my mother. Soon after he had said so, my mother was holding a report stating 'suspected TB of the small intestine and colo-rectal cancer'. The earth shook underneath her, and she came to seek Guruji's blessings. Then, ailments or problems were not supposed to be told to Guruji per his orders. So, she ate her langar and silently went away.

The next morning at the hospital, all her reports, which a week earlier were positive, showed negative. The doctor was puzzled, but happy that the patient was in the clear. He, however, put down her condition as diabetic-diarrhoea. At the next meeting, Guruji told her to go and get her diabetes checked. He smilingly asked me: “*How did this happen?*” I could not understand the significance of his words.

My mother rang me up after a few days and told me that after getting her diabetes checked, her report showed the blood sugar level at 160-130 (normal) against the 280-260, which was her usual diabetic count for many years. She went on to say the same words as Guruji had said to me, “*How did this happen?*” I understood immediately that by using those same words he had wanted me to know what my mother’s reaction would be.

Not satisfied and thinking that her report might have been a fluke, my mom got her diabetes checked again. This time the sugar reading was even better at 113-99. Guruji, true to his word, made her understand who he was in ‘one day’ as he had said a long time earlier.

Missing him for five long years

Years ago, my haemoglobin count was falling. One day Guruji stated that if he told me what my ailment was the ground on which I stood would slip from underneath my feet. I didn’t have the courage to ask him. Since I knew he could cure ailments, I begged him to cure me without even letting me find out. My husband and I were told not to meet him or even look at his photo for five years and also not to tell anyone of his command. Five years passed, life took its course exactly the way he had planned it. We climbed higher and higher in every sphere of life but secretly missed him.

One day I prayed to him and asked him for a photograph that would reach me of its own accord, since I did not want to ask anyone for it. The photo came soon enough in the only magazine my husband subscribed to. I was later told it was no coincidence.

A few days later, I felt asphyxiated as if every breath was an effort. I rang up my husband and parents, having just enough strength to say that I could not breathe. My son ran to the hospital for an oxygen

cylinder, my daughter ran to the neighbours for help. My relatives were concerned.

Alone, I prayed before his photo and said I could not breathe. I suddenly felt a strange sensation at the back of my neck, head and spine and was breathing again. But my legs felt like jelly. Guruji had once told me that when you speak to his photograph, he listens. I was rushed to a hospital nearby. Alone in the ICU with an oxygen mask over my nose I thought that when my end was near, no one but my Guruji had come to my aid. My dearest ones—my husband, my loving children, parents or relatives—could not give me life. He could and he did. He definitely is a messenger of God and to me an incarnation himself—unbelievable but true when the impossible becomes possible in front of your eyes.

Even more amazing was that when I was summoned and standing in front of him after years, he took one look and told me what I had been thinking, word to word, in the hospital. *“Why then,” he said, “husband, children, parents, relatives, did not come in handy, the Guru did! This is your second life—enjoy yourself”* Isn't it amazing that we had not met for five years and yet he knew what I was thinking all alone on a hospital bed? He once told me that doctors would continue to do their job. After my hysterectomy, I was in a state of osteopenia. My hip joint and femur bone at times would give me discomfort. I never told Guruji this. Meanwhile, my bone-density tests showed a decline in my calcium levels.

Out of the blue, my husband and I were told to go for a holiday to Singapore by Guruji; we were to take our children along. He would keep asking me the time of my flight. I was told to meet a disciple of Guruji the moment I reached Singapore and narrate my blessings to her. The moment I narrated all that Guruji had done for us, my pain disappeared. On reaching Delhi, Guruji announced that my calcium and haemoglobin levels were all right. My blood count was dipping when Guruji revealed this to me years ago. He then told me to shed weight otherwise I would get a heart condition. I reduced weight by his grace and am sure my heart is safe.

My daughter used to get severe cramps in her stomach and they were worsening. She prayed to Guruji. He changed her name, and today she has no stomach problem. I told another disciple that Guruji had changed my daughter's name. She in turn told me that hers too had been changed and that Guruji had told her that her

stomach aches would never end if she continued with her previous name. That was no coincidence!

Never have we seen a guru who gives unconditional love and does things practically for humanity without ever giving sermons.

—Satsang of Mrs. Sabina, principal



Housed in belief

FIRST-TIMERS can be like novice swimmers. They want to see someone else cross the ocean, before they do it themselves. But even they, with their stock of ifs and buts, are helped in developing understanding and faith.

Mr. Sachin Pahwa, who had listened to a satsang, was not willing to accept Guruji's grace. He devised his own litmus test for Guruji: he wished to get a bungalow built in Sainik Farms, where construction had been banned for years together and a police posse manned the access gates. And he wished to get it built in spite of the fact that he didn't have the required funds. But against all odds, the bungalow got constructed. Debtors who were not willing to pay back came to his doorstep to give him his dues. Within no time, Sachin was on his knees before Guruji.

Sachin had been engaged for two years. The marriage was being delayed for a smattering of reasons: lack of funds and some family concerns. He went to Guruji and prayed. Within two months, he got married in what was a grand affair. Sachin's wishes were granted without him ever uttering a word to Guruji. This is Guruji's mehar, this is his grace.

—Satsang, as narrated, of Sachin Pahwa



Ek takia bharosa tere charno da

Only your lotus feet are my refuge, O Lord

I HAD to quit my well-paid job because of strange reasons. I knew that since I had good experience, it would not be difficult for me to find another. I kept on applying for jobs—to no avail.

I faced successive failures for four-six months. I lost my confidence and faith in God and faced social humiliation. Frustration and dissatisfaction began creeping up and my bank balance started reducing. I went to the extent of telling my wife to buy some pesticide and end our lives. I knew it was a bad decision, but I was left with no option.

At this juncture, I received a phone call from my friend. On his advice, I went to Guruji. I saw a saint sitting and talking to the people around him, shabads were being played, tea and langar were being served. I went to Guruji after langar to seek his blessings and returned home. I did not say anything to Guruji, keeping to my friend's advice that one need not ask Guruji for anything, since he knows everything.

I thought that I had gone to Guruji in pain and was returning in pain—without any cure. If I could not express my pain to him, how would he come to know what I need and if I cannot ask for what I need, then what was the point of going to him? My friend insisted that I go again, but I refused and told him: “Guruji cannot do anything because I have not told him my problem. Being an

educated and literate man I cannot believe that he is God and knows everything.”

The very next day, I got an interview letter for a good position. I called up my friend; he said that this was because of Guruji's blessing. I disagreed, pointing out that I had applied for the job 15 days ago. The interview went well, and I was waiting for the results. To my surprise, I was rejected. I was shattered. I stopped applying for jobs and two months went by. My situation was desperate, and my friend called me again and this time he commanded me to go to Guruji. I went to Guruji, knowing that there was no harm in trying it out and knowing that I had nothing to lose. The situation could not become worse.

I was watching the sangat take leave of Guruji. I was praying hard, telling Guruji that only he could help me for I had tried everything and was done with it. Time and again the words of the shabad I had listened to that very evening—*Ek takia bharosa tere charna da aur sab bedhainya de diya*—would come to my mind. There were only a dozen people left when Guruji got up and came to me. He said: “*Hore wai tun kidan aayan hain (How come you are here?)*” I was unnerved to discover how Guruji knew that I denied his existence, but I could not utter a word.

I was just able to mutter a low ‘Guruji’, when he asked me whom I had come with. I replied—with great difficulty—that I had come with my wife and he called her. I ran outside and called her back in. Guruji asked her name and then uttered his golden words: “*Chal, ja tera kalyan kar dita (I have blessed you)*.” I could not get up from the floor for the next two-three minutes. With Guruji's blessings, I began applying for jobs. I found an opening over the net, applied and the next day I got the call. I went to meet the Vice-President & Managing Director of the company and it seemed as if they were waiting for me.

In ten minutes, a letter was issued in my name. The same evening I came to Guruji, as I wanted to apologize for my misdeeds. I accepted where I was wrong and most importantly, I really wanted to thank him. When it was time to leave him, I went ahead of the queue. Guruji looked at me and then lent his ear. I told Guruji that I had been jobless for nine months, but with his blessings, I had got a job. Guruji was silent and then said: “*Ja phir, aish kar (Go then, enjoy)*.” His words have come true. Not only do I have fun at my job but also

all the tasks entrusted to me go off perfectly. Everyone is impressed. I am convinced Guruji is doing it. I often tell people that earlier I was alive, only now have I started living.

He who gave the pain will give the cure. The first day I went to Guruji, my knees were paining severely. I went to see a doctor and was told that the ligaments of the knees had got damaged. I was advised rest and told to desist from moving the knee; medication was prescribed. The pain used to be unbearable.

When my friend called up and asked me to visit Guruji, I told him that the first day I went for Guruji's darshan, my ligaments got damaged. I had gone to seek a job, I continued, but had returned with agonizing pain. My friend kept quiet. Two months later, the knee pain was gone. When I went to Guruji again on my friend's advice, the knee pain started all over again. I went to the doctor again, and he advised an expensive treatment. I had little money to spare and with the knee problem, going to Guruji became even more hard. I was hardly able to walk. One day I prayed to Guruji to give me strength. I was able to put myself in the car, drive and reach Empire Estate.

As I was leaving, I prayed to Guruji mentally: "*Tumhi ne dard diya hai, tumhi dava dena* (You have given the pain; you will give the medicine, too)." The very next moment, the pain was gone. To confirm that my knee troubles were over, I visited the doctor. He was more surprised than me to find the knees ok. I have not seen a doctor's face since. Guruji does not have to speak to individuals to cure them. You get a strong feeling he is commanding you to do something, and when you obey you are saved from some problem.

I quit smoking

I used to smoke 30-35 cigarettes a day and was suffering from acute acidity and a gastric problem. I was smoking one day and had a very strong feeling that Guruji was commanding me to STOP SMOKING. I threw my pack of cigarettes away. Today I know why Guruji told me to stop smoking: my doctor says had I not done so, I would have developed an ulcer and this might have led to cancer. Can you believe it—a disease was cured before its symptoms appeared?

Guruji is my friend, philosopher, guide, doctor, teacher and I can feel Guruji's presence in any form in everyday life. He appears to his

devotees in the form they best love. He can perform all the roles with grace because he is the ultimate: he is Shiva. Initially, it is difficult to accept that the human being walking, talking, eating in front of us is God. Since our childhood, we have been indoctrinated into believing that a person who looks human, has four-eight hands, has a particular animal as his vehicle is God. But this is just a symbolic representation. So we find it difficult to believe that we have been born in an era when God Shiva himself has come on earth to bless us. But the fact remains.

—*Satsang of Sanjeev Kashyap*



The true Mahapurush of our age

I HAD Guruji's darshan in December 1995 when I had gone to attend the reception of the son of an old associate of mine, the then session's judge Mr. B.C. Rajput. My family and I continued to have Guruji's darshan at Jalandhar, Panchkula, Chandigarh and New Delhi. We had his darshan in the year 2006, on his birthday in New Delhi, after a gap of two years. We had not gone to him during the intervening period as per his aadesh. Since these many years of our association with him, we have seen that Guruji is the true Mahapurush of our age.

Fountains of fragrance

This incident relates to the year 1997, when Guruji was at Chandigarh. My wife, daughter-in-law and I were about to leave after Guruji's darshan, when we were called back and taken to Guruji's room. Guruji told us that he was going to bless us. He then asked us to smell his forehead, his chest and the rear of the shoulders. We could smell a strong fragrance that we had never smelt before. It was as if there were fountains of eternal fragrance emanating from different parts of Shri Guruji.

Healing without medicine

In the same year, I had acute pain in both my ankles. I took painkillers for it. I approached my family doctor at Panchkula. It was found that my haemoglobin was as low as 7.2 against the normal level of 13 to 14. I was advised to take serious note of this problem instead of the pain in the ankles. Worried, I contacted the city hospital at Sector 34 in Chandigarh and the PGI hospital as well. But with no fruitful results, I rushed to a haemoglobin specialist based in South Extension, New Delhi. He performed numerous tests and found that my ESR value was 105, an enormously high value. He suspected that my acutely low haemoglobin level had something to do with the bones. Unable to trace any other abnormality, he took me to a hospital for a bone marrow test. All of us were shaken when we came to know the bone marrow test was a test for blood cancer. More than 20 samples of bone marrow were collected on Saturday. The results were to be declared on Monday evening. Terrified, I contacted my son at Chandigarh and asked him to beg Guruji for my life. Respected Guruji answered my prayers, granting the wish, as he conveyed that all the results would be favourable. After spending an anxious Sunday and Monday, it was a miracle for us as well as the specialist to find all the results normal. The specialist prescribed nine vitamins in all, and I started taking over two dozen tablets/capsules daily. Next day I attended the satsang at Chandigarh and told Guruji everything in detail. Guruji Maharaj kindly advised me to stop taking all medicines forthwith. He asked me to drink a glass of pomegranate juice and take a walk daily. I adopted this instruction with all faith but without bringing Guruji's prescription to the notice of the Delhi specialist.

After a month, when I went for a check-up at Delhi, there was a marked improvement. The doctor advised me to halve the dose of medicines. Next month, as there was more progress in my health, he asked me to take the bare minimum of medicines. When respected Guruji was told of the improvement, he ordered me to stop drinking the juice, enjoy life and take whisky at my pleasure. I have been complying with this religiously and am leading a normal life with his blessings. In short, I have been blessed with a new life.

Making me a Chief Engineer

I retired as a Superintending Engineer in 1992 from the Punjab Irrigation Department. During the course of service I was posted as an SDO at Fazilka from 1964-68. Fazilka, as the crow flies, is only four km from the border with Pakistan. On September of 1965, when Pakistan attacked India there was confusion among the citizens in Fazilka. As an administrator, I was required to transfer women and children to near Malhout. The task was expeditiously done.

I also worked with the defence establishment, spending my time with army men in bunkers as the town was under shelling from across the border. Though these duties were not expected of me as a civil officer, I carried them out. For such services, the civil and defence administration would give commendation certificates and the Punjab Government out-of-turn promotions. Since the Punjab Government was reluctant to grant me the same benefit, I went to court, protesting against the discrimination.

When I met respected Guruji, he would always address me as Chief Engineer although I had told him I had retired as a Superintending Engineer. But he insisted that I would be Chief Engineer shortly. Subsequently, the court accorded all service benefits to me. And, true to Guruji's words, the Punjab Government promoted me as Chief Engineer through a notification in year 2004.

Guruji's blessings have extended to all members of my family. During the winter of 2002-2003, my wife and I were in Guruji's sangat at Empire Estate, New Delhi. We left at about 2 am and it was biting cold. Yet my wife told me that she had been perspiring for the last hour and a half with great pain on the left palm. Realizing that something must be gravely wrong and no doctor would be available at this time of the night, we drove back to Guruji Maharaj. He was told about the problem. He took my wife's hand in his and said: "Where is the pain? There is no pain. Go, enjoy." As soon as he said this, her pain disappeared. The next day when we came, Guruji enquired about her pain. That's how kind he is.

In fact, in this era of materialism it is very difficult to find and reach the divine sanctuary of a Mahapurush. The guiding factor that distinguishes such a one from among the fraternity of saints can only be found when one reaches his doorstep and sees with one's own eyes an unmatched personality, carrying the true message of the

Almighty. Unlike others, he does not deal in the tawdry things of the earth leave alone money. Instead, he wields his limitless powers to relieve all mankind of its pain and worries. Shri Guruji Maharaj is a Brahmgyani, who came to this mortal world only to redress misguided humanity and show it the right course to salvation.

In my humble assessment, we are very lucky to have heard about him, met him, and—through his grace—have faith in him. Though he has come to us in the garb of a human being, he is not a human being. He is the incarnation of Shri Guru Nanakji and Shri Shankar Bhagwan.

—Satsang of Santokh Singh, retired Chief Engineer, Chandigarh



With his hands, the Universal Guru washes us clean

SHRI GURUJI Maharaj is the incarnation of God, the Almighty. Like Lord Rama and Lord Krishna, he has taken birth in the form of an ordinary human being on this earth to relieve people of their suffering. He grants your heart's desires. Thousands have benefited from his grace without spending even a rupee. Where doctors make you spend lakhs, and *pundits* and *tantriks* make you shed thousands without any sure results or success, for Guruji Maharaj's blessings all that you need is faith, devotion and surrender. So have his darshan and receive his blessings. Without Guruji's blessings, one cannot find God.

Guruji has transformed our lives. My entire family now prays to Guruji Maharaj for his blessings in all matters. With the blessings of Guruji Maharaj, our problems, which were of a very serious nature, went away like bad dreams. We always feel the presence of Guruji Maharaj near us. He is always there to help us out.

We first came to seek Guruji's blessings in 1995 in GK-I in New Delhi through one of our friends. After receiving his blessings that year we were unable to visit him again due to the exigencies of service and the fact that I was posted out. That was a blunder on

our part, which we did not realize at that time. After a few years, we faced serious problems and hardship.

In year 2003, one of our daughters was lured away from home by a few people of doubtful character. Her whereabouts were not known to us for a few months. When we traced her, we could not convince her to leave them. We went to many pundits and tantriks, performed various pujas and visited many temples but to no avail.

Later, we again heard of Guruji in the early part of year 2005 through a neighbour. We immediately remembered the help he had given us in the past and without loss of any time came to his feet. Guruji himself had called us—that's what we feel now. He assured us that our daughter would leave those people and come back for good. We got his blessings and sure enough our daughter returned and is now with us and devoted to Guruji as well.

And we had to do nothing to get her back, but seek Guruji's refuge. We had wasted so much time and money at other places but at Guruji's we did not have to dish out anything.

Guruji Maharaj is very kind and he knows the problems of all his devotees. My wife was suffering from serious tail bone pain and piles with blood for the last 12 years. The pain was so acute that she could not sit upright on hard surfaces for more than ten minutes. She was taking heavy medicines on a regular basis and the doctor advised an immediate operation. We were almost ready to act on the doctor's advice.

Then we went to Guruji's, and my wife was worried she would not be able to sit there for more than ten minutes at the most. But our Guruji took care of this. Within a few days my wife was cured and she forgot about her ailments and her pain. She has not felt any tail bone pain or piles-related problems. Moreover, she did not even bring these health problems to Guruji's notice. But our Guruji was aware of it. Just by having his prasad and langar and, of course, his blessings, she was relieved of these ailments.

A paralysed friend plays golf

One of my friends, who now lives about a furlong away from our house, also benefited from Guruji's blessings. Ajit Singh, now a retired police officer from UP, was our next-door neighbour in Agra, where I was also posted for more than three years. Luckily, we were

again together in Meerut and Moradabad. By then our families had become good friends. While in Agra, we had come to know that Mrs. Ajit Singh had been a heart patient since 1972-73. Her arteries were getting clogged progressively. By the year 2004, three arteries (two completely and one by 60-70 per cent) were blocked.

It was difficult for her to even walk up to the gate of her house. She was under the treatment of a doctor (Maj. Gen. Sahi) and had been advised a bypass surgery. She had been warned that if it was not done immediately, her condition could be fatal. A date of some two months later had also been fixed for the surgery.

A few months earlier, Ajit Singh had himself suffered a serious attack of paralysis and was lucky enough to survive and recover from it. But now they were worried. It was by chance that we asked them to come to Guruji and seek his blessings. They were reluctant about it, but on our insistence they agreed to come. Guruji asked them to bring a copper tumbler, which he blessed. Mrs. Ajit Singh began to drink water from the tumbler per Guruji's instructions. The day of her bypass surgery was nearing, and the doctor had asked her to come two days in advance to complete the investigations. The doctor had also warned her of the risks involved. When my wife came to know that Mrs. Ajit Singh was to be operated on, she suggested they seek Guruji's blessings first. Mrs. Ajit Singh told my wife that she would go to Guruji only if everything went well at the hospital. Her husband was so worried at this statement that he refused to accompany her to the hospital and sent his elder son. After they left for the hospital, Ajit prayed in front of Guruji's photograph.

In the hospital, Mrs. Singh underwent the tests. As the reports came, the doctors who had been treating her for the past few years were astonished. The reports showed that her two arteries were clear and only 40 per cent of the third remained to be cleared up. The doctors said that only a miracle could have done this. Now she does not have any major health problem and lives a normal life. Her husband believes they have been deeply blessed by Guruji Maharaj. In fact, Ajit, who had stopped playing golf due to his paralysis attack, can again be seen on the Noida Golf Course.

Getting blessed instantly

It is not that one has to wait for Guruji's blessings. Guruji's blessings

give instantaneous results. Once, in the beginning of 2006, I developed neck pain due to cervical spondylitis. The pain radiated to the left arm, leaving it numb. I could not move freely without acute pain. I had this ailment for the last eight years. As the pain continued to the fourth day, my daughter's mother-in-law urged my wife to pray to Guruji. I berated myself. How could I have forgotten Guruji during these three days of pain? I stood before Guruji's photograph and prayed to him. After that I just forgot about it and got busy with my work. After a day when my wife asked me about my cervical pain, I was astonished to note that right from the time I had prayed to Guruji, I had forgotten about it. I had not felt any pain during the past 30 hours. I thanked Guruji for blessing me and making me forget the pain immediately. Since that day I have forgotten I had this ailment.

Another instance of instant relief occurred around March 2006. I was with my family and friends in house, having snacks. Food got stuck inside the windpipe and I had trouble breathing. My eye started watering, the throat was irritating me and I was breathless. I took water, bread and even a banana to clear the throat but to no avail. I came to my room. For 15 minutes there was no relief. Just then I came before Guruji's photo. I folded my hands and bowed to Guruji without thinking of or praying for anything. Barely had I done so that I gulped and my windpipe cleared. I was convinced of Guruji's powers. Guruji Maharaj is the greatest of all!

My family survives a car accident

In May of 2006 I got a call that my family had met with a car accident. I left for the site of the accident, only about five km away. I got a phone call from my wife that a vehicle had hit their car from the rear. All the doors were locked, the seats had fallen and all of them were trapped inside, my wife said. It was about 9.15 at night.

My wife and three daughters were returning from the South Extension market to Noida. The traffic light in Jasola village near Sarita Vihar was showing red, and they were in the middle of a jam. Their car was in the front when it was hit twice in the rear. Apparently, one truck loaded with goods had hit the car behind them which, in turn, hit our car. My married daughter and my youngest daughter, on the rear seat, were hit on the heads and backs. The car

rolled forward a few yards. My wife had a photo of Guruji Maharaj with her and immediately thought of Guruji. My wife shouted for help. Some boys broke open the doors and my family was taken out of the car. I reached the spot and took them to a hospital where first aid was given. My eldest daughter's CT scan was taken. My wife was worried for her daughter and took out Guruji's photograph and prayed to him. Soon, the doctor reported that every thing was all right and there was nothing to worry about. She was given a medicine to contain the swelling. My wife was hugely relieved and thanked Guruji. The car behind us had taken the brunt of the collision; it was damaged and some passengers were seriously injured. The impact was such that even the front of the truck was damaged.

My family was safe—again due to Guruji Maharaj's grace. I also thanked Guruji Maharaj for protecting my family from any major bodily harm in an accident of such magnitude. Guruji fulfils the prayers of those who pray with sincerity and honesty.

My nephew gets admission

One of my nephews who lives in Ludhiana had come to Delhi for an MBA entrance test and interview to one of Delhi's institutes. He had come to Guruji with us to take his blessings. He prayed to Guruji for his success. Guruji Maharaj blessed him and told him, "*Ja ho jayega admission (Go! You will get admission).*" My nephew was hopeful after the tests. As the institute declared the results, his name was not there in the first, second, third and final waiting lists. The boy had been waiting since Shivratri, and the results disheartened him. But Guruji Maharaj had blessed him. So, though the third and final list did not have his name, yet he was surprised to receive a letter of admission after three days. He was full of joy and thanked Guruji Maharaj for it. Guruji's words and blessings have in a short time influenced him very much.

Guruji Maharaj, the Satguru

Guruji Maharaj is also a great purifier of our mind. He has incarnated as a Godly saint because a great need was felt for him. Guruji reveals himself in his full glory, infinite powers, wisdom and bliss.

Guruji Maharaj is a Satguru who gives a universal push to all human beings towards spiritual evolution. For him caste, religion, sex and nationality do not matter. People from far and wide start getting drawn to him as if by the pull of an invisible force. Guruji Maharaj is a perfect master and attracts or reaches out to his disciples when the appropriate time comes to lead them to their spiritual goal. His pull becomes so powerful that it becomes difficult for anyone to resist.

Guruji Maharaj is a universal guru. He deals with each person at his level of consciousness. He tries to dissolve their ego through his superior power in order to evolve that person. He removes all limitations of the mind and body that are not conducive to the evolution of the soul. What methods—in the gross, subtle or mental levels—Guruji Maharaj may use can never be predicted.

Guruji's eyes are intoxicated with the love of God and his hand is like that of God. God himself speaks through his human throat. Guruji Maharaj heralds peace, truth and brotherhood. He obliterates all distinctions of high and low, caste, colour and creed, and showers a gentle rain of mercy upon the hearts of a depressed and woe-stricken populace. With the water of truth, brotherhood and equality, he with his hands washes clean malice and ill-will from the hearts of people drenched through and through in the poison of materialism.

Guruji Maharaj is the direct manifestation of God and is the marvel of God's greatness. In the twinkling of an eye he can rise to heaven and can come back. The sun and the moon, paradise and hell, the earth and the sky are his playgrounds. As has been correctly said: "In short, thou are God in the form of an avatar."

—Satsang of Mrs. and Mr. Satish Kumar Lamba, a retired IAS officer, based in Noida



Better in sight and mind

GURUJI IS the Almighty. He is God. Before I came to him, I was a very negative person. But after taking refuge under him, I have developed a positive frame of mind; now I feel I am protected and sheltered.

My husband, the son of a prominent insurance man, was pleasantly surprised when he visited Guruji for the first time. Guruji told him his father's name, pointing out that he was "the son of Khera, well known in the field of insurance". As we kept going to Guruji, many of my husband's business problems were sorted out.

Two years ago, I too bore testimony to one of Guruji's many healing miracles. I had a serious problem: I could not see clearly from the corner of my eyes. I visited many eye specialists. My retina was tested and other tests were carried out, but all the results were normal. Doctors were not able to diagnose the problem. At last, I turned to Guruji. Guruji told me to bring a copper tumbler and to drink water from it. From the day I started using the tumbler, my vision became fine.

I gain a new birth

All of a sudden, I had fainting spells. I went to specialists who dealt in spinal injuries, to senior neurologists and orthopaedicians, but they were unable to help me. After suffering for four months and going from one specialist to another, I was fed up. I got all the scans

and an MRI done, but my problem persisted. A severe depression settled inside me; I was bed-ridden and unable to do anything.

I went again to Guruji with my problem. I told him that I was unable to sleep during the night because I had severe vibrations all over my body. He told me that he had blessed me and that I should have langar slowly. With his blessings, I was soon relieved of my ailment. When I came to Guruji after he had healed me, he told me that he had blessed me with a new life. My re-birth was solely due to Guruji's grace.

My husband too had a serious back problem. He was on medication for months, but his back pain was increasing day by day. We went to several hospitals—Vimhans, the spinal injuries' centre, Rockland Hospital—but doctors were unable to arrive at a diagnosis. The pain was so severe that for a couple of months my husband was unable to sleep.

I went to Guruji and told him about it. Guruji inquired about my husband's condition the next time I visited him (on a Thursday). I told him that he was still not fine. Guruji asked me to stop all medications and to start giving him turmeric milk at night. The night he started taking turmeric milk—believe me! —my husband's backache was a thing of the past. On January 31, when we again had an opportunity to have Guruji's darshan, he told us that he had blessed us and from now on my husband would not have any problems.

Since that day my husband has not experienced any pain. He says now that he feels Guruji has given him superpowers. In January 2006, he travelled to the US. I was so worried that he was travelling alone, but believe me he had no pain during the journey. Guruji has cured him.

Since I have come to Guruji, my life has been transformed. Guruji guides you at every step of life. You just have to think about him from the heart and Guruji is there for you. We are all very, very lucky that Guruji is with us.

— *Satsanga of Shalini Khera*

Operation in dream rids wife of heart ailment

I ALONG with my family had the privilege of meeting respected Guruji in 1997-98. It was at the behest of one of my friends who had been highly impressed with the blessings showered upon him by Guruji.

My wife Neeta Behl had been suffering from heart problems during this period. I had earlier taken her to the family doctor (a senior physician) who, after having examined her, advised certain tests including an ECG and TMT.

The ECG results were found to be unsatisfactory. The TMT involved walking on a platform that moved with variable speed. She could not sustain it even for a minute, as her blood pressure increased beyond 2000 Hgmm abruptly. The test had to be abandoned at that stage as per doctors' advice. On my reporting this to the family doctor, a fresh prescription was given for undergoing the Stress Thallium test. I fixed an appointment at the Sita Ram Bhartia Hospital in the Qutab Institutional Area.

Before the stress test, we met Guruji and told him about my wife's health problems. Guruji, after listening to us with great patience, caught hold of my wife's left hand, gave it a jerk and advised her to apply 17 betel leaves on the left portion of the chest for three days continuously. My wife felt as if her hand had been dislocated. However, the shooting pain, which she used to feel most of the time, started subsiding even as we were sitting with the sangat at Guruji's place in Empire Estate.

My wife took Guruji's advice and applied the betel leaves. The same night she dreamt Guruji had operated on her heart and cured her. She told me early in the morning about the dream. She said she had perspired and had woken up after having been operated upon for the heart problem. It was an amazing experience. When we met Guruji during the evening hours of the same day, to our astonishment he referred to the dream, saying, "*Kalyan ho gaya (you have been blessed).*"

But, we had not informed Guruji about the Thallium test for which an appointment had been fixed at the Sita Ram Bhartia Hospital. When my wife was taken to that hospital for this test, an initial ECG was found to be satisfactory. Later, she was made to undergo a TMT test. The doctors were surprised to see that the blood pressure remained absolutely normal even after she walked briskly for nine minutes on the platform. They rather curiously asked me what problem she had been confronted with. When I told them she had continuous pain due to a heart problem, they looked at each other strangely. The Thallium test was also conducted and we returned home.

After three days, when we received the test results, we were amazed to see that the results were within the permissible limit and there was no sign of any medical aberration. I received a call on my mobile from Guruji at the same time. He hinted that the test results had been favourable and asked whether we were satisfied. We felt extremely embarrassed. Ever since my wife has been living happily without any heart problem.

There are numerous incidents of a similar nature, which prove beyond doubt that His Holiness Guruji Maharaj is an incarnation of the Almighty and is vested with supernatural powers. He has tremendous compassion and love for his disciples, who are protected from mental worries and physical ailments of all kinds.



Light of Divinity

We, indeed, consider ourselves very fortunate to be able to seek the blessings of respected Guruji in our daily life and also that we are under his sharan.

—Satsang of S K Behl, Chairman, Consumer Grievance Redressal
Forum



My miraculous saviour

I HAVE been an avid admirer of Guruji ever since I met him in Chandigarh in 1991 inside a colleague's room at the Income-Tax Appellate Tribunal, where I was posted as presiding officer. Since then whether I come to sangats or not, Guruji is in my mind. This has proved to be and is a great blessing for me.

A few years ago, for Guruji's birthday, I found myself writing a poem. Though I can write, I am certainly not an English poet, but that day I had been bidden to do so by an unknown power. The poem was distributed on his birthday to hundreds of devotees.

In January 2006, I fell seriously sick. I had fever and violently threw up twice before being found unconscious in my bedroom. I was carried out on a stretcher straight to the Indraprastha Apollo Hospital's ICU. A panel of doctors discovered that renal infection had firmly gripped my body and my liver and kidneys had failed. My heart had enlarged and the intestines were bleeding. The brain was affected and I had severe pneumonia. The doctors, based on these parameters, concluded that I had no chance of survival and communicated this to my family. They, however, said if the patient could hold on for the next 48 hours, there was a slight chance of survival.

Inside the ICU, the doctors worked furiously on me. One day at 4 in the morning, when I was half-conscious and a nurse was searching for some particular vein, I heard a doctor saying: "I have done everything possible, but nothing is happening." I was rather alarmed.

In the ICU, I had been trying to develop a live link with Guruji through my troubled mind. That day I focused on a photograph of Guruji that shows him with cupped hands below his chin and closed eyes—a picture of divinity and serenity. I had this photograph in my house. As soon as this picture flashed through my mind, I felt immediate relief both in body and mind and the recovery process started. Thereafter, I was discharged after doctors took me through their ‘life-supporting exercises’. I had lost 25 kilos of weight and my entire frame looked thin and wasted. For months I was unable to speak properly or walk. The doctor who had treated me for related illnesses asked me: “How did you survive? Even a person of half your age would have succumbed to the condition you were in.” The doctor did not know that my miraculous saviour, Guruji Maharaj, was controlling things from Empire Estate. Jai Guruji!

—Satsang of S.K. Chander



Guruji rewrote my fate

*If the whole earth were paper, all the trees my pen,
and the seven seas the ink,*

They would still not suffice to write the glory of my Guru

*I offer my respectful obeisance to my spiritual master, who
with the beacon of knowledge has opened my eyes blinded by
the darkness of ignorance*

I MET Guruji in 1995 at Jalandhar. Sardar Sudarshan Singh Sekhon, who lives in Sangrur, sent me to pay my respects to Guruji. He told me that Guruji is the only Guru on earth who can change and rewrite destiny. I could not realize what he meant.

The day I met Guruji, he asked me to drive him down to the cantonment, where he wanted to phone someone in Delhi regarding the building of the Bade Mandir. It was late in the evening, and Guruji was proving to be a backseat driver. He would keep asking me to drive in one lane and then ask me to switch to the other. After I had done this frequently, I wondered what Guruji was doing. I was to find out very soon.

Right then Guruji told me that a black car would soon come round the corner and that I should hail and stop it. Hardly had Guruji finished speaking that a black fiat appeared. Two of his devotees, Col. (now ret'd.) Joshi and his son Nitin, were in the car. They took

us to their house. En route, Nitin told me that they had minutes ago felt Guruji's presence when his strong rose fragrance had washed through their house. On the spur, they had decided to go to the Jalandhar Mandir. In fact, the Joshis usually took another route but that day, Nitin said, they had decided on this one. I immediately realized that the incident was an introduction to Guruji: it showed me how omniscient and omnipresent a Mahapurush is.

A town disappears on way to Ludhiana

I took leave from Guruji's mandir in Jalandhar at about 2.30 am and drove down to Ludhiana with my father and my two daughters. The road to Ludhiana is straight with no turns. There were no other vehicles on the road and my car must have been doing 90 km/hr. But it was a strange driving experience. More strangely, I did not cross Phagwara, a main town between Jalandhar and Ludhiana. When I reached home, I wondered but could not understand what had happened.

The mystery was clarified next day, when I went to Jalandhar again, and Guruji asked me: "*Sukhi, was the car going at 90 kmph last night?*" I was stunned: how had he known? Guruji went on to say that black magic spells had been cast on me and that he had taken their ill-effects on himself the night before. Guruji had vomited blood out that night. He even showed me a black patch on his right ankle, which remained there for several months. Only then did I realize the significance of 'rewriting destiny'. Guruji told me that I was up against a peak period of troubles. He said I would not have lived beyond 45, had the black magic run its course. After that meeting with Guruji, my face, which had turned nearly black—the most visible sign of black magic—began regaining its natural colour. I also lost 14 kg of weight. Today, thanks to Guruji, I am more than 50 years old and enjoying my new life.

After 100 years, sweet water gushes out

Over these dozen years of my association with Guruji since 1995, many instances of his divine help have come to pass. Once, we had bought land near Chandigarh in Dabkauri village. Guruji asked us to put up a tubewell and grow vegetables there. The land was drilled

for water. The bore went down 420 feet but found no water. A survey was done and it was found that the land did not have water. We went to Guruji in Delhi and told him about the survey. He told us to drill at a particular spot. Water gushed out; there was so much water that the pipes were in danger of bursting. And strangely for groundwater, the water was sweet and brought out blue pebbles with it. We left for Delhi to thank Guruji.

He said: “Guru Nanak Devji took out water from the spot near where he was sitting. I have taken out water in your land sitting here in Delhi and this water has come out after 100 years.” The village of Dabkauri was astonished. Guruji admonished us not to sell the water or else the well would dry up.

Guruji reveals divinity's real faces

Sekhon Sahib, a man of high spiritual attainment, came with his elder brother to Jalandhar to meet Guruji. Guruji took them to an inner room. Guruji filled Sekhon Sahib's bed with diamond sets and asked the elder brother to pick up any set he wanted. He begged Guruji to keep him out of the snares of materialism. Guruji then asked Sekhon Sahib what he wanted. He requested Guruji to bestow a darshan of Guru Nanak Devji. Guruji smiled and walked out. A month and a half later, Sekhon Sahib was in samadhi in his first-floor room, its two doors locked from inside. Guruji materialized in front of him, woke him out of his samadhi and gave him Guru Nanak Devji's darshan. For 45 minutes, Sekhon Sahib saw the Sikh Guru sitting on a bed. Guruji has given him darshans of all the ten Sikh Gurus and of the medieval bhakti saints, Kabir and Meera. Idols found in our temples and gurdwaras do not match the divine faces seen during darshans, Sekhon Sahib says. Guruji controls life, death and bestows darshans of Gods and of himself as Shivji. Who then is he? THE ALMIGHTY HIMSELF! He took human form to burn the karmic reactions of our sinful activities. Why then should one not serve this Guru, without whom the doors of the mind cannot open, for no one else has the key?

– Satsang of Mrs. Sukhi, a devotee based in Chandigarh

When you knock hard at God's door

MOST RESPECTED Guruji Maharaj, with my head bowed at your lotus feet and with heartfelt gratitude and love, I humbly ask your reverence to guide me in expressing my experiences. I know that each day, each second, each breath I take is a blessing from you. Where then can I begin to write down my experiences of your divine blessings? For about your love I can write down thousands of *granths*. I humbly put pen to paper to share my experiences with your chosen few who have luckily reached your doorstep to receive the divine light.

His reverence Guruji Maharaj is the whole universe and the whole universe is inside him. There is nothing in the universe other than his divine self. He is present everywhere. The universe is just an expanding bubble ready to burst before him, but will never burst while we have him in our lives.

Dear Lord, how could you do this to me?

Even after years of wedlock, my husband David and I had not been blessed with a child. We were most distressed and had been to gynaecologists and taken fertility treatment. February of 1991 found me contemplating adopting a child from India. I decided to go to the Gurdwara Sahib Guru Nanak Durbar at 78, Serpentine Avenue, Dublin, and speak to the Lord. On arriving at the gurdwara sahib, I began conversing with the Lord. I told him that he was my father,

I was his child and this was my problem. I begged him to bless me with a child for my husband if not for me, as he had been adopted and it would be so nice for him to have someone of his own to love. My prayers sent heavenward, I confidently left the gurdwara.

A month later I realized I was pregnant. I rang up my consultant, Dr. Lenehan, and my general practitioner and told them I was pregnant. They cautiously suggested that I take a pregnancy test, as in cases like mine a few people had phantom pregnancies. I said I was 100 per cent sure, and with that I thanked Babaji Guru Nanak Sahib for his blessings. Nine months later I was blessed with a beautiful baby girl. There was joy everywhere.

As months progressed, I realized something was gravely wrong with my child. I have taken paramedic training and I noted that my baby made no eye contact. I sensed she couldn't hear, she didn't smile, coo, laugh or do normal things that babies of her age usually did. At times I told myself to stop behaving like I was at work and to stop looking for milestones in the baby's growth. I heard myself saying: "You are a mother, this is your child, stop looking for trouble—you are not at a hospital on intensive care duty." But, my soul was so disturbed that I brought her for a medical check-up. The neonatologist, following emergency procedure, straight away sent us to a neurosurgeon, the best in the country, and our difficult journey started.

CT scans, brain scans, ECGs etc. were done. Finally, Sheena was diagnosed as having cerebral palsy. We were told she would never sit, never walk, and with time her face would become distorted. She would be physically and mentally disabled. My husband David was very distressed. My soul was shattered, I was distraught, I shouted: "Dear Lord, how could you do this to me? How could you? You are not my father, my Lord." David would put his hand on my mouth and say: "You don't talk about the Lord in such a fashion." He assured me as best as he could that Sheena would be okay.

I picked Sheena up in my arms and came home. I was like a crazy woman who had had a nervous breakdown. Tears were pouring down my face. I was shouting abuse at the Lord and eventually asked David to go to Babaji's room and take the holy Granth out of the room. I was shouting: "There is no God in this world." David answered: "Sukhi, if you wish to throw God out of your life then it is your choice. Please don't ask me to commit this grave sin—I

still have faith in him.” In that case, I told him, I was going to the gurdwara and would be back later. I picked Sheena up and my sister Amy drove us to the gurdwara. I put Sheena on the floor before Babaji Guru Granth Sahib Maharaj and began acting like a crazy child. I complained to the good God: “You said you were my father, you will love me, protect me and care for me—is this what you call caring? You blessed me with the most beautiful child and you took away the most essential part of her mechanism, her brain. How could you do this?” I was weeping bitterly. The priest thought I was going mad. I then said: “Dear God! O *Akal Purakh*! I have loved you all my life. If you really exist you have to give me a sign that you hear me; if you don’t, I will never love you again. You will become non-existent for me. I will love this child, care for her, and do the best for her, but never love you again.”

I had just said so when Sheena suddenly lifted her hand and slapped me on the face. Up to this point, Sheena’s arms were so spastic that they were always stuck close to her chest. I had to give her physiotherapy three times daily to stretch her arms, as she could not do so herself.

I was excited: I knew God spoke to me.

I fell flat at his feet, asked for his forgiveness, and asked the priest to take out a *baakh*, the gospel word from the Guru Granth Sahib. The gospel’s message was that with time everything would be okay. So I picked Sheena up, thanked the Lord and went home. I began to pray to Guru Nanak Devji, the *Akal Purakh* (the transcendent being), to ask him to heal Sheena such that she may be able to crawl from her bedroom to ours and point at her mouth and tummy if she was hungry, or to point at any area which pained her. These were my wishes, as I felt she was mentally retarded and may be God would give us these blessings. David prayed to the Lord for help and to ensure that Sheena would be fine. He had strong faith throughout the ordeal.

Unbelievably, Sheena was walking

My sister, a paediatrician, came over from England to explain to David the seriousness of our daughter’s problems. She said that Sheena would have physical disabilities and her face would distort with time. She asked David to come to terms with the situation. He

was greatly upset, but throughout all this felt that everything would be all right with God's help. But, he was very depressed with what he was being told. It was at this point that my actual journey, my spiritual journey with the Lord began.

I took the gospel's word to heart and said I must offer prayer at the holy hour, the *amrit vela*. I used to secretly and quietly get up at around 2 am, crawl on the floor on my hands and knees, slip into the bathroom, wash my face, my hands and feet and then pray to the Lord. I'd say that I came to him with a clean soul, since if I had bathed the noise would have woken my husband and he would have been cross and then my prayers would fail. I would then go to his room, pray and come back, and get into bed before he awoke. This went on for 18 months. During this period, Sheena continued with physiotherapy, occupational therapy, speech therapy etc. We even began thinking of having wheelchairs and installing lifts in our home.

One evening, I was offering *Rehras Sahib paath* to Babaji and my sister Amarjit was attending to Sheena downstairs. Suddenly, I heard Amarjit shouting: "Sukhi, Sheena has started walking." I didn't comprehend what she was saying and was annoyed with her and said to myself, she shouldn't disturb me while I am doing paath. On completing it, I went downstairs—to see Sheena, before my eyes, running from one chair to another.

A miracle had happened, one that was scientifically impossible. She was glowing with a big smile. David came home from work, and all three of us fell to the ground. We could not believe what was happening. She was walking. We asked her to do it again, and again. We cried with joy, God had answered our prayers. We went to the temple and thanked God. I had salvaged a permanent legacy of inspiration to seek God's help for my child.

From that day on I lit a jyot (light) in Babaji's room, and prayed that Babaji would give me darshan through this jyot. This was a light of my love for him.

"My daughter has called me in Ireland"

Life went by. Then in March 1995 my mother fell ill. She was bleeding profusely, and the doctors said she had a growth in her uterus and needed a hysterectomy. As I was a paramedic, my mother

requested I come to India to help her. I hadn't told her of the gravity of Sheena's illness. Also, David had just lost his job. Yet we decided that Sheena and I should go to India.

One piece of the jigsaw in Sheena's growth remained unsolved. She was progressing, but she would not speak despite receiving speech therapy and would not eat regular food. As a result, she was on a special diet. So I had to make sure that during my stay in India, I would have enough of this food for her. This meant taking extra luggage for our trip.

We arrived at the airport with excess luggage, well over our allowance. The steward behind the check-in counter was insisting we pay excess charges. We couldn't afford it; I became very upset. My soul wept and I said: "Dear Lord, do something, there my mom is ill, here my child is ill; there is no money, what do I do?" Apparently—at this time Guruji, whom I did not know of then—told the sangat in Chandigarh: "*Beti has called me in Ireland. I must go there.*" Meanwhile, at the airport, the check-in steward suddenly turned to me and said that I could go: it was okay. He also assured me there would be no additional charge for the excess luggage. I thanked the Akal Purakh for his blessings and thought no more of it.

About this time, my younger sister had prayed that I visit Guruji Maharaj. My mother too had had her hysterectomy and there was an unusual happening related to it. As my mother lay in the hospital, she recalls sensing a strong fragrance in the room before the operation. In the operating theatre, the mass present in my mother's uterus became a white ball on removal, and she was fine. There was no sign of cancer. We thought nothing of it at that time, but now, on hindsight, we realize we didn't recognize or receive him; by this I mean—receive him in our soul.

Sheena speaks first words: wahe guru

One evening after my mother's operation, I was sitting at my brother's home in Sector 35 in Chandigarh and I heard some people talking about Guruji. Among them was my sister-in-law's brother Gikki, a devotee of Guruji. I felt an urge within me, like a calling. I asked if I could go and visit Guruji. My family was surprised, as I never went to pundits, *pujaris*, saints and holy men. I followed the teachings of Guru Nanak, and he says that one should not go to such places. My

family said: “Sukhi, we never asked you, as you don’t believe in these things.”

That evening, I went, very curious, to Guruji. As I got out of the car, Guruji told the sangat: “*Beti aayi hai (my daughter has come). Remember the girl I told you about.*” I entered Guruji’s durbar (temple) and bowed at his lotus feet. He gave me divine prasad (communion) and asked me to sit down. He got up and sat down beside me and began to tell me about my ailments, operations that I had gone through, my home back in Ireland and how it was decorated, the contents of each room, the toys, cutlery, dinner sets in extremely fine detail. I was shocked. Still Guruji said: “*Here she is; black and white, everything must add up in her life. 1+1=2; 1+1 can never be 3. I have to show and prove a lot to her.*” A woman sitting beside me turned around and said: “Guruji told us you knocked so hard at God’s door that you got your daughter healed. She has a new life. You have Guruji to thank for this.”

I was shocked, and confused, as this was a secret between the Lord and me. How did Guruji know this?

I gazed at him. At first I queried this happening, and then I broke out in a flood of tears. As no soul or even a divine person knew the secret between God and me—that I woke up at the holy hour to offer prayers for the health of my daughter—I asked Guruji mentally: “Who are you? Are you who I think you are?” A blinding light enveloped my body and the entire room. I fell at his feet and cried, “Are you who I think you are?” over and over again. And then I said: “O Omnipresent Master, I thank you for healing my child.”

He smiled so beautifully. Suddenly, the joy of God-communion was revealed in his wonderful smile. His eyes were half open to denote a nominal interest in the outer world, and half closed in inner absorption on his own state. Then I excused myself and sat right at the back of the congregation to observe what was happening.

I asked people around me to narrate their experiences and talk about their guru. From what I observed and what my maternal grandfather and the holy books had told me, what the Guru Granth Sahib had taught me was being verbally communicated. I said that as per my observation, Guruji is very much like Guru Nanak. As I said this, Guruji called me forward and said, “*Sukhi, you will never forget this coming Baisakhi.*” To me, Baisakhi only meant the harvest season.

I could smell a great fragrance of roses and lavender around Guruji. People asked me to smell Guruji's feet and hands—they were oozing with the fragrance of roses. I touched his feet and my hands were full of his fragrance. This left me confused. Guruji turned around to me and said, "*Beti, this is amrit (nectar).*" At the same time he was healing people around me and I could see this happening—and every time he healed a person, he would smile. At the end of the night, I bowed my head at his lotus feet. And as I lifted my head and gazed soulfully in his eyes, two rays of light hit me. They were full of stars. I realized who he was. As a child I always thought the Lord would come to me as rays of light, and would reach me through his eyes and they would be full of stars.

As I was leaving for home, Guruji asked me to bring Sheena the next day. I said it would be difficult as she would not eat. I was also afraid that people would stare at her, but said I would do as instructed. The next day I brought Sheena to Guruji. As we approached the divine entrance to Guruji's mandir at Sector 33, Sheena left my hand and ran towards Guruji. She bowed at his lotus feet and said: "*Wahe guru.*" My child spoke for the first time. Tears choked me up. Then Guruji asked me to take Sheena to have langar. I took her to the langar hall and put a very tiny piece of chapatti in her mouth, which she was unable to consume. When we returned to Guruji, he asked: "*Did she eat anything?*" I said she hadn't. He said: "*You put a small piece in her mouth.*" Since that day, my daughter hasn't looked back. The last piece of the jigsaw came in place at the Lord's doorstep.

An unimaginable Baisakhi harvest

Everyday from then on, in the early hours of the morning, Guruji would go to the Sukhna lake (in Chandigarh) for a walk. As he set foot out of his car, all around as far away as you could see, peacocks would sing at the top of their voices. Guruji would be walking beside the lake and as he moved, his feet would not touch the ground.

On Baisakhi morning, Guruji took me and a few others in his car as Guru Sawari. Suddenly, the surroundings changed. Guruji said: "*Sukhi, look who has come! Sukhi, look who has come!*" I looked ahead through the windscreen. There was Guru Nanak Devji and Shivji. I looked again, and shook myself to make sure Guruji had not put a spell on me. I know what I saw with Guruji that day.

I thank Guru Nanak Devji for giving me darshan and, most of all, my child's new life. I never dreamt that my wish of having the darshan of Babaji through my jyot of love would be a reality in this birth. Ecstatic with joy and love, I wanted to tell everyone about Guruji, and have been doing so. And I hope those who read this will understand and ask themselves: "Who is this? Who is Guruji?" He is God Almighty. He came to save us.

That evening there was a Baisakhi function, and Guruji asked a few congregation members about my whereabouts. I was at home. I could not find the strength in my soul to face him after realizing who he was. Eventually I was called, and when I arrived I was bestowed with so much love. I wanted to look into the soul of dear Lord God.

The day after Baisakhi, Guruji said to me, "*Ask for a blessing for yourself.*" I answered: "What else could I wish for? You have given me everything. I have been so weak to recognize you." Eventually I asked him to heal my sister Amarjit, suffering from severe arthritis. Amarjit was finding it difficult to work because of the pain, and was taking medication and gold injections on her wrists. Guruji told me to bring her photo. He predicted she would ring me up and that I must tell her to throw away all her medicines. He said she is fine. Sure enough, the sequence of events revealed that my sister was cured sitting in Ireland, healed by Guruji in India. She came the following year to see Guruji and thanked him.

Another incident took place. Guruji told me my husband would ring me the next day. I should tell him that the fridge at our home in Ireland had broken down and the food was rotting. David called me, and when I told him what Guruji had said about the fridge, he joked and said he was at home and everything was fine. On returning to Ireland, I found that the freezer in the basement of the house was indeed broken and all the food had turned rotten.

The song of the peacock

The time approached when I had to return home to Ireland—I was to be separated from my Guru. He told me he would communicate with me by telepathy. I was sad, as I didn't understand what he meant. In due course I was to realize that he did communicate with me by telepathy. I wasn't allowed to communicate verbally with him. When I questioned him, he would answer.

On the day of my departure from Chandigarh, we went for our usual walk at 2 am. Not a single peacock sang, as we walked by the lake in dead silence. At the end of the walk I looked at Guruji and asked in my heart: “What about my answer?” A single peacock suddenly sang. Guruji smiled at me. In ignorance, I departed for Dublin. I missed Guruji gravely. Next morning, back in Dublin, I went to offer prayers. And there it was: my answer: a peacock perched on the windowsill, singing. I broke down in tears, and now, whenever Guruji is around, there is often a peacock singing. Or on some occasions, we find peacock feathers.

Guruji in Dublin: jeans, a blue T-shirt

Another remarkable incident occurred on my return to Ireland. It relates to my husband who doubted Guruji and eventually came to visit him. His experience is narrated below in his own words:

“Autumn of 1995: I had joined a company to start a sales division selling a new development in IT equipment. As the technology was new and relatively expensive, I knew it would be slow to build sales revenues, but should succeed. On this particular day, I had visited a prospective client’s company in the centre of Dublin, and presented the product. The customer was interested in purchasing, but would not commit to the sale at that time.

“As I left the customer I drove over a bridge, and was surprised to see Guruji walking on the pavement, wearing dark denim jeans and a light blue T shirt. I was so surprised, I quickly turned the car and went back to greet him. He was not to be found, he had disappeared.

“I went home and told Sukhi what had happened—that Guruji had visited Dublin. That made me confident that this sale would be successful. Some weeks later, the sale was duly completed. It was the first sale for the company.”

Several months afterwards, David fell ill. He was taken to the hospital with chest pain and a suspected heart condition. The initial ECG revealed that there had been cardiac activity suggesting a heart attack. I had worked previously in intensive care and was very

worried by the developments. I called upon Guruji to help David and me, and gave David a blessed pendant of Guruji. They kept David in for further tests, and as he lay in the accident and emergency unit, he smelled the fragrance of roses, became drowsy and fell asleep.

During this time, I rang up Guruji. When I dialled the number, Guruji answered himself. He said: *“My dear child, I have already been with David. Do not worry, everything is ok.”* I returned to David’s bedside. He woke up later, felt better and said that the pain had gone. He told me of the fragrance and said he thought Guruji had come to him. They ran further tests on him, and could find no sign of a medical or heart problem. The ECG had returned to normal and he was discharged. He was later requested to undergo a stress test/exercise ECG, which he passed; the medical team said he had the heart of a man many years his junior. I was overwhelmed. I was still learning about the Lord. We humans are so weak and frail that we shatter so quickly. Every word that comes out of the Lord’s mouth is like gold dust and should not be taken lightly, as it is the gospel truth.

My Father’s presence

Once, everybody in Guruji’s sangat received a silver coin with Baba Nanak’s picture on one side and Guruji’s charan on the other. While this happened in India, at the same time I received one in Ireland. At times when I prayed, I received prasad (misri) from his photograph, and some times flowers (red roses). On one particular occasion, my sister Amarjit sat in Guruji’s room, looked at his photograph and challenged Guruji. “Why Sukhi? Why not me?” Suddenly, his eyes moved in the photograph. She became hysterical and rushed down to me, weeping profusely, saying how sorry she was to have challenged Guruji.

Then once we found ourselves driving late at night. We had to travel a long distance by car and our petrol tank was almost empty. We feared we would run out of petrol within half an hour. When we reached the petrol station after an hour’s drive, we found it was closed. We had no option but to keep driving. An hour later we reached home without filling any petrol. We had driven for over two hours and reached our destination on a near-empty fuel tank, with the help of Guruji.

I also learned through Guruji how Guru Nanak and Lord Shiva were related. I learned how on Shivratri, Guru Nanak Devji used to go to a Lord Shiva temple, sit on a hill and listen to Shivji.

My life has changed in search of the true love of God. He has helped me through my most difficult times. He has given me divine life, strength, protection, inspiration, the will to carry on living and to search for his divine spirit. I strive to be a good human, so I may stay close to his feet. I pray with my heart and soul that he keeps me close to his lotus feet, and pray for his long life so that he may continue to heal and cleanse others' souls. He is our saviour; he is helping us with our karma. Every moment of my life is filled with new experiences of Guruji. I could go on writing and sharing experiences with everybody. I pray that all of you search your souls to see and recognize Guruji in your lives and happenings. How blessed we all are under his umbrella! I ask his reverence for forgiveness for my shortcomings during my narration of my experiences and pray for his love and promise to share my experiences with one and all and spread his word. Dear Lord, keep me near your sangat and near your lotus feet.

—satsang of Sukhi Harrison, a devotee based in Dublin, Ireland



Jai Guruji!

I WAS lost completely. Life seemed to be drifting by. Over time I had lost faith in God. I felt God did not exist. I had stopped going to temples or offering prayers. Life seemed an ordeal. I would wonder many times why God had created me: Just to enjoy the show when I was in trouble? If at all God did exist, I used to think, he was a sadist.

Yet Guruji took me under his sharan. Blessed me with his darshan, nurtured me like a mother nurtures her child, gave me so much that I cannot even thank him for it. I may never know all that he has done for me. For what I see, what I have got is just the tip of the iceberg. That too, when I did not deserve any of it. Without my ever asking for it, without ever letting me feel that he was giving me so much.

Retrieved from the clutches of cancer

We were first blessed with the darshan of Guruji Maharaj in March 1998. I was 24 years old then and had been operated upon for neuroblastoma, a malignant tumour. My life was devastated. A colleague of my mother, both doctors by profession, had told us about the miraculous powers of Guruji. But, a newcomer like me was naturally sceptical. As directed, we told Guruji about my condition. Guruji's response was: "*Kalyan kitta (I have blessed you).*" Little did we realise the impact of these words. When Guruji says something, it is eternal truth. It took us a long time to realise that I had been eternally blessed. I was getting the blessed langar and prasad, which was Guruji's medicine for treating me. And the result was for all to see. Unbelievably, I was on the road to recovery. A couple of months

later the divine healing was confirmed. I had gone for a CT scan six months after the operation to check the status of the disease. The scan showed that the three suspicious patches (on the liver, kidney and stomach) observed in the post-operative scan earlier had now disappeared. A Miracle with a capital M had just occurred: My body had been retrieved from the clutches of cancer!

In due course, with Guruji's blessings I recovered completely. Today it has been nearly a decade since cancer afflicted me. I have not only shaken off the disease, I retain Guruji's blessings of good health. The only medicines I have been taking are the langar and the chai prasad. The doctors who had been dismissively sceptical of my recovery now tell me to forget that I ever had cancer. They don't need to tell me: I know I have got a new life with the grace of Guruji's blessings.

Phagwara to Delhi by car—eyes wide shut

In February 2002, we got an invitation from Guruji to attend a marriage. The marriage was in Phagwara, Punjab, several hundred kilometres from Delhi. My parents and I went for the marriage. On the wedding day, we started off in the morning in our car and reached the venue in the evening. Guruji had come to bless the couple and the sangat. After the ceremony, Guruji asked us and another devotee Gen. Malhotra to leave for Delhi without staying over for the night. We did as told.

It was 12.30 in the night when we headed towards Delhi. Our car was following Gen. Malhotra's Gypsy; I was behind the wheel. Soon after we started the journey, my parents fell asleep. After 15 minutes of driving, I too started feeling a bit sleepy. It being night and there being little or no traffic on the highway, we were travelling at speeds of over 100 kmph. As time progressed, I felt more and more sleepy. I could not wake up Dad, as he was tired from the daylong journey and we had to follow Guruji's aadesh, so the journey could not be avoided.

Thrice I was jolted from my sleep only to realise that the car was going off the road. It was comfortably steered back on track every time. We stopped the car once and I washed my face with cold water to freshen up a bit. That it did not help was another matter. We kept on driving the whole night. I could barely hold my head up to see

the road. My eyes were remotely locked to the taillights of the Gypsy ahead with the hands taking the support of the wheel. I knew that if the car ahead braked, I would not be able to brake in time even though I was maintaining a good distance. I also know that I do not remember passing by a single town that night. I do not remember seeing any other vehicle that we might have passed. After entering Delhi in the morning, I asked my father to drive, as I could not do so further.

Was it me who was driving the car that night? Or was there an invisible force that was keeping the car on track for so many hundreds of kilometres. Even today, when I tell people about this incident, they are horrified. Anything could have happened that night. But, I know, Guruji is there, always protecting us all, no matter where we are, whether we are awake or driving or sleeping. We just have to follow his aadesh without thinking about ifs and buts. We are bound to succeed because his blessings are there with us. He is the one who has to do everything while it may appear that we are doing something. All we can say is: thank you, Guruji!

The master (wedding) planner

Soon after I had been cured of cancer, Guruji would frequently tell my parents, “*Munde da vyah kara do (Get your son married)*” whenever we visited him. A search was launched, but without success. Somehow things were not materializing anywhere. We told Guruji about this. He replied: “*Tainu punjabi kudi dilaunga (You will get a Punjabi girl)*”. Since we did not know any Punjabi family, we asked Guruji if we should put an advertisement in the newspapers. He forbade this, saying, “*Chinta na kar, ho jayega (Don’t worry, it will be done)*.” Again, we did not realise the truth behind Guruji’s words. Since I never used to go to any social gatherings, we were wondering how this would happen, as even my friends in office had relocated.

I rarely visited the office canteen. But, once when I had gone there with some colleagues, a girl suddenly came and asked me about one of my friends, Deepak. I told her that Deepak had left office some time back. The girl, Chhavi, had done her MCA training under my friend before he had left. Now she had joined our office as an employee after a gap of one year. Soon, things started moving in the

right direction. We asked Guruji about the match, which he blessed. Need I add here that the girl belonged to a Punjabi family as Guruji had foretold almost three years ago?

Holding our malefic stars at bay

Soon after our marriage, our problems began. Everything seemed to be going wrong. We would have lots of fights over seemingly trivial issues. Out of nowhere and for no reason our fights would erupt. Either we would not get time together or if we got time we would be fighting. As time progressed, both the frequency as well as the intensity of our troubles increased. So much so that much distressed we would pour our hearts out before Guruji: If we were to have so many troubles, we'd say, you should not have allowed us to marry. This went on for almost two years.

At this time, rather than keeping faith and praying to Guruji, we did something more foolish. We went to a famous astrologer for consultation. We told him that we were facing problems in our marriage and showed him our horoscopes. Upon looking at them, the first thing he said was: "Be thankful that you both are alive today and with each other. Your horoscopes are such that either one of you would have killed the other by now or else both of you would have been going for your second marriage." As if that wasn't enough, the astrologer put the last nail in the coffin. Out of 36 gunas (loosely, qualities; horoscopes are matched and the higher the number of qualities that match, the better a proposal), he said, our match came to -10. While other couples would have a match of over 30 points, we were in the negative. We were shell-shocked.

While we were being short-sighted, Guruji had planned way ahead. The troubles that we would otherwise have faced for the rest of our lives were reduced to a very short duration. During this time, our marriage was held intact by the invisible force of Guruji's grace. Soon after, things started coming on the right track. The problems disappeared as mysteriously as they had come. There was nothing that we had done or could do to sort things out. It was only because of the blessings of Guruji that our horoscopes had been rewritten. The dark night was over.

Proof of this, though none is required, comes from the fact that predictions of Chhavi's father, (who reads horoscopes himself),

which were earlier reasonably accurate, have all proved wrong for her after her marriage. There is no relation between her horoscope and what actually happens in her life.

I get out of office snare

I was once having a lot of trouble in office. The result was that we would remain tense and lie awake all night. I developed severe acidity and suffered from lack of sleep. I could not even take leave from office. This went on for one full week.

On Monday morning, next week, I woke up and found that my right leg had developed a peculiar problem. I could not control my right foot beyond the 90-degree angle. That meant I could not stretch it and it would drop lifelessly whenever I lifted my foot. At first it seemed as though it was a temporary numbness. But when there was no improvement during the whole day, it seemed a major problem was round the corner. Meanwhile, I had to compulsorily take leave from office, as I could not even walk normally. I had to drag my foot since I could not lift it. I got the leave—an impossible request considering the situation prevailing in office the previous week—easily.

Over the next few days, we were running around in hospitals where a number of tests, particularly of the nerves, were done to find out the cause of the problem. All the reports were normal, yet we had a problem at hand. During this time I realised, that when the need so arose, I could drive a two-wheeler and even the car. And this I did, since I had to drop my wife to office, a few kilometres away. Since I could control the foot when the angle was less than 90 degrees, I could drive even though the problem was in the right foot, which is used for braking and acceleration.

The severity of the ‘problem’ helped me get leave from office and the running around in hospitals for tests took my mind off the tension. Three weeks after the ‘problem’ was first discovered, I resumed work at office. I was fit and fine mentally as well as physically. Where the so-called ‘problem’ had come from and where it vanished to no one knows. The ‘problem’ was never diagnosed and a solution never found. But this ‘problem’ did take away my real problem. How Guruji solves our problems so perfectly only he knows. And the jigsaw puzzle fits in place when he is at work.

Landing in the lap of God

One evening, I was going to pick my wife from office. Since I was getting late, I was going fast at around 70 kmph. Suddenly, on a busy crossing, something came under the wheel of my scooter. The impact was such that I just flew off it and hit the ground headfirst. Due to the high momentum, I skidded on the road with my head and right shoulder bearing all the weight. I skidded a long distance as did my scooter.

Once I was able to get up, I took a taxi and came back home. Except for minor bruises on the leg and a collarbone fracture from which I recovered within a week, I was all right.

Guruji's grace and protective power was clearly evident throughout. Even though the accident took place at a busy intersection during peak office hours, yet not a single vehicle was present. The impact with which I had landed on my head should have resulted in severe head injuries, if not a broken neck resulting in fatality. On the contrary, there was not even a single scratch on my face. During the long distance along which both I and the scooter skidded, I could easily have been hit either by my own vehicle or crashed into the central verge just a few feet away. And last but not the least, recovering from a collarbone fracture in a week is nothing short of a miracle in itself.

Evidence of the fact is that exactly a week after the accident, we had to shift our residence. While my parents were out, my wife and I shifted all the heavy furniture in the house. My shoulder bore all that weight comfortably.

Guruji's protection surpasses all odds. Long before we know that we are in trouble, Guruji arranges for our protection. Either the severity of the problem is reduced or it is eradicated even before it occurs.

Protection unlimited: saved once again

My wife and I had left our Gurgaon home for office one day and since as usual I was running late, I was driving very fast. It was a straight stretch of road and practically empty. Suddenly, the person travelling ahead of us on a scooter stopped in the middle of the road to talk to someone. He did not know that there was another vehicle

behind him. Though I braked, the car skidded and hit the scooter.

The man was thrown off his scooter and landed on the windscreen of our car. He was brought to one side and made to lie down on the grass. He had been hit in the back badly and was not able to sit up because of the impact. Except for a very minor cut on the head, there was no open wound.

We took him to a hospital nearby, where the doctors performed several x-rays and tests on him. I was praying to Guruji both for the person and also for myself as there would have been serious repercussions if anything serious happened to the man. My prayers were answered when the reports came. The doctor confirmed that there had been no major injury to the person, but because of the bad hit in the back and to get over the shock he just needed some rest. He was discharged later the same day. I left the hospital thanking Guruji for saving me once again.

Now my wife, Chhavi, recounts how she switched jobs and how we were blessed with our children Arjun and Gauri:

I get a job in 48 hours

March 2005: I was very upset with my job at that time. I had been trying for a change of job since the last two years. Unnecessary late hours, a bad work culture and poor work appreciation was commonplace. One Thursday, out of sheer frustration, I decided to skip office. I just prayed to Guruji about my job. Suddenly, in the evening I decided to apply for openings available online and we left for Sumeet's office. I felt Guruji's presence close to me at that time. On the way to the office, I got a call from a friend saying there were vacancies in their office at Noida. I looked at Guruji's photo in the car, and felt as if Guruji was smiling. I mailed my resume to my friend, and the very next morning got a call for a test and interview to be held on Saturday.

Since only half a day was left for the interview, and there were lots of things to study, I asked Sumeet to test me. He took the test for less than an hour and asked about 10 to 15 questions randomly from a database of more than 1000 questions. After that I asked him if I had passed the test, and he said: "Yes." I felt as if it was not Sumeet, but Guruji who had said: "Yes."

At the interview I was to go through two rounds. The first round was a written test. If cleared, it would be followed by a technical interview. In the first round, the seat that was allotted to me had a photograph of Lord Shiva as the desktop wallpaper. I took it as a message from Guruji that I would get through the written round. And I cleared the round comfortably.

In the next round, I was asked questions pertaining to my subject. And believe it or not, I was asked the very same questions that Sumeet had asked me the night before! While all other candidates were interviewed for at least an hour, I was given the green signal in just 15 minutes. Not only that, my salary package was double of what I was getting earlier and I had a comfortable work environment.

While the interview was being conducted, Sumeet was waiting for me outside the office. When I went back, before I could say anything, Sumeet cut me short and asked me: “Have you got the appointment letter today or will they give it on Monday?” I told him what had happened inside.

For a non-believer, this may seem like a series of coincidences, but the fact remains that it was only due to Guruji’s *meher* (grace) that I got to switch jobs in just 48 hours. Not only was I able to change over from a dissatisfying work environment, I got a job that was far more suitable and better than my last one in all respects.

Twin blessings in our lives

After two years of marriage, we had planned to start a family. When we didn’t succeed, we decided to seek medical advice. The first bad news came when we knew that there surely was some problem. After visiting many more doctors and undergoing treatment, including ayurvedic therapies, and after countless investigations, the results shook our world. The verdict was that there was some problem with me, which reduced my chances of conceiving to 25 per cent, but my husband’s reports were worse. All the doctors confirmed that his count was practically nil. We were also told that not only it would be nearly impossible for us go the family way, but even with the most advanced technique, IVF, the chances of success were remote. We were sceptical about going in for treatment because of several factors, but primarily due to the

low chances of success. We even started thinking of going in for adoption.

But, all was not lost yet. We got a message from Guruji to go in for treatment as Guruji had blessed us for the same. On New Year's Eve of 2005, Guruji, while giving prasad to me said "*Ja tainu dawai ditti (I have given you medicine)*". And from the same day we started the treatment.

It was not easy but Guruji helped us at every step to complete the treatment. Be it physical pain or financial trouble or anything, Guruji protected us throughout. On 13 February, on my birthday, he gave us a gift when the report confirmed the 'good news'. On 26 February 2006, which was Shivratri, I had a massive hemorrhage. I was in terrible pain the whole day. Sumeet placed a photo of Guruji by my side, after which I got some relief and was able to sleep for an hour. In the evening, my brother-in-law Hitesh called us up from Bade Mandir and told us that my name was in the aarti list and that we should be there in time. Upon hearing this, tears rolled down our eyes: how much Guruji cares for each one of his sangat! Even though our doctor had given strict instructions that I should not move out of the bed, not even to the bathroom, and I did not even have the strength to get up the whole day, a miracle happened after the phone call from Bade Mandir. I was not only able to get out of bed, I got ready and reached Bade Mandir just in time for the aarti.

Since the doctor had advised complete bed rest for a few days and even forbade us to come to her, as any movement could have been dangerous, we visited her after a few days. The doctor became pale after examining me. She told us that it was a massive hemorrhage and the placenta had been detached, but both the babies were fine and growing well. That was another of Guruji's miracle. Of course we did not have the nerve to tell her that I had travelled nearly 80 km the other day.

After this incident I was prescribed very heavy dosages of medicines, which were causing a lot of nausea. I was not able to take such a dose; so every time I would pray to Guruji to save me from the medicines. Soon I was diagnosed with jaundice due to overmedication. The doctor had no choice but to stop all my medicines. Thank you, Guruji, once again.

Doctors had given us 22 October as the due date but on 21 September, as conveyed to us by Guruji, we received the most beautiful gift—twins. After discharge from hospital, we took the new-borns to Empire Estate to get Guruji's blessings. Guruji very lovingly smiled on them and blessed them to be Arjun and Gauri.

We know Guruji that we can never thank you enough for all that you have done for us. There are innumerable instances of Guruji blessings. It is not possible to list all those, only some of the major ones have been listed here. We are eternally thankful to Guruji that he is always there to protect us, guide us and shower his blessings on us.

—satsang of Chhavi and Sumeet Jethra



...Guru bin ghor andhyar.

*Though a hundred moons and a thousand suns may
rise, without the guru there is unending darkness*

BEFORE MEETING Guruji, I was a self-willed and stubborn person inclined to go my own way. But tragedies benumbed my spirit. Someone poisoned my entire life when I ate food on which ashes ground from the bones of a dead person had been mixed. It was powerful black magic and it nearly did me in. It was 1987 and I was bed-ridden since then. I could not walk or sit; I could digest nothing.

I went to everybody for help—to saints, tantriks, fakirs, pundits. They told me that I had been marked for death; they could do nothing to avert it for whosoever would try to help out stood a good chance of landing in the grave himself. I suffered for a decade.

“Keep coming here”

Then a Canadian I knew, Luna, daughter of the late Harpal Tiwana, actor and director, told me to go to Guruji. She said he can help you if you have faith. She was at her in-laws’ place and it was October 1996 when she told me this. I went with her parents who had come from Patiala to have Guruji’s darshan in Panchkula.

As we were parking our cars outside Guruji's place, he came out of the sangat hall and we all touched his lotus feet. Luna tried to introduce me to Guruji. She only managed to say, "She...", when Guruji identified me by my name. He remarked that many wrongs had been done to me. I immediately felt that he could be omniscient.

Guruji made me sit to the right of his throne. He kept looking at my forehead as if reading my karma—past, present, and future. And he took no notice of all the big shots staring at me. For I was hideous and my body and face swollen; my eyes were just slits. For almost an hour I sat with him and could feel a divine vibration around me. For the first time after ten years, I was at peace with myself.

He then told me to have langar but, unaware of its importance, I tried to sneak out of the gathering that was eating the meal. How could I have free food, I thought. But Guruji could not be denied. He told me a second time to have langar, so I did. Then he made me sit on his left and asked me to press and massage his left hand. After half an hour, he pressed my thumb with his. Around 60 per cent of my ills disappeared instantly. After I had sat at his feet, he gave me a sublime smile and said: "*Keep coming here.*"

That day he gave me hope. But, for six months Luna's in-laws kept me occupied. I sold them four *kanals* of land in Zirakpur, near Chandigarh. During the time of registration, I felt I had been cheated of Rs. 1.5 lakh. And, of course, I was unable to follow Guruji's command. After six months I went to Panchkula, but was told Guruji had shifted to Chandigarh. I went there that very hour. As soon as he saw me, he said aloud from across the hall that I had been duped of Rs 1.5 lakh. His omniscience was at the front yet again! Thereafter, Guruji gave me the silent treatment for two years. (Much later, I read in the Shiva Purana the injunction that the guru should test his disciple for two years.) But I kept on coming.

Two eyes on my wall

In a good mood, Guruji would distribute his photographs to devotees, but he would consistently bypass me. I felt very hurt. But, I obeyed him even though I was stubborn, having been the youngest and most pampered among five sisters. I used to reach daily by 7 pm

for the sangat. After two years, I was delayed. That day, devotees told me, Guruji asked about me frequently, wondering if I had come or not at least 10 times. I was stunned.

He also happened to be in a great mood. He was prophesying world events and trends and kept talking for hours together. What devotees heard that day make for today's newspaper headlines. I folded my hands and after taking his permission to query him, I asked: "Guruji, am I that unlucky that you don't give me your photo?" He said: "*You don't need a photo; I reside in your heart.*" The remark struck me: I realized that he was God, for only God resides in our hearts. But he did give me a small snap, saying it was his ID. I always keep it with me. I would always keep the snap under my pillow while sleeping, or pin it on my dress. I felt it protected me from evil spirits.

In the bedroom, I kept Guruji's photograph and did my puja before it. In time, two living eyes emerged from the photo. They were big and beautiful. I never felt afraid of them. I kept asking them whether they were Brahma, Vishnu or Shiva and they would just flicker. They also began to emit light. These divine eyes were to me living proof that Lord Shiva had incarnated as Guruji.

Before meeting Guruji

Before I had gone to Guruji, I had met Baba Charan Das, the head of the Radha Swamis. I met the baba through a friend of mine, Farrell Brener of the US. A Radha Swami follower, Brener had come to India to do research on parapsychology. He wanted me to meet Baba Charan Das. I insisted that he first go to Hoshiarpur, where I would ask questions of the Bhrigu Samhita (written by the seer Bhrigu, this book is said to contain the birth charts of all the people born [and yet-to-be born] and predictions are made based on it), with me. This was my way of checking him out. A reading from the samhita, which I utterly believed in, said that this was a lucky day for both of us. The samhita had earlier predicted that I was a goddess whose only purpose in life or in coming to earth, if you will, was to gain moksha or salvation.

Convinced that I was not being taken in, I met Baba Charan Das. He used to give *naam* to people. At that time my mother was seriously ill with Parkinson's disease. I made it conditional that I

would only take the naam if my mother was cured. He agreed and I was initiated. But my mother passed away soon after. I was dismayed. I have been clairvoyant since childhood and often dream of coming events. Sometimes, I can also hear a divine voice, the *akashvani*. I turned to God, asking him whether the baba was God. The divine voice said he was on the way. We all are on the way, I remember thinking, and I was his follower no more.

A tree that touched the sky

After I had met Guruji, I again turned to the divine voice. I asked it who he is. The answer was: he is God himself. After this revelation, I worshipped Guruji without doubt. Guruji continued showing me miracles. Using his small photo, I would enter into meditation. The photograph's eyes would start blinking and the forehead start emitting light.

Again I turned inward and prayed to God to find out who he is and what my ultimate aim in life was. When I came to the sangat after praying, Guruji was enthroned on his seat. Light came forth from his feet, went around the green carpet laid out on the floor, touched me and went back to him again. I felt my question had been answered. He was the beginning, the middle and the end of all, and of my quest. We begin from him and end in him. In the Kal Yuga, God comes in a human form to salvage the good souls. He has come.

I now think that I had lost faith in God and was directed to Guruji for the restoration of my faith and the fulfilment of my ultimate purpose. And the Satguru had mercy on me. I had nearly touched the shores of death; he brought me back. Guruji has made me realize my purpose after I lost my path.

It is only on earth that one can get moksha; in swarga, or heaven, one only reaps the benefits of good deeds. Moksha comes through the blessings of the guru (as the Sanskrit mantra has it: *mokshamulam gururkripa*, i.e., the root of liberation is the guru's grace). As the Guru Granth Sahib says in the Jap Sahib: *Ja so chanda uge, suraj chade hajar, ete charan hunday, guru bin ghor andhyaar* (Though a hundred moons and a thousand suns may rise, without the guru there is unending darkness).

I have come to know of many japs (sacred words used for devotional recitation), particularly one *amara sanjivni mantra* that can breathe life into a corpse. It invokes Shiva, saying: O God! O Siva! Your name is like the wish-fulfilling tree. After I had done this mantra, I literally saw it. At 3.30 am in my house, Guruji gave me his darshan and showed me a high tree touching the sky; a serpent of light was coiled around the base of the wish-fulfilling tree. Guruji had given a practical demonstration of a theoretical concept.

Under him, everything turns fair

Ever since black magic had been performed on me, my skin had turned black. After I had spent nearly two years with Guruji, one day Luna's father called me towards Guruji and then sat me facing Guruji. Guruji immediately remarked on my complexion. If God has made me ugly, I countered, what can I do? He said that if God had made me black, he would make me fair. He then asked me to have chai prasad. Slowly as I continued to be the recipient of his blessings, my complexion became fairer.

One day he made me sit near him. I had just gone to England and brought expensive creams to gain a fair complexion. Guruji asked me to bring them to him. It was 12.30 at night and I told him that my neighbours would trouble me. He told me that he was with me and I needn't worry. I brought the creams to him and rubbed them on his feet as he had told me to do. As I was doing so, he exclaimed before another lady devotee: "What a big heart she has! She has brought all the creams." After I had finished worshipping his feet, I found I had been relieved of a pain in my legs that had dogged me over the years.

As I have said, I used to be lonely and ill at ease in my flat at Chandigarh. Once I was going back from Guruji's at about 1.30 at night. I reached my place and was climbing up the flight of stairs to my second-floor house when I smelt Guruji's rose-like presence. I was instantly comforted. But I had hardly closed the door behind me, when I heard someone cough. I jumped out of my skin. Who could it be? Had miscreants been able to steal in? I couldn't sleep at all that night.

The next day as I was entering Guruji's durbar, he coughed in the same manner. I understood then that it was him who had been in the house last night.

Knowing Guruji was regularly visiting me in the house, especially during the golden hours of early morning, I thought of changing the curtains. As I was doing so, I fell down. My spine was already injured and now this—that too when I was putting on new drapes for him. I went to sleep. In a dream, I saw Guruji had come to my house with two of his devotees. He asked them to turn off the AC since I had suffered a fall. When I woke up I found that not only my AC, but my fan had also been turned off. That's how caring Guruji can be. When he takes care, he really does take care.

Yet another day, when I was driving back after participating in the sangat, a cow reared up in front of my vehicle. I just shouted Guruji and was miraculously saved. When I reached home, I found that Guruji had been asking the devotees to keep ringing me up. I spoke to him over the phone and he asked me how I was.

Once I was coming back from the Shiva temple at Saketri (near Panchkula), and it had turned quite late at night. The right wheel of my car got stuck in a culvert. Push the accelerator as I might, the wheel didn't budge. I must have been stranded for half an hour, when I saw a local bus rushing towards my vehicle. I shouted 'Guruji' and the car was ejected out of the pit. I was safe and on the road again.

Guruji takes care of not only my physical but also my emotional self. I was teaching at a physical education college in Chandigarh. The teachers, who bore a grouse against the arts faculty, were hostile. One day I couldn't take their constant harassment and sat weeping inside my car. Immediately, Guruji's essence surrounded me. I was able to get over my emotional upheaval. A former bureaucrat Sardar Manmohan Singh had been very helpful to me. But after his retirement, his brain cells started degenerating. He would often be soliloquizing and was kept bound inside his house. Since he had done me a good turn, I wished that he would recover and brought his problem before Guruji. Guruji asked his wife to bring a copper tumbler and blessed it. I also brought the former bureaucrat to Guruji, and Guruji just told him to sleep at night. Surprisingly, he was able to get a good night's sleep after ages.

Shri Guru Granth Sahib's message

One day, Guruji also asked the sardar's wife to buy *chavar*, keep them at her house on Thursday and Friday and then give them to the Sector 44 Nihang Gurdwara. She was supposed to ask for the Guru Granth Sahib's message for that day. (The holy Sikh scripture is opened and a passage read. This is the guru's message for the day).

She didn't, but I did. The teenaged boy opened the holy scripture and gave me the holy word. It read to mean that God was whole (*puran*, or complete) in the past, is whole now and would be whole in the future. That the moon and the sun follow his command, and he is seen by those who are *nirmal* (kind and humble). I wrote down the message and brought it with me to the sangat. But I did not have the courage to show it to Guruji, especially when I had not been instructed to do any of this. At 3.30 am, Guruji gave me his darshan. In his hands he had that very page of the Shri Guru Granth Sahib, showing the same words. What does this mean? He is the creator of the holy scripture.

The gift of a garland

Guruji told me to sell my flat in Chandigarh. I sold it but couldn't find a home to settle down in. Guruji then sent me to live with the Kheras, his long-time devotees. Mr. Khera had been Guruji's teacher in school and Guruji had cured him of skin cancer. He had also blessed them with a son. The Kheras set me up in a room.

I was so ill that I could not travel, and Guruji had moved to Delhi. Guruji would send *prasad*, and I would have it. It was medicine for me and took out the effects of the black magic. The *prasad* he sent was so powerful that I would vomit out blood after eating it. I found that the poison that had been given to me—the ashes—came out while I was vomiting.

But it was tough to be away from him. I would weep before Guruji's photograph in that room whenever they would go to Delhi. Once I wept and bitterly told him: *Jab kaliyan mangi, kanto ka har mila* (I asked for flowers, but I got thorns in return: the line comes from an old Bollywood song.) When the Kheras arrived next morning, they came with a gift: a garland of flowers that Guruji had sent for me.

Guruji keeps tapping into our souls. He acknowledges our love. He knows our inner feelings.

Finding my house

Later, I decided to shift to the state college hostel since I needed some personal space. My neighbours were getting a *navgrah puja* (worship of the nine planets) done. I was intrigued enough to ask a pundit to do it for me. However, I worshipped Guruji at the beginning of the puja, which involved doing a *havan*. After the pundit had gone, I gave in to my exhaustion and was about to drop off. Suddenly, I saw a figure attired in red, his eyes in front of me. It looked the same as Guruji's photograph. Before I could surmise further, the omniscient Satguru called me up over phone and said: "*Were you doing my puja?*"

I had no house of my own and was living in a flat in Panchkula. But it was not the house I ultimately shifted to. Guruji had shown me this house. In 1998, in a dream I had seen a corner house with pink walls. But I did not find it. The reason was logical: such houses were not built till 2001. In fact, HUDA allotted them as recently as 2003. Which means Guruji had known of a house way before it was built.

Master of the three worlds

Once I had a dream in which I saw myself sitting by the corner of a heavenly lake. Its colours were so bewitching that they could not be described. But even at his heavenly abode I was holding on to my purse. When I woke up, I was mortified. Was I so greedy?

I took out all the money I had in the banks and brought it before Guruji, thinking of surrendering my wealth before his feet. He told me that he had nothing to do with so much worthless paper and told me to take it back. It was again late at night and I was worried. But, Guruji reassured me and said he was with me. I stopped to have tea at a devotee's house, but Guruji did not allow that. I espied some people around my car and had to rush out.

One night again found me weeping in front of his photograph. Suddenly, his hand came out of it. On the divine being's hand, I could see people—small, ant-like and mobile. In fact, Guruji often says the sangat appears to him like insects. Now I knew it was literally true. More importantly, who else but God could hold the beings of this planet on his hand. Guruji is indeed the sovereign king of the earth. Then I saw that Guruji could grant darshan of Brahma, Vishnu and Mahesh anywhere. I dreamt that my innocent seven-year-old self came before me and found a bit of foam in my hair just behind my right ear. The foam transformed into four golden screws. These opened and Lord Shiva's idol came out along with two more. A divine voice identified these as the trinity. And I knew my guru was the Overlord of all Gods. He was HIM.

Once while I was with Guruji in Chandigarh and it was quite late at night, he scolded one of his devotees, Navraj, for falling asleep. Navraj was indeed finding it hard to keep his eyes open. So Guruji scolded him a few times and kept him from going to sleep.

After I had returned home, I had a clear dream. Guruji was sitting on his throne while sangat members who had passed away, including my mother, were sitting before him dressed in white. This was Guruji's sangat in the other world. I also saw Navraj holding pails of milk for the sangat. I took the dream to mean that had Navraj slept that night he would have died.

The purpose of the Satguru's scolding is hidden. Once when I had mustered enough strength to come to Delhi during Shivratri, he scolded me. Angrily and loudly, he asked me to go away. I neither had langar nor prasad, and went right back. I cried my heart out in front of Guruji's photograph. I told him that even I was not so strict with my university students. But Guruji was shouting at what possessed me. And he was trying to erase my ego.

Footnotes on him

I am a poetess and once wrote some 20 stanzas on Guruji. I gave them to him and he put them in his pocket, saying you will write more. Right away I found myself writing a hundred stanzas, with new and unique imagery, on him effortlessly.

Then I wrote *Jab Prem Kiyo*, a novel, and dedicated it to him. The title comes from a line of the Gurubani: *Jab prem kiyo, je prab payo* (When I loved, I found God). In no time the book was included in the MPhil course for students of Punjabi, due to Guruji's grace.

—Satsang of Ms. Tiwana, winner of the Sahitya Akademi Award
for poetry in 1990



The photographic cure

MY FATHER-IN-LAW has retired and lives in Haridwar in Uttarakhand. He had diabetes, his sugar was never under control, and he had heart problems though he had already undergone surgery. One of his kidneys did not function at all.

One day we got a call that he was in a critical state in a hospital. My wife started crying. The next call robbed us of all hope. Father-in-law's condition had worsened. It was a Tuesday and we could not go to Guruji's. Our faith was shaken. In sheer desperation, I called up a long-time devotee and he reassured me that Guruji was well aware of the situation. His advice soothed our nerves and we slept peacefully.

On Friday, we went to Haridwar with Guruji's photograph, which we got, with Guruji's grace, from Empire Estate on Thursday. We reached the hospital and after taking stock of the situation, my wife went to her father and gave Guruji's photo to him. He touched it to his forehead and kept it in his chest pocket. He had never even gone to Guruji's.

Immediately, we felt Guruji's presence in the form of his fragrance. This was the moment we all acknowledged he is with us irrespective of the physical distance between him and his devotees.

We returned and a week passed by. Doctors were now suspecting a paralytic attack. A CT scan was suggested, but miraculously the scan came clean. Doctors were surprised and declared on Thursday

evening that they would keep my father-in-law under observation for at least one week; every minute was critical until then.

I was in my office the next morning when my mobile rang. The call was from my wife and I thought: “*Buzurgwar Ludak Gaye* (The old man has kicked the bucket).” My hands were shaking as I took the call and I could not hear what my wife was saying. She had to repeat her statement three times. Yes, doctors had discharged father-in-law from the hospital. She was in tears, offering her thanks to Guruji. In the evening when we went to Guruji and bowed before him, he said her father was better than before.

When my father-in-law came to visit Guruji, he got another gift. His wife, my mother-in-law, was troubled by arthritis. She was accompanying her husband to Guruji’s. When she went back to Haridwar, she found that she could knit a pullover for her grandchild without any pain.

This lady, who had not even prayed to Guruji about her problem, found she had been cured. Such is the grace of Guruji.

—Satsang of Virender and Sudesh Bouri



Nanak chinta mat kar.

*O Nanak! Do not worry:
He feeds even the fish in the ocean*

IN 2003, I came to Jal Vayu Towers in Sector 56, Gurgaon. I found that there was no temple in the area. By the grace of God, I took the initiative and a trust of local residents was formed to build a temple. In the meantime, in February 2004, the Haryana Urban Development Authority (HUDA) advertised that it was offering 1000 square yards for religious sites. Our trust applied for a religious site in Sector 56.

During yoga and pranayam sessions held at our area, I came in contact with Commander R.K. Sharma. He told me about Guruji Maharaj, relating how his family had been blessed by Guruji. The commander also suggested that if the trustees for the temple visited Guruji Maharaj, his blessings would ensure the temple was built.

Subsequently, I visited Bade Mandir on 25 July 2004 for the first time along with Commander Sharma. In the evening my wife Preeti and I attended a satsang at Mr. Madan's residence in Gurgaon. Many cases regarding Guruji's blessing were discussed. The sangat was bowing in front of Guruji's photograph with great devotion and love. But I wondered if this was Guruji's marketing and sales department in show. I kept my thoughts to myself.

Four days later on 29 July, the executive committee of the temple trust went to the Empire Estate temple along with Commander Sharma. I liked the environment immediately. We had langar and before departing met Guruji Maharaj and told him about our

purpose. Guruji gave his blessings that the temple would be built. Commander Sharma was overjoyed. He knew that once Guruji had given his blessings, the temple trust would get a plot from HUDA and the temple would come up for sure.

There was tough competition for the allotment of land. By Guruji's grace, our trust—the Sanatan Dharam and Samaj Kalyan Trust—got the land in December 2004. Subsequently, the trust had 60 life members. The temple became functional on 14 February 2006 due to Guruji's grace and the efforts of the Sector 56 residents.

My wife avoids major surgery

Since I had liked Guruji's place very much, I told Preeti about it and asked her whether she would like to visit it. She said yes and we visited the Empire Estate temple on a Sunday on 1 August 2004. While we were returning, a devotee gave us a photograph of Guruji Maharaj.

After the visit, Preeti was also jubilant and told me she had been searching for a long time for a place like Guruji's, where one could find peace of mind. Preeti had been battling health problems since 1998. She had endometriosis, ovarian cysts, and uterus fibroids. We had shuttled from one doctor to another, trying homeopathy, ayurveda, and allopathy by turns—in vain. In August 2003, we opted for surgical treatment and got both her ovaries and the uterus removed. There was some relief but it lasted only for two to three months. Every now and then there would be some pain, and doctors were unable to identify her problem. Some diagnosed it as muscular pain, others as a stone formation in the kidney or gastric pain. No one could arrive at a diagnosis or solution.

On 4 August, three days after we had our first darshan of Guruji, Preeti had severe pain in the pelvic and kidney region at night. Painkillers gave no relief. The morning found her a bit better, but by night the situation had worsened. Preeti wondered aloud why her condition was getting worse when Guruji's photograph that had been placed at our residence should have got rid of our problems. A day later, on 6 August, we visited our doctor. He lined up ten tests and by evening confirmed that only one of the ovaries had been removed during the operation. And a large cyst had formed across

the remaining ovary. This mass was pressing against the kidney, which had swollen to double its normal size. Thus, five days after our visit to Guruji Maharaj, Preeti's undiagnosed problem had been well defined. The doctors recommended immediate surgery.

A day later, at 11.30 pm, we were rushing to the hospital for surgical attention, when we stopped for five minutes at the Empire Estate temple to take Guruji's blessings. Guruji blessed Preeti and reassured us that she would be all right. We rushed to the hospital. I had kept Guruji's photograph with me while going to hospital. On 7 August, Preeti went through a number of tests and medicines were given to her. She was relieved three days later from this hospital and advised to undergo the surgery—a crucial one—at Apollo Hospital.

The 12th of August was a Thursday, a day we could visit Guruji Maharaj. I asked Preeti if she was comfortable enough to go to Guruji. She said yes and we reached Guruji's place. When we came out, Preeti told me that she had prayed to Guruji internally thus: "I have gone through a surgery last year and it is a very painful process. I have another major surgery lined up for next week. I pray to you to help me avoid this surgery and cure me with medicines." I also prayed Guruji to cure her but left the means to him.

The next day, we visited Apollo hospital and our doctor clearly said that surgery is a must and began her pre-surgical preparations. August 20 was fixed as the date of the surgery. She was quite upset. She said she had requested Guruji to avoid surgery, but her luck was so bad that Guruji had not favoured her.

On 15 August, Guruji's sangat was to be held at Mr. Bhatia's house. I asked Preeti whether she would like to come along with me to attend the satsang. She refused. She said she believed in Guruji, but maybe her luck was not so good. At the sangat, she said, when others will be talking about how they have been blessed by Guruji she would feel bad that she had not been blessed. So, I went alone. The first satsang I heard was about a case identical to that of Preeti's. A young lady, lined up for surgery for ovarian cysts, got Guruji's blessings and avoided surgery. I was convinced that I was hearing this satsang because Guruji wanted to give me an indication of the future.

A sequence of miraculous events started unfolding. Doctors, sure of inevitable surgery, were surprised to observe a dramatic improvement in Preeti's condition. Few days hence, the doctors, unable to believe whatever was happening, conveyed that Preeti did not require

any surgery as just 30 per cent of the cyst was left, which could be taken care of by medicines. Since then, Preeti has been doing well with a minimum of medicines and that major surgery has never been required. Preeti has been granted exactly what she had prayed for—cure with medication alone—thanks to the blessings of Guruji. After going to Guruji, you need not talk to him. He scans everybody and takes care of every one who surrenders himself to his feet.

Overcoming my financial crisis

Our life has changed dramatically after coming in touch with Guruji Maharaj. I was always worried about all aspects of my life. The first change was that this attitude changed. Now, I know Guruji takes care of all my problems. And that any situation we face has been sent by Guruji's grace. Guruji rarely speaks to his devotees, but he takes care of everybody. He spoke to me on 8 October: "*Ja tera kalyan kar dita (You have been blessed).*"

From that day onwards things started changing in my life. There was a major change in my professional life. I was running a business, but was not professionally satisfied. I wanted to change, but in the mid-forties, it is tough to do so. I did not have the courage to act. But Guruji held me in his own hands and brought me out of awkward situations. (*Bahan pakar guru kadaya, so hi utraiya paar*: Only those cross the ocean of life whom the guru holds by the hand.)

I shut down my business on 16 August 2005. Guruji blessed me such that now I earn more than while running my business. I am working towards building plans for a big national project. I have the professional satisfaction I wanted. During this change-over, Guruji's blessings kept me intact. As the shabad has it: *Nanak chinta mat kar; chinta tiski hai/Jal mein jant upaye, tina wi rozi dey* (Guru Nanakji says there is no need to worry, even those living in the ocean are provided for by the Lord.)

My flat was also being built at this time. I was in a financial crisis when payments due for the flat were to be released. I did not speak a word to Guruji. But he knows. Every time I needed money, a helping hand was extended. Those who helped me out never even asked for their money.

A year later, on 16 May 2006, I got the keys of my flat and on 19 May 2006, a Friday, I kept those keys at the lotus feet of Shri Guruji

Maharaj. I could retain the flat only due to Guruji's blessings during a financial crisis.

For me Guruji is God. I used to go to a temple daily. I worshipped many gods and goddess. Since March 2006, by the grace of Guruji, I see every God in Guruji (*Eko nam dhiaye man mere*: O, my mind, think constantly of the one eternal name) and know that there is only one mantra: *Aum Namah Shivay, Guruji Sada Sahay*. I have seen God in front of me. Now I do not look forward to going anywhere else. My search for God has ended at his lotus feet.

A guard gets back his life

On February 2005, I was going to my office when I saw a security guard, around 20 years old, lying on the road surrounded by a few people. I got down from my car and went to see the guard. I tried to open his mouth and he started breathing, but at the same time he was bleeding and foaming. I could make out that he would collapse within a few minutes. I closed my eyes and prayed to Guruji to extend his help to this lad. When I opened my eyes, I was surprised. Within 30 seconds the injured security guard had stood up. I thanked Guruji and asked the guard about his name and his address. He answered satisfactorily; he was well. I came to my office, realising anew that Guruji was with me at all times. The moment I pray to Guruji, he answers.

After I had reaped the full benefit of the peace of mind that I felt from being at Guruji's temple, I requested the Satguru to attach all my family members to his lotus feet. It is Guruji's grace that today my parents, the families of my two brothers, my mother-in-law, my brother-in-law's family are attached to Guruji's lotus feet and all have their own experiences to share. Guruji has given peace of mind, health and wealth to all. Since all my family members have come to Guruji's sharan (refuge), everyone's attitude has changed dramatically. The understanding among family members has improved a lot.

Dancing as Shiva

My younger brother Ramesh Kumar visited Guruji for the first time in May 2005 along with his family. After going back to Ludhiana,

his wife Sonal fell seriously ill. She had typhoid and her temperature was at a high of 104 degrees Fahrenheit for four to five days. On the night of the fifth day, Guruji appeared in her dream and asked her, “Where is Vishu [my nephew]? I have come to bless him.” Sonal replied that Vishu had gone out and told Guruji in her dream that she was dying and she did not want to. Guruji asked her what had happened. She told him about the illness she was suffering. Guruji told her not to worry and raised his hand in blessing. A few rays from Guruji’s hands entered her body.

She sweated profusely during the dream, a sure sign that she was getting cured of typhoid. The next morning when she woke up, she rang me up and told me of her dream. From that day on, her temperature started coming under control and she was up within the next few days. Just one darshan of Guruji, and he had extended his protection and grace to my younger brother’s wife. He scans, registers and takes care of everyone. All hail Guruji Maharaj!

One day in November 2005, Ramesh was reading the Ramayana and there was a description of guru *mahima*. He thought about Guruji and immediately reached Empire Estate in his thoughts. He saw Guruji coming out of his room. He embraced Guruji and saw that Guruji had split into two forms. One went and got seated with the sangat and the other transformed into Lord Shiva and danced with Ramesh for 15 minutes. While dancing, Ramesh asked Guruji whether people could see them. Guruji replied that nobody was seeing them and he should just enjoy himself.

Then Lord Shiva merged into Guruji sitting on his seat. In this trance, Ramesh had langar and then returned to the place. He shared this incident with me when he came to Delhi a few days later to visit Guruji. Guruji also blessed Ramesh so that he could build his house. A hard-working person, he was unable to build his house for the last 10 years. But he was able to shift to his own house on 29 May 2006.

Devyani, my niece, is a very intelligent girl. In spite of being hard working, she was coming second in class, missing the first position by a whisker. After visiting Guruji Maharaj, Devyani stood first not only in Class VI, but in all the four sections of Class VI in year 2006. This is how Guruji’s blessings take care of us. Vishu, my nephew, similarly got through his Class VIII boards.

Guruji is Shivji; he is Durga

My elder brother Shiv Kumar Pushkarna attended the first satsang at my place in October 2004. He came as a matter of courtesy. But it was only by the middle of 2005 that he finally got a chance to take refuge in Guruji's sharan. He found tremendous peace of mind. And has since then become a calm and composed person.

One day his wife, Renu, could not complete her *Durga Stuti* (a prayer to Mother Durga)—a part of her morning routine. She was upset. Guruji appeared before her and told her that she should not bother too much about these things. He said that he was everywhere and that she should remember him. Then Guruji changed into a lady, to show her that he was Durga Ma as well and embraced her. He then disappeared.

Bhabiji had severe knee pain, and doctors had suggested tests and a lengthy treatment. She visited Bade Mandir on Shivratri 2006 and from that day her knee has been all right. This is all due to Guruji's blessings.

On 15 May 2006, we visited the Shiv Mandir. The hall houses Lord Shiva and Guruji's seat. My elder brother Shiv bowed to Lord Shiva and to Guruji's seat. He noticed that the sangat was bowing first at Guruji's seat and then before Lord Shiva. He wondered where he should pay his respects first. We were in the temple for around one and a half hour. We were listening to the satsangs. While going back home when my brother bowed in front of Lord Shiva's statue and looked up, he did not see Lord Shiva. He saw the face of Guruji in place of Lord Shiva's face. He had his answer: Whether you bow at one place or the other, it is he who is everywhere.

Before this incident, Mrs. Subberwal used to tell the sangat that she had seen Guruji as Lord Shiva. But there was a one per cent doubt in mind. After my elder brother's experience, all my doubts cleared. I feel tremendously fortunate to be in the sharan of Lord Shiva, present with us as Guruji.

Blessings for my friends, too

I shared my experiences with friends and a number of them came under Guruji's sharan and experienced his grace. To mention a few, Mr. V.K. Gupta was blessed when his daughter's life changed for the

better. She was blessed with a wonderful husband and cooperative in-laws.

Another friend, Mr. Y.B. Gupta, was transferred to Gorakhpur from Ludhiana. He was going through a bad professional period. He visited Guruji before joining duty at Gorakhpur. Though he had not told Guruji about his problem, he got transferred to Ghaziabad within 11 months. He owns a flat at Patparganj and Guruji's blessings saw him return to his home.

Similarly, Mr. Rajesh Sharma had had a professional setback. His company was framing him in a false case. He came to Guruji's sharan. He got peace of mind. His company asked him to be ready with an international lawyer to face charges. But he told me that since now he had a 'Universal Lawyer', Guruji, nobody could harm him. After he came to Guruji, the company forgot all about the case and he is peacefully enjoying his professional life. Rajesh lives in Jalandhar and regularly visits Guruji's temple there.

A marital problem is solved

My mother-in-law and her family visited Guruji on 1 January 2005 for the first time. The married life of my brother-in-law, Ashish, had not been well since the last 10 years. Subsequently, in June 2005, matters came to a head and a divorce seemed imminent. My mother-in-law came to Gurgaon and went to Guruji, praying for a better life for the couple. After a week, the marital dispute was over and the couple visited Guruji. By his grace, Ashish and his wife today lead a better married life and take care of their only son.

—Satsang of V.K. Pushkarna



Under his blessed wing

AROUND 20 years ago when I was posted as a pilot at the Agra air force station I had to go for a medical check-up. Doctors found some abnormalities through an ECG test. My bother-in-law Brig. Dutta was then posted in Jalandhar and he and his family were going to Guruji. My sister urged me to accompany them. After I had darshan, Guruji took me inside a room and put a spoon on my heart. He then said, “*Tera kalyan ho gaya.*”

When I returned to Agra, I was medically investigated again. Doctors found that everything was normal due to Guruji's blessings. My wife was going to Jalandhar the next day and I told her to go and meet Guruji. But she was quite reluctant. When she met Guruji, he told her that last night she had told her husband in Agra that she didn't want to go to him. She was surprised. As she was taking his leave, Guruji predicted that after going to Jammu she would come back to him. My wife pointed out that she would be leaving for Agra directly from Jammu. But Guruji insisted that she would be coming to Jalandhar before leaving for Agra.

When my wife reached Jammu, she found her mother suffering from herpes, which then had no treatment. She had told her parents all about Guruji, and her father insisted she take her mother to Jalandhar. The next day my wife was back at Guruji's feet—as he had predicted. Guruji gave his blessings to my mother-in-law and she was well after a few days.

As an air force pilot, I was posted to many places and so didn't get a chance to meet Guruji for 20-odd years. But in our hearts we had faith in Guruji.

In August 2005, doctors found that both the kidneys of my wife were about to fail. We were upset and did not know what to do. Somebody then told us that Guruji was in New Delhi. We were relieved as we knew his blessings would make a difference. And on my first visit to him after 20 years, Guruji called me by name. I was amazed. He said he knew about her condition and asked us to bring a copper tumbler. The next day when we did so, he gave his blessings to my wife with those magical words: "*Tera kalyan ho gaya (You have been blessed).*"

Since that day, she has been returning to good health. Her creatinine level in August 2007 was 7.2 and had come down to 5.1 10 months later. We know this is due to Guruji's blessings. I strongly believe my family and I will always have Guruji's blessings.

—Satsang of Wing Cdr. (retd.) B. Lakhanpal



Afterword

*O Divine Father! Sole Giver
 May you fill our hearts
 With bliss, may our eyes shine
 With the lustre of your ceaseless darshans
 May our ears constantly hear your word
 May our feet always walk upon your path
 May you, the Sole Giver, grant us
 Faith, Light, Love, Devotion
 May from beginning to end
 We be at your Lotus Feet*

*May we not do that which will taint your memory
 May we always abide by your instruction
 May your family of united hearts always aspire to you
 And cling to the only true harbour, your Lotus Feet*

ASANGAT is a gathering of hearts united in devotion. It is a coming together of disparate individuals into a community that has a single object of devotion, a single ideal. It is one living plant with so many leaves and branches. As a single plant, it survives; as a multiplicity of leaves and branches it is prey to every passing storm. As a single heart of singular devotion it finds divinity—Shri Guruji himself—within. And as one it must abjure every mischief to come to this devotion.

The sangat is the cup into which Guruji pours his blessings; let that cup not fragment. The sangat is a source of love, a family bound by everlasting love; it is Shri Guruji's family—if it is something else, it is not a sangat. Its foremost responsibility is to keep itself together. Everything else will follow of its own accord.

How would he feel if his family went its separate ways?

This family that he fed, that he even cooked for, that ate in front of him, that cried, laughed, and loved together, that he continues to bless endlessly in God's endless ways. In a father's eyes, one daughter, one son is no different from the other. How much more so in the eyes of our Divine Father! He loves us always.

Shri Guruji was not just a form that we beheld; he was beyond matter. He was—as so many satsangs show—beyond the limitations of time, space and mass, of physical laws, of the eddies of karmas, of the whirlpools of desires. He was and is beyond maya; he is Shiva. Though countless worlds may rise and perish, he remains.

A Guru is not something to belittle. It cannot be said who or what a Guru is, but he is beyond man and the many Gods and Goddesses. He is supreme. One should not be fooled by the fact that he has a human body. That is just his mode of being. Yesterday, he inhabited a human body; today the universe is his body. Yesterday, he was wearing a red robe; today, he wears the colours of the sky. Yesterday, he was calling you by name; today, he is whispering silently in the sanctuary of your devotion. Who says he is not?

Remember the times of his sangat. He would come forth, majestic and compassionate, and by the time you would have leapt to your feet to pay your respects, he was seated on his throne. He would cross his feet, and the robe would slightly lift so that you could glimpse his lotus feet. And fix your mind on them.

Meanwhile, his shabads played on, drawing you to Guruji's lotus feet. Taking you out of your troubled life, lifting you up and embracing you. Unconditional love: that's exactly what it was. And then the tea would come filled with his energy. And it could be that in the middle of the shabads, or perhaps later, a satsang would be recounted. It would be eerily familiar to you, since it would seem to be speaking to you, about your troubles, about your professional, personal and health problems. And through the mere agency of clear listening you would have been healed, made whole.

It was an every-minute miracle. The plant of faith that had to grow in each of our hearts took his entire energy. That is why there were so many cups of tea, so many langars. He was feeding our souls with his love and energy. He was feeding us so that we could grow into strong people of love and faith. He was giving us medicine to cure us of the worst malady known to the world—the world itself. In the upheavals of our lives, then and now, he was and is the steady oarsman. Perhaps none of us knew him for what he was. But it is enough to know that he was love and to remember that he expects us to be loving.

. . .





Shri Guru Vandana

Oh the lotus feet of Guruji, ocean of mercy,
Shri Hari himself in human form

Oh the pollen-like dust of his lotus feet—
Refulgent, fragrant, and honeyed with love
Distillate of the life-giving herb that allays the ills of worldly life—
As the holy ash that adorns Lord Shiva
It consecrates the fortunate and bestows sweet blessings and joy
It rubs the dirt off the limpid mirror of the devotee's heart
Put on the forehead, it draws in a host of virtues

Oh the nails of the feet of beloved Guruji,
Gems whose mere remembrance unfolds the divine's vision,
At their striking luminescence, infatuation flees
Highly blessed is he in whose heart they shine
At their appearance the mind's bright eyes open
The evils and sufferings of its night disappear

Shri Guruji's stories are gems and rubies
In whichever mine they are manifest or hidden, they spread light

– *Translated from the Ramayana of Sant Tulsidas*



The Guru is the Word
This is his Word
His Word empowers his satsangs
His satsangs empower his devotees

The Guru is the Truth
Made manifest in the Word
The Word is blessed
The Word is Love
Enshrined in this
A book of blessings
Given by Guruji
To his most beloved devotees

By rightful remembrance of his Word
Honour him
Our Holy Father watches and loves still

